



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

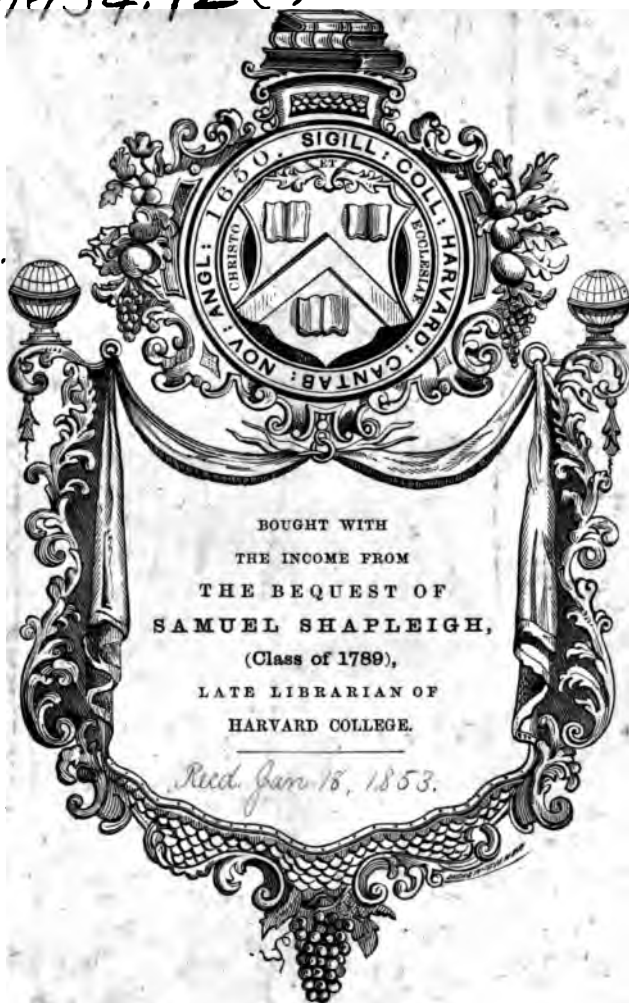
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



11434.12(3)

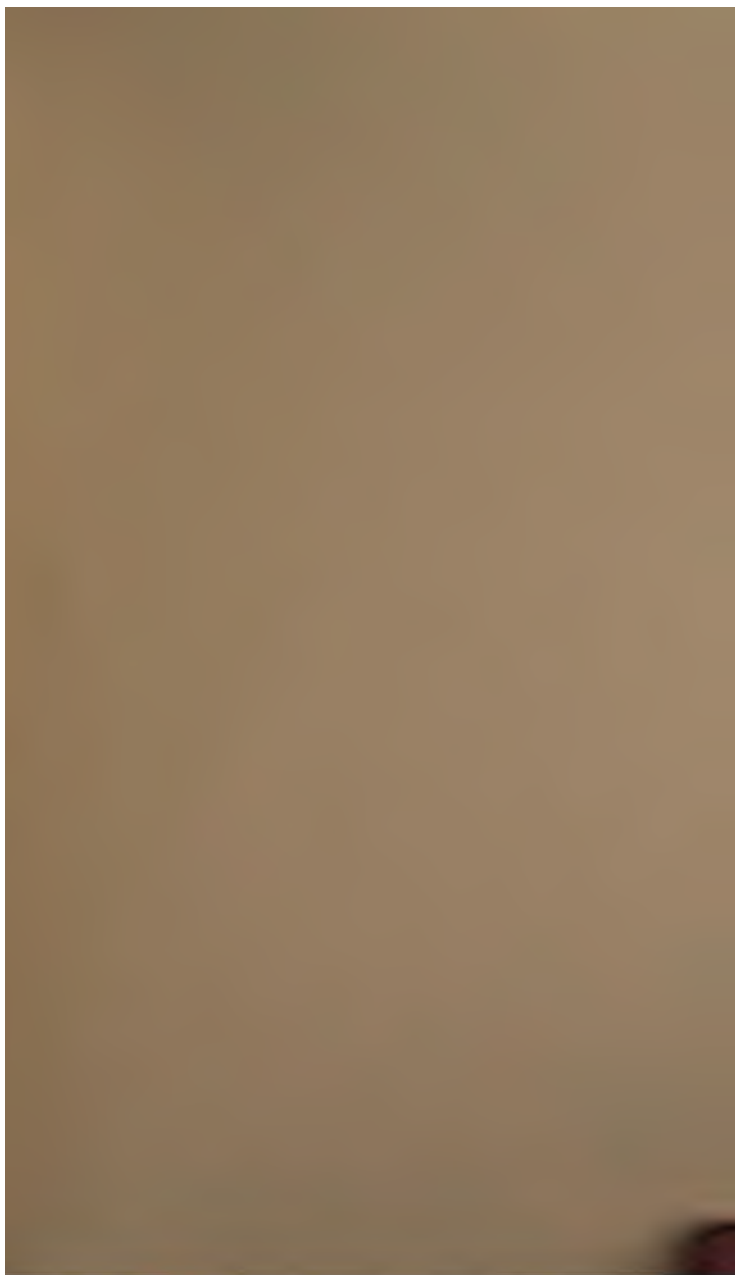
34. 11434.12(3)







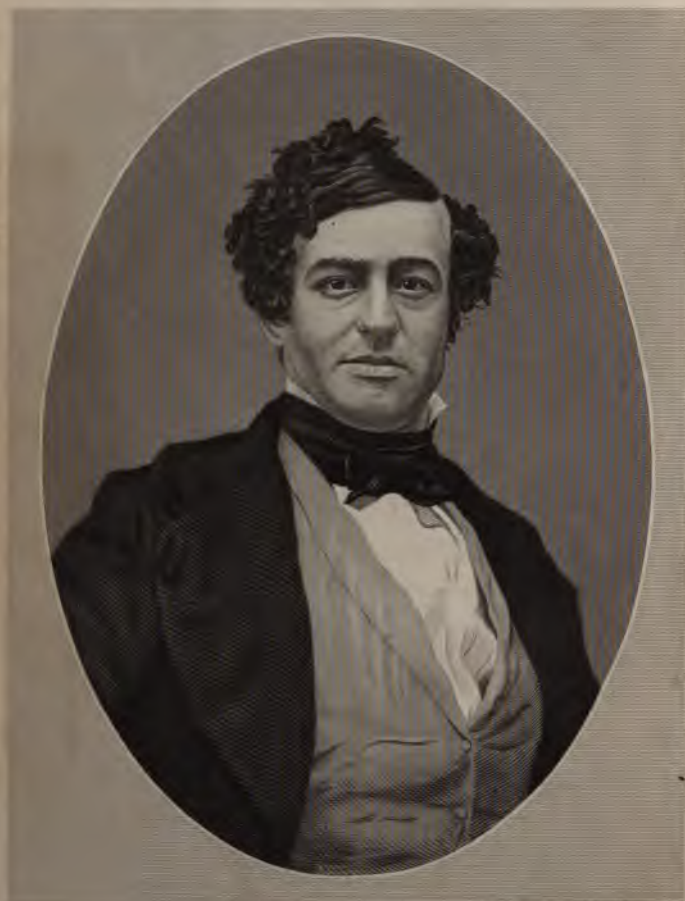






30

3



Engr. for the Month's Edition by J. B. B. B.

J. L. Chapman

©

THE MINOR DRAMA:

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST POPULAR

PETIT COMEDIES, VAUDEVILLES, BURLETTAS
TRAVESTIES, ETC.

WITH CRITICAL REMARKS,

*ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, CASTS OF
CHARACTERS, ETC.*

AND

EACH DRAMA EMBELLISHED WITH AN ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVING.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING

THE SECRET, ✓

WHITE HORSE OF THE ✓

PEPPERS,

THE JACOBITE, ✓

THE BOTTLE,

BOX AND COX, ✓

BAMBOOZLING, ✓

THE WIDOW'S VICTIM, ✓

ROBERT MACAIRE, ✓

AND A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF MR. F. S. CHANFRAU.

NEW YORK:

DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE ST

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

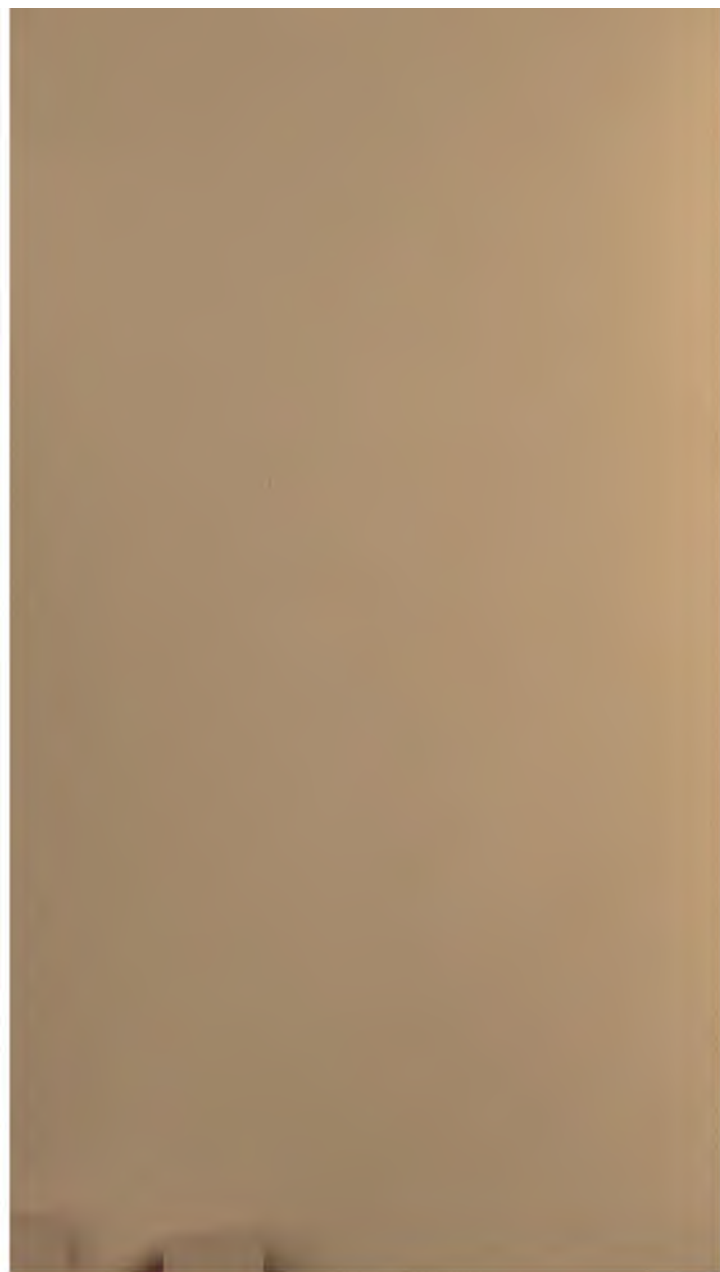
11434.12

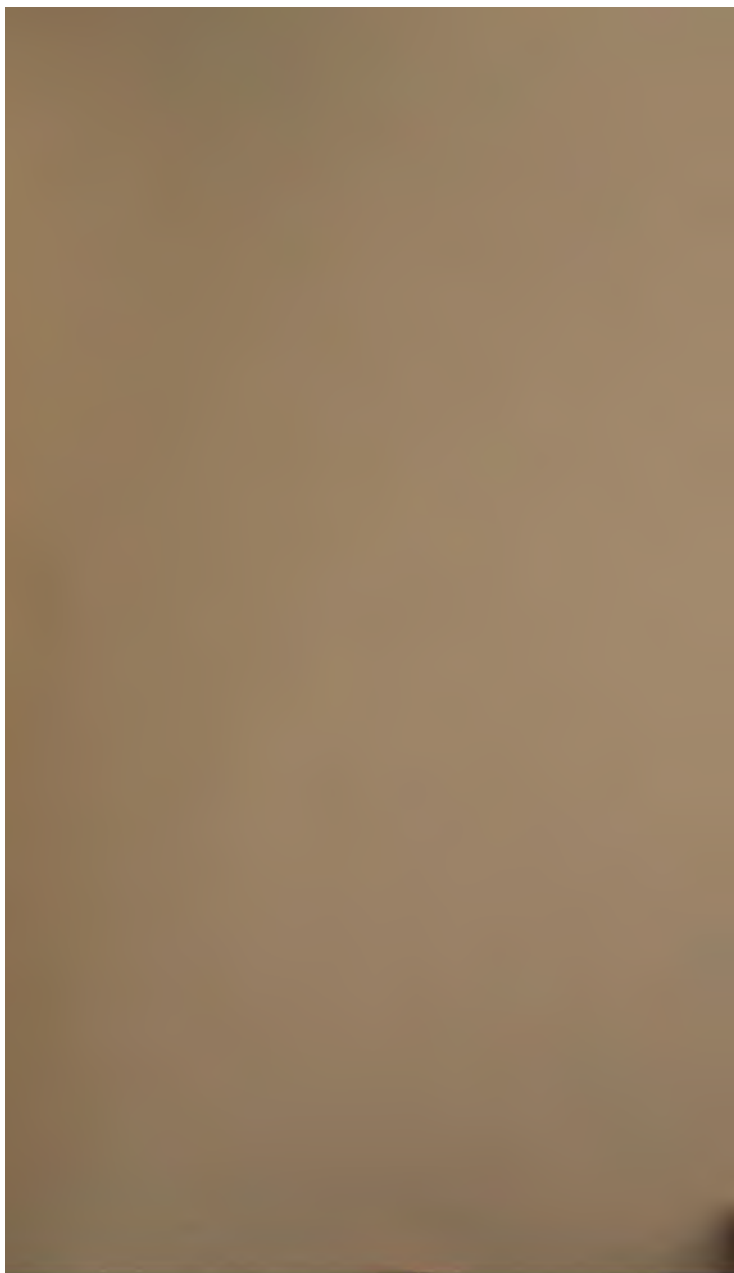
MEMOIR OF MR. F. S. CHANFRAU.

MR. FRANCIS S. CHANFRAU, the subject of this memoir, is another instance that talent and genius are not hereditary, and that the road to distinction is but too often attained after many discouragements, hardships, and even defeats.

Mr. C. was born in New York, on the 22d of February, 1824, his parents' domicile being a wooden tenement, well known as the "Old Tree House," on the corner of the Bowery and Pell Street. After receiving a respectable English education, his propensities led our hero to the West, the El Dorado of so many youthful dreamers, where he attained considerable expertness as a ship carpenter and joiner; but he was soon glad to return to his native city, under the most discouraging circumstances, with more experience in his head, but not even a copper in his pocket. His wandering spirit having been satisfied, young C. turned diligently to his trade, and it is not a little remarkable that he aided to adjust the first timber of the High Bridge on the Croton Aqueduct.

Up to this period the sock and buskin had never seemed to have troubled our hero, either in his sleeping or his waking dreams; but on the occasion of seeing Mr. Forrest act at the Bowery, the latent flame was kindled. He joined an amateur association, which finally organized itself under the name of the "Forrest Dramatic Association," in which he played quite subordinate parts, his mechanical ingenuity being much more available than his dramatic abilities. Subsequently, this association united itself with the "Dramatic Institute," and together they hired the Franklin Theatre, where they murdered Shakspeare to poor houses, and not without the perpetration of many ludicrous mistakes. On one occasion Chanfrau attempted *Macbeth*. The carpenters had not been paid, and refused to hoist the curtain on the second act until their claims upon the treasury had been tangibly acknowledged. Every penny in the box office was taken to satisfy these claims, and the curtain rose to both an empty house and treasury. Another act went off tolerably well, when lo! a second difficulty presented itself. *Lady Macbeth* demanded her salary! "No money, no acting," was her motto, and as there was not a shilling to be had,







38

3

THE HISTORY OF THE

1791

THE HISTORY OF THE
1791

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE plot of this amusing little piece is of some antiquity. It forms the basis of Calderon's comedy, "El Escondida y la Tapida," and was used by Isaac Bickerstaff in his play of "The Well It's no Worse," produced at Drury Lane in 1770. The celebrated John Philip Kemble embodied the story in his play of "The Panel," acted in the year 1788. Mr. King and Mrs. Abington were distinguished in their characters, and the piece was played several nights. Moncrieff again reduced the incidents, and formed the present agreeable farce of "The Secret" from the tragedian's comedy. Some fifteen years' since, a musical piece, under the title of "Hide and Seek," and containing the whole plot of "The Panel," was performed at the English Opera House, with some success. Mr. Poole was accused of using the principal incidents in his farce of "A Hole in the Wall," but the author of "Paul Pry" indignantly denied the plagiarism in question—but at the same time forgot to acknowledge his obligations to the "Braggart Captain" of Plautus, from which piece he borrowed the entire plot of "The Hole in the Wall."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Osceola, 1846.</i>	<i>Park, 1848.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1847.</i>
<i>M. Dupuis</i>	Mr. Murdoch.	Mr. Hield.	Mr. Chanfrau.
<i>Valere</i>	" Davenport.	" Pearson.	" Levere.
<i>Thomas</i>	" Burton.	" W. Chapman.	" Holland.
<i>Porter</i>	" Eberle.	" Gallot.	" Conover.
<i>Oecle</i>	Miss A. Fisher.	Mrs. Abbott.	Miss Clark.
<i>Angelica</i>	Mrs. Walstein.	Miss Kate Horn.	Miss Roberts

COSTUMES.

M. DUPUIS.—Blue or black dress coat, white vest, and pants.

VALARE.—Frock coat, fashionable vest and pants.

THOMAS.—Full livery suit, blue stockings, shoes, and buckles.

PORTER.—Drab overcoat, breeches and top boots, hat with band.

MRS. DUPUIS.—Fashionable morning dress.

ANGELICA.—Silk or barege walking dress, bonnet, &c.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; **L.** *Left*; **R. D.** *Right Door*; **L. D.** *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; **U. E.** *Upper Entrance*; **M. D.** *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; **L.**, *Left*; **C.**, *Centre*; **R. C.**, *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

THE SECRET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The scene represents a Gothic apartment, with oak panels in third grooves—a sliding panel in R. F.—a Gothic door to match the scene, L. F. E.—the furniture to correspond—a table with red cloth, two Gothic chairs a lighted candle on the table. As the curtain rises, VALARE opens the secret panel, and comes down, with a lighted candle in his hand, which he places on the table. Key in L. D.*

Val. Hist! hist! Dupuis! [*Comes down.*] So! all is safe, all is safe, and I may now venture forth to enjoy the air of this apartment. Heavens! with what anxiety do I wait my friend's return! each minute seems an hour; while the dread of being discovered by the prying mistress of the house, renders my confinement here painful in the extreme. Ah! Angelica! what do I not suffer on your account! But for thee, that fatal duel which now exposes me to the punishment of the law, would never have taken place, and Valare might still be in the full enjoyment of his liberty. My friend Dupuis, too! what constant uneasiness he experiences on my account! His secret visits to me have so much the air of mystery, that his wife, naturally jealous, and unconscious of the true cause, conceives his love for her abated, and that another female, possessing superior charms, has gained his heart, and rendered her company odious to him. Poor Cecile, what pains dost thou take to render thyself miserable! [*Noise, L.*] Hark! Surely I heard some one. Yes—quick, Valare, quick, to your hiding place. [*Takes his candle, goes into the panel, and closes it after him.*]

CECILE *peeps in at door, L., with a lighted candle in her hand, and then enters.*

Cec. I thought I heard some one here. [*Looks about.*] I must have been mistaken. [*Places the candle on a table, and sits down.*] Heigho! My husband not returned. I wonder what can take him from his home so. Every day, now, does he regularly go out, and when he returns, it is only to lock himself in his chamber. Where can he be gone to-night? Would I could find out, for I already suspect his visits are to the houses of such friends, that husbands wish their wives to be little acquainted with. Oh, man, man! but worst of all, ye married ones, how greatly are ye privileged; while woman, poor, weak woman, cannot even indulge in complaint. [*Noise, L.*] Hark! I hear the street door close. [*Goes to the door, L., and calls.*] Dupuis! is that you?

Thomas. [*Putting in his head.*] No, mistress, 'tis I, Thomas.

Cec. Where's your master?

Tho. I can't tell, mistress.

Cec. You followed him out?

Tho. Yes, mistress, into the street.

Cec. And where did he go?

Tho. Into a house across the way.

Cec. Into what house?

Tho. I can't tell, mistress.

Cec. You are deceiving me, sirrah!

Tho. What, I, mistress?

Cec. Yes; so answer me—are there any women in the house?

Tho. There are women every where.

Cec. Your master, then, is gone to a woman?

Tho. Very likely he is, mistress.

Cec. You know it, then? Thomas, you are deceiving me; like your master, you are deceiving me; he pays you for it.

Tho. I did not say that, mistress.

Cec. I believe, Thomas, you are more knave than fool.

Tho. You flatter me, madam.

Cec. Tell me, sir, why is it that this chamber has been locked at different periods during the last fortnight?

Tho. I can't tell, mistress.

Cec. Some mischief is brooding here, some mystery.

Tho. I have long thought so, but on entering this room I never see anybody, and everything appears in its proper place.

Cec. I think you know something about it.

Tho. Me! Lord! my master never tells me anything.

Cec. Nor me: he treats me like a servant.

Tho. And me as a woman: he never trusts me with a single secret.

Cec. Impudent fellow! but tell me, have you seen any body come lately into the house with your master?

Tho. Yes, mistress: a fortnight back—a—

Cec. Well, Thomas, well.

Tho. A man came in with my master: but I confess, I don't think he went out again.

Cec. Come in, and not go out again?

Tho. No, mistress; I think I could swear to that, for being the porter, I must have seen him.

Cec. But are you sure it was a man?

Tho. Why, certainly, I did not examine very closely, but I'm sure he had breeches on.

Cec. 'Twas a woman in disguise.

Tho. That is possible, mistress.

Cec. But what can have become of her?

Tho. Faith, I can't tell, mistress.

Cec. Come here, Thomas. Dear Thomas, now tell me—tell me, I conjure you, do you think your master is in love with any other woman?

Tho. Mistress, I can't tell. But—

Cec. But what, Thomas?

Tho. Nothing, mistress.

Cec. Come, Thomas, I am sure of it; so here, good Thomas, take this. [*Offering a purse.*]

Tho. Oh, I can't take it, mistress.

Cec. You must, good Thomas; now, don't conceal anything from me, but let me know the worst. [*Weeping.*]

Tho. [*Weeping.*] Oh, mistress, your grief cuts me to the soul; my master certainly is in love.

Cec. [*Walking about, greatly agitated.*] I thought so! Oh, vile Dupuis, is it thus you treat me? But say, kind Thomas, who is the creature? what is she? where did she come from?

Tho. I can't tell, mistress.

Cec. What is her name, then ?

Tho. I can't tell that neither.

Cec. How ! what do you know of her, then ?

Tho. Nothing, but I'll soon find out.

Cec. Will you, indeed, good Thomas ?

Tho. Yes, I'll ask my master to tell me.

Cec. Pshaw, you are a fool.

Tho. I can't help that, mistress.

[*Knock at street door, L.*

Cec. See who knocks.

Tho. Yes, mistress. [*Goes to door, L.*] 'Tis my master ; he's coming up.

Enter DUPUIS, L., he crosses to C. Thomas goes up

Cec. So, you are come home at last.

Dup. Yes, my dear, and dreadfully fatigued.

Cec. That's no fault of mine.

Dup. I did not say it was, my dear. Thomas, a chair.

[*He places his hat and cane on the table—Thomas brings down a chair.*

Cec. Thomas, a chair. [*Thomas brings her a chair on R. She sits.*] Pray, sir, may I ask where you have been ?

Dup. Certainly, my dear ; but you must expect not to be told.

Cec. That's as much as to say, that I shall never know anything of the mystery that has reigned within these walls for so many days past.

Dup. You shall know all about it, my dear—[*She draws her chair towards him*—some day or other.

Cec. You have a secret, then ?

Dup. If I had, my dear, I should not scruple at confiding it to your keeping ; but the fact is, the secret is my friend's, and not mine ; so, of course, you cannot expect me to part with what is not belonging to me.

Cec. Very well, sir ; but I know your secret.

Dup. Know it !

Cec. Yes, to my sorrow. You no longer love me, Dupuis, as you were used to do ; the chains of Hymen hang heavily round your heart ; another possesses your affections ;—yes, Dupuis, I have your secret—it is not to be denied.

Dup. How is this, Cecile!—jealous!

Cec. Yes, I am; now you know it.

Dup. 'Pon my word, I never knew my merits before—
ha! ha! ha! ha!

Cec. Ay, man, thou ungrateful man, it becomes you admirably. Oh, Heaven! what fools women are, to be treated thus! why do they not retaliate—but let me not say too much.

Dup. Don't check yourself, dear; there are many women who practice what you are about to preach.

Tho. [*At table, c.*] Good!

Cec. You no longer love me, then?

Dup. My dear Cecile, have but a little confidence in me, and I promise you, you shall know all; for the present, however, I must beg you to oblige me by leaving me alone; I have writing to do that requires study and privacy—when finished, I will join you in your apartment.

Cec. But why write here, Dupuis?

Dup. Still doubtful?

Cec. Oh, not at all; but this chamber—[*He shows displeasure.*] Well, I'm going; but don't stay long, or—
[*Aside.*] Oh! who would be married! [*Exit, L.*

Dup. Now, then, let me lock the door, and release my prisoner. [*Goes to door, L., and is turning up stage, when he sees Thomas standing at the back of table—Thomas laughs on seeing his master—they eye each other for some time.*] What are you doing there, sir?

Tho. Waiting for your orders, sir.

Dup. Then have the goodness to wait for them on the outside of the door. [*Goes to door and unlocks it.*] But beware, sir: no peeping or listening—or by my soul—

Tho. I hope you don't suspect—

Dup. Away!

[*Crosses to R.*

Tho. I'm gone, sir.

[*While Dupuis' back is turned, Thomas steals up, as if to get under the table—Dupuis turns round suddenly.*

Dup. Begone, sir! [*Goes to table to get his cane.*] Be-gone, I say.

Tho. I'm off, sir—but I'll have my eyes about me, for all that. [*Exit, L., Dupuis watches him off, then locks the door, stands a little back—suddenly opens the door, and*

catches Thomas, who has been peeping through the key-hole. He drags him in, canes him, then kicks him out, and locks the door.

Dup. A prying scoundrel—but now we are safe. Valare must be warned of his danger, and put upon his guard. [*Goes to the panel and opens it.*] Valare, come forth; 'tis your friend.

Val. [*Comes out.*] Dupuis, my best of friends, say, what news have you for me?

Dup. Not such as I could wish; your duel, and the death of your rival, is the general topic of conversation throughout the city.

Val. Heaven is my witness, I sought not his life.

Dup. I know it well; but his parents, burning with revenge, search for you with the utmost anxiety; remain, then, here, till a fit opportunity presents itself for your escape. In the mean time, this retreat—this secret closet, which is known to none but myself and you, will afford you a safe asylum—one that can bid defiance to the law's scrutinizing eye. But, Valare, on you depends everything; you ought to act with the utmost caution—preserve a profound silence, nor dare to venture in this chamber, unless called by me.

Val. Oh, my friend, how shall I ever repay this kindness?

Dup. By following my advice, Valare, and preserving a life that is so dear to me.

Val. Generous man! but tell me, Dupuis, is your wife still ignorant of the place of my confinement?

Dup. Yes, Valare, the secret is of too much consequence to be trusted to the keeping of any woman; and, as I don't think my wife any better than the best of them, I shall keep the secret safely lodged in my own breast.

Val. But of Angelica—what news of her?

Dup. Behold, a letter; that will give you every information. 'Tis from your friend, Duval; but the contents, I fear, will give you much uneasiness.—Read it: in the mean time I will seek my wife. You may remain here till my return; the door being locked, you need not fear interruption.

[*Exit, L.*]

Val. News from Angelica! news, too, that will afflict Heavens! I tremble to open the letter. [*Reads.*]

"My dear friend, I scarce know how to declare an affair that will cause you much uneasiness—but the truth must be told. Two days ago, Angelica quitted the city and fled, no one knows where. At the same time your rival disappeared, in the same sudden and mysterious manner. Would I had better news to tell you, but so it is. I shall only make one observation: that women are not worth half the pains that man takes to obtain them." Perfidious woman! to forsake and abandon me thus.—Oh, Angelica! have I deserved this of you? I who have exposed my life for your sake; I, who—But no, it cannot be—and yet, this letter—alas! I fear it is too true. Duval is too sincere—too good a friend—he would not write me thus, unless convinced of the truth of his assertions.

Enter DUPUIS, L. F., hastily.

Dup. Quick, Valare, quick, to your hiding place; my wife is coming up stairs.

Val. Oh, my friend, such news of Angelica!

Dup. Well, speak of that presently. In, I say.

[Pushes him in, and closes the panel, then turns to the table, and pretends to write.

Enter CECILE, L. D. F. Looks about the room, and under the table.

Cec. [*Suspiciously.*] You are not alone, Mr. Dupuis?

Dup. You are right, my dear, unless you reckon yourself nobody.

Cec. You were speaking to some one.

Dup. What! did you listen then?

Cec. Suppose I should say yes?

Dup. Then I should say you were doubly wrong; first, for having listened, and, second, for believing that I was speaking to any one.

Cec. I heard you talking, I'm sure.

Dup. Well, my dear, as to talking to any one, the thing speaks for itself; but surely, my dear Cecile, you would not prevent me from talking to myself.

Cec. Oh, you deceitful man!

Dup. What, are you going to begin again, my dear?

• *Cec.* Yes, I shall begin again; I'll never leave you.

Dup. Delightful!

Cec. I'll torment you forever.

Dup. That's charming!

Cec. And if I cannot partake of your pleasures, your happiness, abroad—you shall share my ill humours at home.

Dup. [*Sings.*] "There was a little woman," &c.—
Thomas! [*Calling.*]

Enter THOMAS, L.

My hat and gloves.

[*Thomas brings hat and gloves from table.*]

Cec. What, are you going out again?

Dup. Only for a short time, my dear.

Cec. Very well, sir; it's very well, sir; but go, sir; go to your woman, you cruel, barbarous man.

Dup. My woman! ha! ha! ha!

[*Sings.*] "How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say."

Ha! ha!

[*Going, L.*]

Cec. Provoking! but I'll find out where he goes—
Thomas, follow your master, he may want you.

Tho. Yes, ma'am.

[*As Thomas is going, he is stopped by Dupuis.*]

Dup. No, I order you to stay here. [*Dupuis goes to the table, takes a letter off it, and goes off, L. D. F. Thomas runs and peeps through the keyhole. Dupuis returns.*] If you attempt to follow me, I'll break every bone in your body! Good night, my dear—good night.

[*Exit ceremoniously, leaving the door open.*]

Cec. I can scarce contain myself;—to be treated thus—without any cause, too. But I'll be revenged—that I will. If he has lost all love for me, and goes to another, I'll let him know that—yes, I'll let him know that—that, yes—that—that I will. [*She pushes Thomas, who has been standing near the door, i., down, and goes off in a violent rage, L.*]

Tho. Behold the fruits of matrimony: happy state! how enviable must his lot be, who is blessed like my master.

[*Song.*] "Wedlock is a ticklish thing."

My master possesses a handsome, jealous, scolding wife.

Well, if ever I could be prevailed upon to take pity on the fair sex, and marry, let my wife beware of being jealous without a cause; for if she should, curse me if I wouldn't soon give her a cause to be jealous with cause. But, now I am alone, let me consider awhile. My mistress pays me to tell my master's secrets—good. Now, as I do not tell her what I know—why, I tell her what I do not know—so that's one and the same thing. On the other hand, my master pays me to keep his secrets—good again. Those that are useful to me, I tell, and those that are useless, I keep; so thus I deceive and cut fairly towards both parties. [*Goes to door.*] But what do I see below! a woman! and a stranger, too: if this should be master's flame, now! She's coming up stairs—I'll sift her a bit. Walk in, madam.

Enter ANGELICA, L.

Ang. Is Mr. Dupuis at home?

Tho. No, miss, but here is his servant, and your's, too, at the same time.

Ang. I am sorry I cannot see him.

Tho. He, I'm sure, will be doubly sorry at not seeing you.—[*Aside.*] She is very pretty.

Ang. It is on business of importance.

Tho. If you would wish to see my mistress, she, perhaps, would do as well.

Ang. Oh, no, 'tis Mr. Dupuis I wish to see.

Tho. Oh, Mr. is it? not Mrs.? Oh! true, I understand.

Ang. Will he return soon?

Tho. I don't know, miss; but if you would like to wait, I will call my mistress, and she will keep you company.

Ang. No, I'd rather not.

Tho. Oh! true, I understand.

Ang. What hour is he likely to be at home?

Tho. My mistress can tell you that, ma'am, better than I can, if you'll favour me with your name.

Ang. That is not necessary; I am not known to Madam Dupuis.

Tho. Ah! true, I understand; but how is master to know who called, if you do not leave your name?

Ang. I shall see him shortly.

Tho. But do let me call my mistress.

Ang. No, no, it is not necessary; I'd rather not.

Tho. Ah! true, you said so just now.

Ang. As I am not fortunate enough to meet with Monsieur Dupuis, have the goodness to give him this packet.

[Gives him a packet containing a miniature.]

Tho. To my master, did you say?

Ang. Yes, you see it is addressed to him.

Tho. Ah! true, I understand. Is there any thing else I am to do for you?

Ang. Nothing—not anything but that. Good day.

[Going.]

Tho. It is a very dark staircase, miss, so I'll light you down. [Takes a candle from the table.] Now I hope you don't think I want any thing for my trouble, madam; for my master would be very angry if he thought I took any thing from any body.

Ang. I understand—here, take this.

[Gives a piece of money—he turns his back and takes it.]

Tho. Oh! madam, pray take care how you go down stairs—this way—pray, take care.

[Exit, L., with candle, followed by Angelica.]

Val. [Comes forward from the panel, closing it after him by mistake.] Surely I heard Angelica's voice. Yes, it was she; my heart tells me so—but what could bring her to this house? to search for me? why, then, quit so soon? No, I must be deceived—[A noise, L.] Hark! some one comes—in, in, Valare—confusion, I cannot find the spring! Here, then, let me conceal myself. [Retires, R. U. E.]

Enter THOMAS with a candle, L. D. F.

Tho. Ha! ha! ha! 'tis Mr. Dupuis I want, not mistress—your name, miss—oh! that's not necessary—ah! true, I understand—ha! ha! But she did not understand me, though—ha! ha! ha! Well, my master has certainly a very good taste. But let me see—what shall I do with this packet? My mistress ordered me to seize on all letters directed to my master; well, I have seized this, and since 'tis the first I have laid hold of, I see no reason why I should not be the first to read it; so, without scruple, here goes. [Goes up to the table and sits on L. Opens the packet.] Oh! what's here?—a miniature!

Val. [Just appears, and says,] Rascal!

[Instantly retiring.]

Tho. [*Greatly alarmed, starts down to front.*] I thought I heard my name. [*Takes the candle, and looks about.*] Oh! 'tis nothing. Bless me, my heart almost jumps into my mouth. What the devil am I afraid of? there's no one here. Now, then, what's this miniature? Ecod—'tis her likeness. Angelica, too—a pretty name, truly, and a very pretty face. But you can see what she is by her eyes. [*Kisses it and puts it on the table. Valare comes out, and softly opens the panel, then retires, watching.*] Now, then, for the letter. "*Ever since your late misfortune*"—Misfortune! what misfortune?—"of meeting your rival,"—the devil! a duel!—here's a discovery—"I have taken refuge at my father's house."—An invitation! there's modesty for you. Heaven bless him, poor man, that gets her for a wife.

Val. Villain! [*Darts forward and seizes the miniature and letter—blows out the candle. Knocks Thomas down, and goes quickly through the panel.*]

Tho. Murder! murder! fire! thieves! murder! villain! the devil!

Enter CECILE, L., with a candle and letter.

Cec. Heaven! what—

Tho. Murder! murder!

Cec. Rise this instant.—Thomas, do you know who I am?

Tho. The devil! the devil! murder!

Cec. Be not alarmed, Thomas; 'tis I, your mistress.

Tho. [*Rising fearfully.*] Yes, so it is; oh, dear! I'm glad to see you. Oh, madam, such a thing!—it's all over with me.

Cec. What mean you?

Tho. Don't hurry me, I beg; let me just recover my fright.

Cec. What is it has alarmed you so?

* *Tho.* Oh, dear, oh, dear! such a sight—did you ever see the devil? I beg pardon, I mean the black gentleman.

Cec. Seen who?

Tho. Just lend me the candle, will you? [*Takes the candle, and, still dreadfully alarmed, looks round the room. Not seeing anything, he gathers courage.*] As I'm alive, he's gone through the key-hole.

Cec. Whom do you mean?

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Chestnut, 1846.</i>	<i>Park, 1848.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1847.</i>
<i>M. Dupuis</i>	Mr. Murdoch.	Mr. Hield.	Mr. Chanfran.
<i>Valere</i>	" Davenport.	" Pearson.	" Levers.
<i>Thomas</i>	" Burton.	" W. Chapman.	" Holland.
<i>Porter</i>	" Eberle.	" Gallot.	" Conover.
<i>Cecile</i>	Miss A. Fisher.	Mrs. Abbott.	Miss Clark.
<i>Angelica</i>	Mrs. Walstein.	Miss Kate Horn.	Miss Roberts

COSTUMES.

M. DUPUIS.—Blue or black dress coat, white vest, and pants.

VALERE.—Frock coat, fashionable vest and pants.

THOMAS.—Full livery suit, blue stockings, shoes, and buckles.

PORTER.—Drab overcoat, breeches and top boots, hat with band.

MRS. DUPUIS.—Fashionable morning dress.

ANGELICA.—Silk or barege walking dress, bonnet, &c.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; **L.** *Left*; **R. D.** *Right Door*; **L. D.** *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; **U. E.** *Upper Entrance*; **M. D.** *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; **L.**, *Left*; **C.**, *Centre*; **R. C.**, *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

THE SECRET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The scene represents a Gothic apartment, with oak panels in third grooves—a sliding panel in R. F.—a Gothic door to match the scene, L. F. E.—the furniture to correspond—a table with red cloth, two Gothic chairs a lighted candle on the table. As the curtain rises, VALARE opens the secret panel, and comes down, with a lighted candle in his hand, which he places on the table. Key in L. D.*

Val. Hist! hist! Dupuis! [*Comes down.*] So! all is safe, all is safe, and I may now venture forth to enjoy the air of this apartment. Heavens! with what anxiety do I wait my friend's return! each minute seems an hour; while the dread of being discovered by the prying mistress of the house, renders my confinement here painful in the extreme. Ah! Angelica! what do I not suffer on your account! But for thee, that fatal duel which now exposes me to the punishment of the law, would never have taken place, and Valare might still be in the full enjoyment of his liberty. My friend Dupuis, too! what constant uneasiness he experiences on my account! His secret visits to me have so much the air of mystery, that his wife, naturally jealous, and unconscious of the true cause, conceives his love for her abated, and that another female, possessing superior charms, has gained his heart, and rendered her company odious to him. Poor Cecilé, what pains dost thou take to render thyself miserable! [*Noise, L.*] Hark! Surely I heard some one. Yes—quick, Valare, quick, to your hiding place. [*Takes his candle, goes into the panel, and closes it after him.*

every thing will be happily arranged. Remain, therefore, in your retreat, till I have summoned the family together, disclosed the secret, and put an end to mystery and danger.

Val. Oh, my friend, you know not how happy I feel at this moment.

Dup. But I can conceive it, judging by the pleasure I feel at having contributed to it. But return, Valare; your confinement will not be long. [*Exit Valare through the panel.*] Now, then, to my jealous wife, and make her happy. [*Sees the letter.*] What's this? a letter! it has fallen from my pocket—no, 'tis to my wife. The devil! how it smells of musk. [*Unlocks the door.*] Thomas!

Enter THOMAS, L.

Tho. Sir.

Dup. Call my wife.

Tho. Here she is.

Enter CECILE, L.—Thomas goes up.

Dup. Cecile, my dear, I have just found a letter: it belongs to you.

Cec. [*Pretending embarrassment.*] A letter, sir—ah!—'tis—

Dup. A sweet one.

[*Smells it.*

Cec. Heavens! you haven't read it?

Dup. It is not addressed to me, my dear; you know I never take the liberty of reading your letters.

Cec. You were not, then, so curious?

Dup. Certainly not; if it contains nothing but chit-chat, it is not worth reading; and if it is full of disagreeables, I'd rather not read it.

Cec. You won't be jealous, then, Dupuis?

Dup. Jealous, my dear! not I, truly! I feel myself perfectly safe on that score. A man need not give himself uneasiness about his wife, when she has arrived at your years—so take the letter, my dear; and to prove how far I am from being jealous, [*Crosses to L.*] I shall leave you to read it by yourself. [*Exit, L.*

Tho. I say, ma'am, it won't do.

Cec. Silence, fellow! Was ever woman so treated as I am? 'tis plain, now, he loves me not. Oh, if I knew

who this minion of his was! Perhaps he has gone to her now! if so, I'll follow him, and if I catch her I'll tear her eyes out.

[Exit, L. D. F.]

Tho. Good! what a stew she's in! I thought my master would be too deep for her, ha! ha! ha! But they have left me by myself; and if my invisible friend should return, who knows but what he may walk off with me as well as the letter.

Enter a drunken PORTER, L., with a small trunk.

Oh, Lord! what's that?

Porter. I have brought this box for—for—Mr. Dupuis.

Tho. From whom?

Porter. A lady named Angelica.

Tho. Angelica! oh, true, I understand. Put it down, my friend. What do you demand?

Porter. It is paid for.

Tho. Then, good day. [Exit Porter, L. D. F.] A box from Angelica! what the deuce, she is not going to live here, surely! Ecod, I'm glad it's come, though, for now I shall have an opportunity of convincing my mistress that what I told her of Angelica was true; so lay you there, my friend, till I return; and if my mistress is not satisfied with the evidence of your outside—[Crosses to L.] sans ceremonie, I shall force you open, and search for better proof inside.

[Exit, L.]

Enter VALARE from panel.

Val. What did I hear! a box of Angelica's, and that rascal going to break it open—that, at all events, shall be prevented, so come you along with me.

[Takes the box, and exits into the panel.]

Tho. [Without.] Come along, madam!

Enter CECILE and THOMAS, L.

Tho. I'll convince you.

Cec. A box, said you?

Tho. A box, and from Angelica: now, say I am deceiving you, if you can, for here—

[Pointing to where the box was.]

Cec. Well, sir, the box—

Tho. Is it gone to the devil, after the miniature!

Cec. Do you dare, then, fellow, thus to trifle with me? hence, from my house! no longer will I keep in my service a man whose only study is to deceive me; hence, I say.

Tho. Well, ma'am, as you please; 'tis not very agreeable to be in the house with devils.

Cec. You play your part admirably, knave.

Tho. Play! egad, I'm in no playing humour. But you may kick me, beat me, discharge me, but still I will maintain, the box I left there—none but old Nick himself could have taken it; and firmly do I believe, if you stay here much longer, he will walk off with you also.

Cec. I know not what to think—[*Noise, L.*] Hark!—Some one is coming up the stairs. [*Exit Thomas, L.*] 'Tis very strange. That Thomas is a knave, is certain; but still I think he would not carry the jest so far unless there was some truth in it.

THOMAS runs in, L.

Tho. Now, madam, you shall be satisfied—the very woman! Angelica is below—hark! here she is.

Enter ANGELICA, L.

Ang. I beg pardon, but is Mr. Dupuis not returned?

Cec. And pray, miss, what do you want with Mr. Dupuis?

Ang. I came for an answer to a letter I left but now with his servant.

Tho. Mistress, what do you think of old Nick now?

Cec. A letter, say you, and to my husband?

Ang. Yes, madam; it contained the inquiries of an unfortunate female, to whom Mr. Dupuis could give such information as would administer comfort to her affliction.

Cec. But you sent a miniature also, did you not?

Ang. Miniature!

Tho. No, no miniature, I swear—I never said a miniature—a box, I told you.

Ang. I certainly did send a box.

Cec. It's very strange, young woman, that you, who I have not the least knowledge of, should be sending boxes here without my leave—'tis very suspicious.

Ang. I feel, madam, that appearances are against me;

but still there is nothing to give you uneasiness. Monsieur Dupuis is in possession of a secret, on which my happiness depends. Obligated to fly my friends, to avoid persecution, I had recourse to Mr. Dupuis, who alone can free me from my present load of misery.

Cec. But how came you acquainted with my husband?

Ang. I know but little of him; but he is the intimate friend of a person who is dearer to me than life. With respect to the box—when I fled from home, I took the liberty of sending it here; I knew it would be in safety.

Tho. Oh! yes, it is in perfect safety.

Cec. 'Pon my word, miss, your story would make an excellent subject for a romance.

Ang. How, madam! what mean you?

Cec. That you are known, miss.

Ang. Now I understand you, madam; but your suspicions are groundless, as they are cruel and unkind. But Mr. Dupuis will explain—so, madam, good day.

Cec. Oh! pray don't go, child; you'd better wait till your protector returns.

Ang. No, madam, I shall retire, to avoid further insult.

Cec. But you stir not hence. Thomas, call your master. [*Exit Thomas, L.*] Now, my gentle miss, I'll have you face to face. Ah! you may well blush—fie! fie on you! [*Goes to the door, L., and calls.*] Mr. Dupuis! Mr. Dupuis, I say!

Ang. Unfortunate Angelica!

[*While Cecile is calling off, L., Valare opens the panel, and, slipping softly forth, shows himself to Angelica, whom he leads into the panel and closes it.*

Enter THOMAS, L.

Tho. This way, master, this way.

Enter DUPUIS, L.

Dup. Now, Cecile, what would you?

Cec. Base man, I have detected you at last; well may you look pale. But look here, sir, look at this face—[*Turns, and, not seeing Angelica, screams violently*—gone—the woman's gone!

Tho. Ay! old Nick has got her, too.

Dup. What does all this mean?

Tho. That this house is haunted, that my mistress is jealous, that you are found out, and that I am to lose my place.

Dup. Come, Cecile; it is time now to undeceive you. I promised you, you should know all, and thus I keep my word. [*Goes up to the panel.*] Valare, come forth.

[*Valare and Angelica come out.*]

Cec. How!

Tho. There's a Hole in the Wall!

Dup. Cecile, are you jealous now?

Cec. Oh, Dupuis, forgive me.

Ang. 'Tis I that should ask forgiveness, for having been the cause.

Val. And I also.

Tho. Ha! ha! ha! pray, sir, allow me to ask one question; was it you that stole the box?

Val. It was.

Tho. I am indebted, then, to you, for the thump on the head I got?

Val. You are; but your knavery deserved it.

Tho. Not a word about that. I forgive you.

Dup. Come, come; we are all forgiveness, all happy so, with our Secret, all danger now shall end.

Tho. I've saved my place.

Dup. And I preserved my friend.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

CECILE.	DUPUIS.	VALARE.	ANGELICA.	THOMAS.
[<i>r.</i>				[<i>l.</i>]

THE END.





©

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XVIII.

**THE WHITE HORSE
OF THE PEPPERS.**

A COMIC DRAMA

IN TWO ACTS.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

**WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.**

NEW YORK :

DOUGLAS, 11 SPRUCE ST., PUB

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1948.



EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

"THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS" possesses in an eminent degree all the characteristics which distinguish the productions of its author—a gentleman as much admired for his powers as a musician and artist, as a scholar and poet.

This drama is replete with such incidents and situations as are required in stage representations, while the dialogue abounds with just sentiments, genuine wit, pure humour, and natural pathos.

The time at which the scene is laid, was a stirring one for the adherents of King James, and many a noble supporter of the pusillanimous monarch not only shed his heart's blood in his cause, on "the banks of the bloody Boyne," but left, as the reward of his fidelity, a condemned name and ruined fortune to his plundered successors.

The bold, loyal, and really Irish, *Gerald Pepper*, is a faithful portrait of the hard-fighting, high-minded, and dare-devil gentleman of the time and nation. His outbreaks of feeling, love of his country, and easily-excited sympathies, offer an excellent contrast to the cold, phlegmatic, cautious, calculating, foreign mercenary, *Major Hans Mansfeldt*. The stratagem by which he recovers his confiscated lands, is well conceived and most humorously carried out. In short, from the opening scene to the fall of the curtain, the interest in "The White Horse of the Peppers" never flags.

The original "*Gerald*"—the lamented *POWER*—possessed a reputation that would have ensured success to any drama he appeared in; but he had in this instance the aid of an *artiste* in his way, of equal talent—we allude to Mr. Webster, whose *Major Hans Mansfeldt* was as perfect a portraiture, as was *Power's* of the more prominent *Gerald*, while "little Mrs. Fitz." was all that could be wished in the kind-hearted, ready, faithful, and fascinating *Agatha*. We have had the pleasure of witnessing the performances of Mr. Brougham and Mr. Shaw, in this and the old country, of *Gerald Pepper*. Both have their excellences, and are, in our opinion, the best living representatives of the owner of "*The White Horse of the Peppers*."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Haymarket, 1837.</i>	<i>Park, 1838.</i>
<i>Colonel Chesham</i>	Mr. Perkins.	Mr. Gann.
<i>Major Hans Mansfeldt</i>	" Webster.	" Placida.
<i>Darby Donaghue</i>	" Strickland.	" Chippendale.
<i>Phelim</i>	" King.	" Jones.
<i>Monk</i>	" Gough.	" Bedford.
<i>Portreeve</i>	" Matthews.	" Povey.
<i>Gerald Pepper</i>	" Power.	" Power.
<i>Rafferty</i>	" Bishop.	" King.
<i>Chorus</i>		
<i>Two Supreme Burgesses</i>		
<i>Two Servants</i>		
<i>Magdalen</i>	Miss Cooper.	Miss Cushman.
<i>Agatha</i>	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.	Mrs. Richardson.

Time of representation, 1 hour and 35 minutes.

Scene lies in Ireland, in the year 1690.

COSTUMES.

COLONEL CHESHAM.—Light blue broad-skirted coat, trimmed with gold lace—yellow cloth breeches, buff sword belt, trimmed with gold lace, black slouch hat, bound with gold, one white feather, high black boots.

MAJOR HANS MANSFELDT.—Same as Chesham, with steel cuirass, brass spurs, straight flaxen wig, yellow gauntlets.

DARBY DONAGHUE.—*First dress:* white serge peasant's jacket, green damask waistcoat, blue apron, brown cloth breeches. *Second dress:* Brown Dutchman's dress, high dirty boots.

PHELIM.—Brown tabbed jacket, blue cloth breeches, high russet boots, drab hat.

MONK.—Friar's grey dress.

PORTREEVE.—Old fashioned brown coat, ditto waistcoat, black breeches, black worsted stockings, yellow cloak.

GERALD PEPPER.—*First dress:* Scarlet broad-skirted coat, trimmed with silver lace and tassels, buff serge trunks, green silk sash, with silver fringe, buff sword belt, trimmed with green ribbon, black slouch hat and feather, bound with silver. *Second dress:* The same as Rafferty.

RAFFERTY.—Old scarlet waistcoat, patched, old woollen jacket, without sleeves, green cloth breeches, torn old hat.

CHORUS.—The same as Rafferty.

TWO SUPREME BURGESSES.—Old-fashioned suits, high boots, three-cornered hats.

TWO SERVANTS.—Old-fashioned liveries.

MAGDALENE.—Dove coloured satin gown, trimmed with white satin, open in front, white satin petticoat.

AGATHA.—*First dress:* Orange merino, trimmed with blue. *Second dress:* Chintz bedgown, brown patched petticoat, handkerchief over the head.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Interior of Ballygarth House.*

MAGDALENE discovered, seated at a table—lights upon it—employed at needlework—handsome pictures hung round the room, in which an air of ancestral comfort prevails—an oriel window at the back, through which a moonlight view is seen.

Mag. Vainly I endeavour to wear away the time while Gerald is absent; he never leaves the house that I dread not some fatality may occur either to his home or himself. Oh, what dreadful times are these, when you know not how long a home may be left you.

Enter AGATHA R.

Aga. The children sleep so soundly, my lady, and Master Gerald is laughing in his dream so; 'tis beautiful to look at him—bless him!

Mag. Yes, the boy sleeps and smiles, while his mother wakes and weeps.

Aga. Oh, my lady dear, don't take on so; indeed, indeed, my lady, you fret too much.

Mag. Oh, Aggy, when I think of those dear children, and know not how soon they may be beggars and outcasts.

Aga. Don't be talking so sadly, my lady, pray don't; I

want to finish the dear boy's mantle, and I came to ask you for more silk for the lining.

Mag. You'll find it in the basket,—make it warm for him, Agatha, there's no knowing how soon he may want it—perhaps at dead of night, we may be driven from our home, and forced to seek shelter beneath some hedge. [*Great shouting and clashing of swords outside.*] Ha! whence this shouting? perchance they are coming now. [*Goes to window and looks out—great uproar and strife outside.*] Heavens! I see Gerald on his white horse, surrounded by a crowd, and other horsemen, too. Their swords flash—Ah! [*Shouts outside—she sinks into a chair.*]

Aga. [*Looking out.*] The crowd is dispersing, my lady; my master is quite safe. I see him plainly, he is riding towards the house. [*Magdalene reviving.*] He is safe, my lady—he returns!

Mag. Thank heaven! Thank heaven!

Gerald. [*Outside.*] This way, gentlemen, this way!

Enter GERALD, COLONEL CHESHAM, and HANS MANSFELDT.—Magdalene rushes to Gerald's arms. Agatha exits, R.

Mag. My Gerald! Oh, I have been so terrified.

Ger. My poor Mag—what a timid heart it has!

Mag. What meant that shouting?

Ger. A mere nothing, my love; here are two gentlemen, who demand our courtesy. [*She curtsies with constraint to the Colonel and Hans.*] I will leave you, gentlemen, for a few minutes; we want wine, and my serving varlets are enquiring about the ~~row~~, instead of minding their business.

[*Exit, R.*]

Mag. [*Aside.*] These men—armed to the teeth; perhaps the hour is come to drive us from our hearths. [*To Colonel Chesham.*] Oh, tell me truly, sir, what means all this?

Ches. In brief, madam, we are indebted to your husband for our lives. Set upon by a large and armed mob, he gallantly rode amongst them, and by the influence of words, obtained our safety, which our swords must have failed to do. It was the more generous as, I am aware, we are political enemies.

Hans. De reppel rascals vas verra near to vinish uz, in-
toot.

Ches. [*Aside to Hans.*] Hush! you forget where you speak. [*Aside.*] What a brute he is!

Enter AGATHA, R.

Aga. My lady, the dear boy wakes, and cries for you; I cannot pacify him.

Mag. Poor child, heaven help him! Excuse me, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Magdalene and Agatha, R. S. E.*]

Ches. Poor lady, she is sore troubled. Did you mark her alarm when we entered? she feared we were come in the execution of a forfeiture.

Hans. And no vondher she was frightened, dis is ver nice ouse to lose; look at de peecture—ver goot; de blate ver goot; mid every ting else goot besize.

[*Looks about in admiration.*]

Ches. [*Aside.*] Hang me, if that calculating rascal is not reckoning in his own mind the profits of this generous fellow's ruin. I say, Hans Mansfeldt

Hans. Vell, vat vant you mid me.

Ches. What are you about?

Hans. I tink dis vill be ver noice ting ven Mynheer de Commissioner begin de fish kitchen.

Ches. The confiscation, you mean?

Hans. Ya!

Ches. Major Mansfeldt, it is true the confiscations will be extensive, and perchance the generous fellow who has saved our lives, may be a sufferer; but is it fair thus to anticipate his ruin? I swear, if it chanced to be my fortune to have this man's property allotted to me, I would sooner cut off my sword arm than take it from him, after his conduct of this evening. Now, suppose it were your case to have it given to you, could you accept it?

Hans. Vy, I dink I goot.

Ches. Then I don't envy you your feelings, Major Mansfeldt.

Hans. Vy, now, zee—suppose dis vas gif to me, if I wouldn't haf it, somepody else would, vitch would be as all as bad for dis man here, and no petters vor me, and vy shouldn't I getch vat I goot in de fish kitchen, as another.

Ches. I think, sir, you had better keep this to yourself, while you are under this hospitable roof.

Hans. [*Aside, looking round.*] Splot! but I vood like to keep it all minecelf.

Enter GERALD, followed by a SERVANT, bearing a handsome salver, silver claret-jug, and glasses.

Ger. Now, gentlemen, some wine. Where is my wife?

Enter MAGDALENE, R. S. E.

Mag. Here, dearest; our Gerald cried, and I went to sooth him. I hope these gentlemen will pardon my absence?

Ches. Madam, name it not.

Hans. Oh, de should vil zometimes croi.

Ger. [*To Servants.*] Fill!

[The Servant pours out wine, and they drink with salutations to each other, all but Hans, who swigs his wine, and has his cup filled twice.]

Hans. Dat glarets is goot!

Ger. That claret, sir, has been in my cellar fifteen years: it is a wine of which the second draught is better than the first.

Hans. I will droi dat.

[He has his cup filled again, and drinks.]

Ger. And now, gentlemen, as we are all safe and quiet here, may I ask how you became involved in the riot I found you?

Ches. We are engaged, sir, truth to say, in an ungracious duty: it has devolved on me to make some surveys under their honours, the commissioners of the court of forfeitures; the peasantry having obtained a knowledge of our purpose, were hanging on our flank all day, and the branches of a pretty stream near a neighbouring town hereabout—

Ger. I know it—Duleek.

Ches. From our ignorance of the winding of the stream, these branches misled us, and so we became separated from our troopers, on perceiving which, the peasantry fell upon us as you saw.

Hans. Ha! the reppel rascals!

Ger. Call them not rebels, nor rascals, sir, I pray you. We differ in opinion, gentlemen, as to who should be king, but it is hard that our successful adversaries should brand with the name of rebellion, what is, in fact, but a too faithful adherence to a worthless monarch.

Ches. I am glad to hear you call him worthless, sir.

Ger. I do so now, because he has deserted the most generous people on the face of the earth, who perilled all in his cause; it is to well known to seek to make it a secret from you, that I was one of his strongest adherents. I fought for him, and so did many of those fellows who attacked you just now; but why did they do so? the man whose property you were on, is popular, sir; these poor fellows are attached to those who have lived and spent their fortunes among them, and it is their ardent natures that urge them to this strong demonstration of opinion.

Hans. Sdrong demonsdration? Ha! dat is a ver noice name for pikes and pall gaderisches.

Ger. I give you my honour, sir, some of those boys are the best-hearted and most good-natured fellows in the world.

Hans. Oh, ver good-natured—Ha! ha!

Ches. I can feel the truth and justice of all you say, and only regret your opinions have been so decided in the cause; for in the political heat of the moment, I will not flatter you by saying your property is very safe.

Ger. I know it, sir; but I would recommend whoever gets it, or any other property, to take it gently, and soften the hardship of the seizure with as much of charity as he can. In short, to do it like a gentleman, for our people are fond of the landlords who have used them well, and will not be easily reconciled to plunder.

Hans. Plonther! dat is a hard vort!

Ger. It is not the less plunder, sir, because it has the sanction of the law of the strongest.

Hans. Dat is anoder of your sdrong opinions.

Ger. We had better say no more on the subject, sir. In a couple of centuries, our posterity will judge more calmly than we can.

Hans. [*Aside.*] I hope my bosderity vil have zomeding bedder to old dan sdrong opinions.

Ches. However we may differ, sir, on such matters, there can be but one opinion of your generous conduct in our rescue.

Ger. You, sir, are a soldier and a gentleman, and would have done the same by me.

Ches. I would, sir, and will, if it should ever be in my

power to befriend you. I am Colonel Cheesham, of the King's Dragoons; may I ask the name of our generous protector?

Ger. It might only give you pain to hear it associated some day with ruin; therefore, ask it not, I pray you.

Enter SERVANT, L., with a letter.

Ser. A messenger, sir, who has ridden hard, desired me bear you this letter with all haste.

Ger. See that messenger well taken care of. [*Exit Servant, R.*] Excuse me, gentlemen. [*Aside.*] 'Tis the seal of my friend, Lawyer Dillon. A lawyer's letter I have a special horror of, particularly in troublesome times.

[*Reads and seems disturbed—Magdalene approaches him.*]

Mag. Gerald, you seem disturbed?

Ger. No, dearest, no; our guests will feel neglected, Magdalene. [*Magdalene leaves and approaches the Colonel and Hans—Gerald continues reading, and his emotion increases.*]

Ches. Madam, I have to ask pardon for the sudden interruption and uneasiness we have caused you. I hope you forgive us?

Mag. Sir, I should rather crave your pardon, if my welcome was chilled by an alarm, at which, in these times, you cannot wonder. [*Gerald finishes reading the letter.*]

Ches. And now, madam, in bidding you farewell—

Ger. You are not going to-night, Colonel; will not the morning serve?

Ches. I expect some important dispatches await me on the road to Dublin, and thither we must journey at once, sir; if you will do us the additional favour to put us in the way.

Ger. A faithful servant of mine shall conduct you, and his presence will secure you from further molestation; but before you go, Colonel, another cup of wine—the stirrup cup, as you call it, or, as we say in Ireland, the *Deoch an Dorris*—the drink at the door.

Ches. I'll fill to a toast, sir. [*Fills his cup, and addresses Magdalene.*] Lady, may your husband ever find in his adversaries, the generous courtesy he has shown to us.

[*Magdalene curtsies.*]

Ger. Thanks, Colonel—Good speed to you.

[*Drinks—Hans drinks without any demonstration of politeness.*]

Ches. And now, boot and saddle, Major Mansfeldt.

Ger. [*With suppressed surprise.*] Mansfeldt!

Hans. You zeem zurprise at dat name.

Ger. Why! 'tis rather an odd name, sir, that's all.

Hans. Hegh!

Ger. Colonel, your hand. [*They clasp hands.*] In times like these, it is well, when the hand of a soldier is the hand of a gentleman. Farewell!

[*Exit Colonel Chesham and Hans—the Colonel and Gerald exchanging salutation, and Hans retiring without acknowledging Gerald's bow.—Magdalene, as Gerald looks after Hans, takes his hand on the other side—Gerald looks round.*]

Ger. Well, dearest.

Mag. That letter, Gerald, bears bad news.

Ger. [*Taking her tenderly in his arms.*] Mag, my girl, 'tis the first time I ever wished to contradict you.

Mag. Oh, Gerald—how kindly you tell of ruin.

Ger. You have said the word—Magdalene, I'm a ruined man. This letter from Dillon tells me, that house and all—ay, every acre I possessed, is forfeited. And who do you think has got old Ballygrath, the seat of my fathers for five hundred years? Why, that Dutch boor who has just left us.

Mag. What! he? Then heaven help us!

Ger. Singular chance that I should have saved the life of my despoiler, and that my own threshold should have proved the shelter of my direst foe.

Mag. Think you he knew it?

Ger. I'll swear he didn't; for, if he did, he's just the gentleman who would have turned me out of my own house with very little ceremony. No, Dillon sent me the intelligence by express, and the Dutchman manifestly knows not the fortune that awaits him. Magdalene, a thought occurs to me—the Colonel said he expected the arrival of important dispatches from Dublin; as sure as fate, they are the decrees of the Commissioners allotting the lands—I must away to Swords.

Mag. Oh, Gerald! leave me not here.

Ger. No, my girl, Phelim shall conduct you and the children to the Priory of Tristernah, which will shelter you for the present. Do you think I would leave you here to be insulted, perhaps, in your own home?

Mag. Our home no more—Oh, bitter thought.

Ger. Mag, my girl, do not despond thus, though I am an outlaw.

Mag. What a fearful sound has that word, though I know not quite its meaning.

Ger. Why, my dear, being out of the law is rather worse than being in of it; so it must be the devil intirely. But don't despair—I won't give up my dirty acres, Mag, quite so easy as they think.

Mag. You would not be so mad as to resist them?

Ger. Not by force, Mag, but by stratagem. By good luck, that Dutchman neither knows my name, nor the name of my estate. Now I'll be off to Swords, and prepare a plan of defence against him, that I hope may bother the Dutchman, my girl.

Mag. But if it fail—our home and country are lost to us.

Ger. Well, even then, our plate and jewels will furnish means to bear us to France, and there this sword, which first I drew as a volunteer in the cause of my country, must serve me for a profession in a foreign land—but even there, though absent from Ireland, we shall be amongst our countrymen. Many an Irish refugee is there; for the lily of France gives glorious shelter to the exiles from the land of the Shamrock.

[*Exeunt, &c.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in Ballygarth House.*

Enter AGATHA and PHELM, L.

Aga. You must order the horses immediately, Phelim—I must go to the convent directly.

Phe. You going to a convent, Aggy? you!

Aga. Yes. [*Sighing.*] I'm going, Phelim.

Phe. Well, I never could have thought of your going to a convent.

Aga. Why, Phelim, these are such bad times, that no young man can think of marrying now—a girl may as well to a convent as not.

Phe. Then you are determined on a convent.

Aga. Why, I'm going only on trial at first; my lady is going—and so I am to follow her.

Phe. Then you are not going directly.

Aga. Not directly.

Phe. Oh!

Aga. I would, though, only our master bid me go to Swords first—the moment I'm done there, I'll go to a nunnery; it's the safest place in these times for a young woman who has no one to protect her.

Phe. Oh, Aggy, if you'd only give me the right to protect you.

[Attempts to take her round the waist—she runs away.]

Aga. Well, I never saw the like o' that—So, sir, because I say a word about protection, *you* make up to me, as if there wasn't Mick Mullohawn, and Dennis Delany, and Peter Purcell, and Roger O'Rafferty.

Phe. That rake Rafferty, whom you never knew till last week.

Aga. Well, I'll know more of him before long.

Phe. Why talk thus of the acquaintances of yesterday to me, who have known you from childhood. Can you forget how we have run in the wild glen, and plucked wild flowers together? Oh, Aggy—I love you now as dearly as I loved you then.

DUET.

Phe. Oh, don't you remember the beautiful glade,
Where in childhood together we playfully strayed,
Where wreaths of wild flowers so often I've made,
Thy tresses so brightly adorning?

Both. Oh, light of heart and foot were then
The happy children of the glen;
The cares that shade the brows of men,
Ne'er darken childhood's morning.

Aga. Oh, who can forget the young innocent hours
We have passed in the shade of our home's happy bowers,
When the treasure we sought for was only wild flowers,
And we thought ourselves rich when we found them.

Both. Oh, where's the tie that friends e'er knew
So free from stain, so firm, so true,
As links that with the wild flow'rs grew,
And in sweet fetters bound them.

[Exeunt, &c.]

SCENE III.—*The Village of Swords.—Round Tower on Cathedral in the distance—Stone Cross in the middle of the street—a Public House, L. S. E., the sign of the "Pig and Whistle."*

DARBY DONAGHUE, the Landlord, serving the Peasants with drink—the **PORTREEVE** and a couple of **BURGESSES** in consultation at the Stone Cross—they come forward when the Curtain rises, and Darby Donaghue joins them.

Port. I tell you, fellow-townsmen, something must be done for the honour of the country. What do you say? [*The Villagers shout faintly.*] Right, boys, right! I see your spirit is up

Dar. I tell you, Mister Portreeve, there is no use in trying to get up a skrimmage. Just tell the boys to be quiet, and when they've sold their pigs, spend their money like dacent men, in getting drunk at the Pig and Whistle.

Port. Darby Donaghue, I think you have been setting them the example yourself, or you would not presume to address me in that manner. Remember, I am the Portreeve of this borough.

Dar. So you want to come over me with the grandeur, eh! If you're Portreeve, I am landlord of the Pig and Whistle.

Port. Well, whistle for your pig, sir, but don't presume to interfere with my authority. Countrymen—the country never can get on unless we make a stand.

Dar. That's a queer way of getting on, and if that's your plan, why didn't you act upon it the other day at the battle; it's rather late to make a stand now, and by the same token, I did not see you in the field. Where were you then? Where were you at the skrimmage of Skerries?—the rising of Balrothery, and the fight of Feltrim?—Eh!

Port. I and the Burgesses in Council assembled, were engaged in taking measures for your safety.

Dar. And no man fitter to do that same, seeing that you're a tailor; but take my advice, and have nothing to do with any measures but your own parchment ones.

Port. Darby Donaghue, you forget yourself. Fellow-countrymen, hear me—here are some resolutions I have

prepared. [*Displays a long paper—the Villagers shout—strutting about consequentially.*] There, Darby Donaghue—they will support their Portreeve!

Dar. Do you think it's for you they are shouting—Cock you up, indeed! No, 'tis for Master Gerald Pepper.

[*Villagers shout.*]

Enter GERALD, PHELM, and AGATHA.

Ger. Well, boys, I'm glad to see you—What are you doing here, Mister Portreeve?

Port. Here, Master Pepper, are some resolutions I have prepared.

Ger. Worthy Portreeve, take my advice, and keep all your resolution for yourself, for I assure you, you'll want it; [*To Villagers.*] and you, boys, be as quiet as mice, for I can tell you, there's a cat abroad with mighty long claws, that will play old scratch with you if you stir.

Port. Master Pepper, these fellows are full of spirit.

Ger. Which Darby Donaghue can account for; eh, Darby? Worthy Portreeve, the spirit which men get in a public house is poor stuff—no offence to you, Darby, at the same time.

Port. But I have yet to notice our rights and privileges, our tenures—our—and so on.

Dar. It's easy for you, a tailor, to say, *sew on*.

Port. Master Pepper, must we forfeit our honour?

Ger. All I can tell you is, sir, that they are forfeiting our property as fast as they can.

Port. Our property!

Ger. I am sorry to say, I know it to my cost, for they have not left me an acre. [*Villagers express sorrow.*] Now, what do you say to that?

Port. [*Looking at the Burgesses dolefully.*] We'll retire, and consider the subject.

[*Exeunt Portreeve and Burgesses, L.*]

Ger. He's gone, and he's no loss, for he'll never want a goose as long as he's alive himself. Now, boys, listen to me!

Vil. We will, Master Gerald: you were always our friend.

Ger. And am still, boys, and I tell you, keep quiet. I have told you that all my lands are forfeited.

Omnes. Shame! shame!

Ger. Now, boys, that's not right! at least, I think so. For, upon my word, I think I could take care of my own property as well as another, boys.

Dar. And a good landlord you were always.

Ger. And a foreign stranger amongst you wouldn't be natural.

Omnes. No! no!

Ger. Well, now listen to me. There's a big blackguard, with a long sword by his side, coming down here to take my property from me; but, before he can take it, you know he must find it, do you perceive?

Dar. Not all on't.

Ger. You see, boys, this fellow who's coming down, doesn't know my place any more than the man in Jericho, and of course, he must ask for it to find it. Now, spread far and wide over the barony, that this marauder is coming, and you and all your friends must remember, that any stranger asking the way to Ballygarth, must get for answer, that nobody knows such a place.

Dar. That's elegant!

Ger. None of you know the way, boys, do you?

Omnes. Not one!

Ger. I knew you wouldn't—you never took a run with the dogs over my green hills, nor you never got a glass of whiskey from the kind Misthress, nor you never got a warm seat by my kitchen fire! You don't know such a place as Ballygarth, boys?

Omnes. Hurra! hurra!

Ger. I see you're up to it! and you, Darby Donaghue, if any one asks for my name, give him your own, say—"Dunna who." And if he asks you for a guide—for you know he must come to the Pig and Whistle—recommend him me.

Dar. You, Master Gerald?

Ger. Yes.—I'll put myself into the shape of a bog-trotter; and if I don't lead him a dance that will astonish him, may I be pickled for fasting fare, and mashed up with bad potatoes. And now, boys, some of you must lend me your clothes.

1st Vil. I will, sir!

Ger. Tut, man! you're too much of a gentleman.

2d Vil. I will, sir!

Ger. Pho! You're another flower of the flock; but if there's a wild bird amongst ye, whose feathers are ruffled a bit, he'll oblige me to shake down his plumage here, and I'll give him gold for it.

Raff. [*Very ragged.*] Here, Master Gerald!

Ger. You're the posy! the wild and picturesque flower fit to bloom in a bog—what's your name?

Raf. Rafferty!

Ger. A capital name! I wouldn't ask a better. Rafferty, you must sell me your clothes—I'll give you a guinea for every button you have on them, and that won't be much. I couldn't afford to pay you at the same rate for the skewers; now into the house with you, and take a tender adieu of your finery, for it's the last you'll see of it—away with you. [*Rafferty enters house.*] Darby, do you follow him, and when the duds are off, shake them out of the window, for though I have bought the property, I don't want the tenantry with it. [*Darby enters house.*] Phelim, is your lady safely bestowed?

Phe. She is, sir; safe in the priory.

Ger. I say, boys, I wish this Dutchman to see you merry. Here's a girl—[*To Agatha,*] will dance any two of you down. [*Villagers seem disinclined.*] What, not dance? they must be sad days in Ireland when a jig is refused; but, Aggy, though they won't dance with you, they'll be glad to hear you sing some sweet song of your own land. That is left us, at all events—for let our foes strip us of what they may, they can never rob us of our native music.

[*Exit into house, L. S. E.*]

SONG.—AGATHA.

Oh, native music, beyond comparing,
The sweetest far on the ear that falls;
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in memory's thralls;
Thy tones endearing,
Or sad, or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand.
Oh, who can tell
What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native land.

[*The last three lines repeated in Chorus.*]

The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine,

The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,
 All, all, are touched by thy power divine.
 The captive cheerless,
 The soldier fearless,
 The mother, taught by nature's hand,
 Her child, when weeping,
 Will lull to sleeping,
 With some sweet song of her native land.

[Chorus as before.]

[Hans Mansfeldt shouts without, L. U. E.]

Phe. Here's the Dutchman, Darby! [Goes to house and calls out.] Darby Donaghue!

Enter DARBY from house, L. S. E.

Dar. Here, your honour, here!

Phe. Run and take his horse! [Exit Darby, L. U. E.]

Hans. [Without.] Ouse! ouse!

Darby. [Without, L. U. E.] This way, your honour, this way!

Enter HANS and DARBY, L. U. E.

[Bowing him in.] Your servant, sir. What's your will?

Hans. Zome drink vor myself voorst. [Exit Darby into house.] Ponderskind! vout a bad roats, and vout a back o' plockheads all dis beople's! Nopoty knows notin! I dink I have de name roight. [Takes out a piece of folded parchment, and reads.] Ya! Ballagarde! Mynheer Beber. [Puts up parchment.] Vell! dis is some goot for to voight for. Ven you vins a vield o' pattle in oder gountry, it is notin but to kill von anoder dis day, vor to voight again to-mawrow; but in Irelandt, ven you vins the vields o' pattle, you vins de vields demsels. Ha! dat is goot! I like to voight in Irelandt! Ya! and I dink de people's demsels likes to voight too!

Re-enter DARBY from house, with a tankard, which HANS drinks from.

Ya, dat is goot! Wasn't I dursty! [Hands back the tankard, empty.]

Dar. [Looking into it.] 'Pon my word you wor, sur.

Hans. Mine vriend, do you know von blace somevere bout here call Ballagarde?

Dar. Ball—ball—what, sir?

Hans. Ballagarde!

Dar. Indeed, not one o'me knows the place, sir.

Hans. Ha! plockhead, loike the rest. Ax all dese people here about dat place.

Dar. Come here, you chaps. [*Villagers advance.*] Do you know such a place as Bunna—Bunna—Breena, is it, sir?

Hans. No, Ballagarde! [*Villagers shake their heads.*]

Phc. Not exactly!

Raf. May be 'twould be Bunratty, your honour would want?

Hans. No, Bun tiefel!

Dar. I don't know that place either, your honour.

Hans. Splut! do you know who you are yourself?

Dar. Donaghue!

Hans. Tiefel! he dunna who! Ha, ha! Is dere nobo-ty to shew me mine roat?

Dar. There is a boy in the house, drinking, who knows the country well.

Hans. Gall him to me! Gall him! Gall the poy!

Dar. [*Calling.*] Here, Rafferty! Rafferty!

Ger. [*Without.*] Here I am, your sowl! [*Sings.*]

Enter GERALD, disguised as a ragged, red-haired peasant, from house, L. S. E.

Hans. You said dis vas a poy!

Ger. Well, I'm not a girl, am I?

Hans. Are you de kite?

Ger. [*Looking at his rags.*] A kite? Faith, you might fly me, I dare say, with a strong string and a high wind.

Hans. Do you know de fay?

Ger. Know the way—the way to fly is it?

Hans. No, the way to Ballagarde?

Ger. To be sure I do—where is it?

Hans. Vere! I vant you to dell me dat.

Ger. Well, describe the thing to me, and I'll imagine it immediately.

Hans. Imashin! splut! you no kite if you not know.

Ger. You're a stupid man: that's not the way we do things here at all. You see I'm a bard.

Hans. A bart, vat is dat?

Ger. I'm a poet!

Hans. Ah, boor man! I bity you.

Ger. Pity, did you say pity? is it pity me, that is, the bard of Green Erin. Whoo! thank you for nothing! keep your pity to curl your hair! I wouldn't exchange places wid you, I can tell you, wherever 'tis your're going.

Hans. I want to go to Ballagarde.

Ger. Oh, I think I know where you mane now; who lives in it?

Hans. Von Bepper!

Ger. Pepper? Phew! by dad, you might sarch half the country, and not find out the right man you want; for them Peppers is as thick as rabbits in the back of a ditch—the country is over run wid them!

Hans. Indeed!

Ger. Sure there's no end to them. There's not names enough in the alphabet for them, so we're obleeged to invent names to circumscribe them. There is a dark wicked thief that is called Black Pepper—and a whey-faced blackguard that is called White Pepper—and a bull-headed vagabone, with a carrotty wig, we call Red Pepper—and a fine strapping fellow, the full of a door, that we call Whole Pepper—and a dawnshee craythur, about as high as my knee, we call Ground Pepper, and a poor cripple among them, that limps as he goes, we call Pepper-corn—and he has a spiteful little wife, that we call "Ginger"—and I think that's a high seasoned family for you—They're a perfect cruet-stand in themselves.

Hans. Vat a family!

Ger. Now, which of them is it you want?—Black Pepper, White Pepper, Red Pepper, Whole Pepper, Pepper-Corn, or Little Ginger?

Hans. Splut! I don't know—but Ballagarde is de blace.

Ger. Arrah, then! where is it at all—Darby, would it be the castle, I wondher?

Hans. Ha! to be zure—de gastle, dat is de blace.—
[Aside.] I vill dry de gastle vurst, however.

Ger. Oh, then I'll bring you there straight: will you start now?

Hans. Nien!

Ger. At nine—that will be rather late.

Hans. I say no—

Ger. But I say yes!

Hans. Splut! I say *nien* in my language, dat is no.

Ger. Oh, nine is *no*—in Dutch.

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Then I suppose eighteen means *yes*—for we lo-gicians say, two neggitations makes a confirmation.

Hans. Ah, dat is boetry. I don't oonderstand boetry. [*To Darby.*] I want zomeding vor mine dinner.

Ger. Well, if you don't undherstand rhyme, you're up to rayson, I see, by axin for your dinner; so get a snap o'something at wanst, for we have no time to lose. [*Hans enters the house, L. U. E., with Darby.—Looking about.*] Aggy! Phelim, where is Aggy?

Phe. She is gone to the Priory, sir.

Ger. Then you must go after her, for I've work for her to do; and you, too, Phelim. First you must lead Donaghue and a party of fellows to the bog, near the Snipe's Shallow, where they must remain concealed until I shall join them. Then proceed to the Priory, conduct your mistress to Ballygarth, and let Aggy dress herself up as an old crone, and go off to the old ruined house, where she must wait for me: get a couple of pigs about the place, and a sheaf of straw by way of a feather bed—a blanket—a three-legged stool—a salt herring, and a few potatoes. Be off, now. [*Phelim is going.*] I say, Phelim, she may as well have a bottle of whiskey too, [*Exit Phelim, R.*] for I suspect that poor devil of a Dutchman will want something to refresh him, and I don't mean to kill him entirely. And now my plans are ripening into execution. [*Looks down at dress.*] What a figure I cut, to be sure! My own dogs would hunt me from my door. Gerald Pepper, is it worthy of an Irish gentleman, and the descendant of an old family, to make a mummer of himself, and play off as many tricks as a fox! But why does the fox play tricks? Because he's hunted! and so am I—the oppressed and the pursued alike are driven to strata-gem to escape destruction.

Enter HANS and DARBY from the house, L. S. E.

Hans. You are sure, now, dis kite know de way.

Dar. Oh, he knows the whole country round. [*Exit.*]

Ger. Aye, and square, too—and thriangular into the bargain. And if you'd want any sporting—I'm the fellow to show it you—hunting, shooting, fishing, cocking, fighting, or marryin', which is much the same thing, and I can write songs for you, and sing them too; and if you should be killed, it's myself could put an elegant epitaph over you. Whoo! I'm the boy for every thing.

SONG.

Whoo! I'm a ranting, roving blade,
Of never a thing I was ever afraid,
I'm a gentleman born, and I scorn a trade,
And I'd be a rich man if my debts was paid.

But my debts is worth something—this truth they instill,
That pride makes us fall, all against our will,
For 'twas pride that broke me—I was happy until
I was ruined all out by my tailor's bill.

I'm the finest guide that ever you see,
I know every place of curiosity,
From Ballinasfad unto Tander-egge,
And if you're for sport come along wid me

I'll lade you sportin' round about,
We've wild-ducks, and widgeon, and snipe, and throat,
And I know where they are and what they're about,
And if they're not at home then I'm sure they're out.

The miles in this country much longer be,
But that is a saving of time you see,
For two of our miles is equal to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty, we say
That you've nothing to do but to find your way,
If your hurry's not great, and you've time to delay,
You can go the short cut—that's the longest way.

And I'll show you good drinking too,
I know the place where the whiskey grew,
A bottle is good, when it's not too new,
And I'm fond of one—but I doat on two!

Truth is scarce when liars is near,
But squeeling is plenty when pigs you shear,
And mutton is high when cows is dear
And rint it is scarce four times a year.

Such a country for growing you ne'er did behowld,
We grow rich when we're poor, we grow hot when we're
cold,

And the girls know that bashfulness makes us grow bowld,
We grow young when we like, but we never grow owld.

And the sivin small sinsees grow natural here,
 For praties has eyes and can see quite clear,
 And the kittles is ginging with scalding tears,
 And the corn fields is list'nin' with all their ears.

But along with sivin sinseis we have one more,
 Of which I forgot to tell you before,
 It is NONSENSE, spontaneously gracing our shore,
 And I'll tell you the rest when I think of more.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Snipe's Shallow—a low, sedgy, plashy foreground, in the distance an extensive range of bog, small turf clumps heaped in rows along the surface of the bog. A group of men crouching under tall flaggers and bull-rushes.*

PHELIM and DABBY DONAGHUE looking out, L. U. E.

Dar. Now, boys, be on the watch, and while you lie down in the rushes and keep yourselves as snug and as secret as a snipe in the sedge, have a good look-out.

1st Pea. But what's all this for?

Dar. Because the master may want our help, no knowing when, and we must hang on his path, and be ready when I give the signal. He is coming, and is not far off either.

1st Pea. But I don't understand about this hide and seek with the villain that comes to rob him of his land. I think the way to settle the business would be to kill him at once. I'd do it, and not think much of it either.

Dar. Master Gerald won't hear of that: he charged me beyond all things to save the soldier from bodily harm, and only to frighten him.

1st Pea. The master is too soft-hearted. I wish I had my will of this outlandish robber. [*Looks at his gun.*]

Dar. Dennis, I'm afraid to trust you, a gun in the hand of a dark-tempered man is dangerous. [*Takes gun from Dennis. Shout outside, L. U. E.*] Down—down—down—lie low. [*Men conceal themselves—Darby looks out—shouts outside, L. U. E.*] 'Tis the masther and the Dutchman. Ha,

ha, ha! He has brought him over the soft bog. The Dutchman's horse is stuck fast, down he goes, deeper and deeper. Spur away, soldier, your horse will not get out of that without more help than you can give. Ha, ha! The Dutchman is off, he is up to his knees in the slough, and flounders like a new caught salmon.

[*Shout outside, L. U. E. Darby answers the shout and exit.*]

Hans. [*Outside.*] Der tiefel! der tiefel!

Ger. Aisy! aisy! you're out now; come along, your honour.

Enter GERALD and HANS, L. U. E., much splashed with mud.

Hans. Donder and blitzten, vot a blace to pring me to! Mine orse is up to his neg, he vill be lost.

Ger. Oh, no; nothing is ever lost that we leave in the bog. He'll stop when he gets to the bottom.

Hans. But he vill be smoder!

Ger. Barring that he has a touch of the duck in him, and can hould his breath hard, and dive a taste.

Hans. Splut, vat a vool you are!

Ger. It's not me's a fool—but the horse was a fool to put his fut in the soft place.

Hans. Pah! no orse but moeste go down dere.

Ger. That shows how little you know about jography. I give you my honour, an Irish horse would have stept over that as clane as a new pin.

Hans. But dat is an Irish orse!

Ger. Do you tell me so?

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Oh, then it's keeping company with them Jarman horses that has spylt him. It shows what evil companions will do.

Hans. Donderskind! den vy did you yourzelf zink in de mode?

Ger. Sure that was thrying to get you out, only for that I wouldn't be the figure I am, bad luck to it, my new clothes is ruined.

Hans. Your new glothes? Ha, ha, ha! dat is goot.

Ger. Why, being the fair day at the town, of course I put them on. Indeed, I was savin them up for Sundays and holidays, but I think I may take to wearing them out

now. You ought to thank this gentleman for helpin us.

[*Pointing to Darby, who is up the stage.*]

Hans. Dis is anoder shentlemans, I suppose ?—[*Aside.*]
Mine Got, vant a gountry !

Ger. To be sure he's a gentleman, when he behaved as sitch. And may be, sir, you'd be telling us would we be far from the castle of Ballygarth ?

Dar. You're not far off it now. As soon as you reach the next rising ground you'll see it before you—'tis the next estate to mine.

Hans. Your esdate ! you ab an esdate ? Ha, ha !

Ger. [*To Hans.*] I say, your honour, as you're a new-comer into the counthry, I'd recommend you to be civil to the gentry, for they are mighty high. This is a Member o' Parliament, though you would't think it.

Dar. This is a fine country, sir ?

Hans. Peautiful !—[*Aside.*] I vish I vas out of it.

Dar. This estate of mine is called Ballydraggle'um.

Hans. Goot name, dat Dragle'um ; vat mean Bally ?

Ger. Oh, all the names here are poetical and descriptive. Bally signifies the pride of, and Dragg'um means bog, so Ballydraggle'um is the pride of the bog !

Hans. Vell, and mine gastle is Ballagarde : now vant is dat ?

Ger. Why, garth is forest, so Ballygarth is the pride of the forest.

Hans. Oh, den, de gastle is build in a vaurest ?

Ger. Oh, a lovely forest as you would see in a summer's day.

Hans. Den de dimber vill be gut down very zoon. Ha, ha ! dimbers is money !

Ger. Thru for you, sir—timbers is money where wood is scarce, and you see all our timber here is made of bul-rushes—but I think we had better be jogging, now, your honour.

Hans. But I gannot jog midout mine orse—vat vill I do midout mine orse ?

Ger. Oh, don't be afraid of losin' him, he can't run away out of where he is, and we'll find him when we're coming back.

Hans. But he vill be smoder.

Ger. [*To Darby.*] Arrah, then, sir, perhaps your honour

would be good enough to order your tinents to dig t gentleman's horse out of the bog, and send him after to Ballygarth castle.

Dar. To be sure I will. [*Whistles. The men who a concealed rush out, and crowd round Hans and Gerald.*]

Hans. [*Starting.*] Der tiefel! vere did all dese gom vrom ?

Ger. Oh, tinants are quite spontaneous in Ireland.

Hans. Splut! did dey come vrom de airth ?

Ger. Sure didn't we all come from the earth.

Hans. [*Aside.*] I don't like dis zudden bopulation.— [*Aloud.*] Ve vill go on, if you bleaze.

Ger. Indeed, it's time to be jogging, I think myself [*To Darby.*] Good bye, your honour, good bye, gintlemen, and when you've dug up the horse send him after us, and his honour here will reward you handsomely, and he'll do the same by me, I know, in regard of the cruel way my new clothes is spylt with that blackguard bog.— [*Aside.*] I say, take off your hat to the gentleman.

Hans. Nein! nein!

Ger. His honour, here, is very polite, sir, but his hat is so tight he can't get it on if he takes it off. Come on, sir, step light, for fear of another soft place.

[*Exeunt Hans and Gerald, L.*]

Dar. Down, boys, and watch again, for the mather will have more work for us. [*The men crouch, and Darby follows Gerald and Hans, with a cautious look-out.*]

SCENE II.—*The Priory of Tristernah.*

Enter PHELM and AGATHA, from door in flat.

Phe. Now, Aggy, you understand ?

Aga. To be sure I understand, do you think it's stupid I am ? So, I am to go to the old castle ?

Phe. Yes.

Aga. And pretend to be taking care of it !

Phe. Yes !

Aga. And make myself old and ugly ?

Phe. You couldn't do that, Aggy ?

Aga. Wait till awhile ago, and you'll see. [*Throws the hood of her cloak over her head, and assumes an old woman's voice.*] Well, your honour, it's three-score years and ten

since I came to the place ; 'tis a long time, your honour. I am an old woman now, though I was once—young.
[*Throws off hood.*] Will that do ?

Phe. You make a capital old woman.

Aga. May be you'd rather have an old than a young one.

Phe. I'd like to begin with one young, she'd grow old in time.

Aga. Well, wait for her, then, and very good work for you.

Phe. Aggy, you're a rogue.

Aga. There's a pair of us, Phelim.

Phe. You saucy jade, you're up to every roguery ; when you speak under that hood, one would fancy your nose and chin met.

Aga. But they don't, you see : neither my nose nor my chin is in the way of my mouth.

Phe. I'll try that, Aggy.

[*Kisses her.*]

Enter FRIAR, L.

Aga. [*Slaps Phelim's face.*] You impudent fellow !

[*Exit, L.*]

Friar. Fie ! fie !

Aga. [*Aside.*] Bless me, he saw us !

Friar. Daughter, for shame !

Aga. He's my cousin, your reverence, who's going away, and I don't know when I may see him again.

Friar. Daughter, thy salutation savoured more of affection than relationship.

Aga. We're both of affectionate natures, sir.

[*Convent bell sounds, L.*]

Friar. 'Tis the convent bell—'tis fitter you were at vespers, than at such leave-taking. If I were your father confessor, I would make you perform a penance.

[*Exit, D. R.*]

Aga. You my father confessor, indeed ! I wouldn't have such an ugly father confessor as that, if I was obliged to go to the next parish for another ; and his impudence, too—convent bell, indeed, just as if nobody kissed a girl before. Convent bell, to be sure ! I can tell you, my old gentleman, there's a story of one of your novices of

Tristernah here, and I could let you know what became of his minding the convent bell—if I dare.

SONG.—AGATHA.

There once was a novice, as I've heard tell,
A novice of some renown;
Whose raven hair in ringlets fell,
O'er his yet unshaven crown.
But his vows as yet he had never said,
Except to a blue-eyed blooming maid.
And she had never confessed till now,
To that novice who yet had not made a vow;
So pious she grew, that early and late
She was tapping alone at the convent gate.
And so often she went her sins to tell,
That the villagers called her the *Convent Belle*.

Ding dong,
My song,

My song's of a Convent Belle.

The novice continued the maid to hear,
And swiftly the months flew round;
He had nearly passed his trial year,
Before he was guilty found.
But then suspicion began to spread,
So the cowl he cast from his curly head;
The maiden he wedded next morning tide.
And his penitent pale was his blooming bride.
The Prior he stormed at the bridegroom meek,
Who answered him fast with a smile on his cheek,
"Good father, indeed I have acted well,
I was only ringing the *Convent Belle*."

Ding dong,
My song,

My song's of a Convent Belle.

[Exit Agatha, &c.]

SCENE III.—*Dusk.*—*A ruined Castellated House, greater part of the roof gone—the mullions of the windows broken—part of the walls fallen.—A window R. U. E.—the stage opens at the back with staircase—broken balusters—a table and rushlight upon it.*

Enter GERALD and HANS up the trap at the back.

Ger. There's an illigant place for you.

Hans. [Horried.] Vaut a blace!

Ger. I thought you'd be astonished?

Hans. Zo I am!

Ger. Isn't that an illigant castle? and you see they have been expecting you, for they've got up an illumination.

[Points to rushlight.]

Hans. [*Abstractedly.*] Midout a vall, midout a roof, midout a viadher! Zappermint!

Ger. It's a fine airy house, and nothing to interrupt the view from it.

Hans. Splut! noting inteet. Vy, you vool, you tell me dis vas build in a vaurest.

Ger. And so it *was* built in a forest, but that's a long time ago, for this is a fine, ould, anahint place, as you may see; none o' your dirty, little, upstart places, but the rare respectable antiquity.

Hans. But you tell me dere vas voots.

Ger. And so there *was*—but woods won't last for ever.

Hans. Splut! I dought I voot gut down de dimbers.

Ger. Ay, and that was very cute of you, but there was a janius in the family who thought of that before you, and that's the way, in my own beautiful art of poethry, that the janiuses who goes before us, is taking dirty advantages of us, and sayin' the things we wor goin' to say, only they said them before; in short, takin' the bread out of our mouths.

Hans. Not in dis gountry.

Ger. Why not?

Hans. Because I never see no pread in nopoty's mout nere: in dis gountry dey have notin' but botatoes!

Ger. And the finest thing under heaven is the same praties, exceptin' only the people that ates them!

Hans. I wouldn't lif in dis ouse not for notin'.

Ger. But remember, there is land along wid the house.

Hans. Ya! verachtig! and de lands is goot—eh?

Ger. Oh, beautiful! there is nigh hand two hundred acres of bog—that was a part of it I brought you over to-day.

Hans. Blitzen, I vis it vas burnt.

Ger. That's the use of it—it makes beautiful fire; and there's some wild rocks up beyant, where the goats get very nice pickin' if they're not particular.

Hans. Rocks and goats—bah?

Ger. Oh, that's what the lamb says—bah; not the goat—it wouldn't feed lambs, supposing you had them!

Hans. Donderskind! de ouse is empty.

Ger. Well, an empty house is better than a bad tenant, any day in the year!

Hans. De shimbleys be all crooked.

Ger. No wondher—you'll be crooked yourself when you're half as ould as they are. Hallo, there!

Hans. Dat is a vine voice vor atin rost bif.

Ger. Hallo! are you comin here to-day at all?

Enter AGATHA, L. 3d E.

Aga. Aye, aye, I'm coming.

Ger. Young woman!

Hans. [*Astonished.*] Young voomans?

Ger. Whist! to be sure—always say young woman to an ould one, and she'll be plazed with you.

Hans. Young voomans, how is all de family?

Aga. There were two killed this morning.

Hans. [*Aside.*] All do better vor me!—[*Aloud.*] Vaut is begone of de roof of de ouse.

Aga. We boiled it down for broth!

Ger. And picked the rafter's after; don't you see she's bothered, and it's the pigs they killed she's spaking of.

Hans. Bodder—vat is dat?

Ger. [*Points to his ears.*] Deaf—can't hear!

Aga. You're right enough; yes, yes. [*Points to her ears.*] I remember, you mean the last fellows we found trespassing on the grounds? We cut off their ears. Ha, ha, ha! that was a good joke. [*Agatha takes table to c.*

Hans. Vat a orrid voomans.

Ger. Yes, ma'am; don't mind her, yer honour, they are very polite to strangers, though they do sometimes have a little sport among themselves.

Hans. Sport to gut off a man's ears?

Ger. Do you know, then, I knew a man that had his ears cut off, and he said it was rather pleasant.

Hans. Bleasant?

Ger. Yes, indeed; he was a bad character, you see, and when his ears was cut off, he couldn't hear anything bad of himself.

Hans. [*Aside.*] Gut off his ears—I don't like dis gountry!

Ger. Tho ould woman says she'll give us something to ate.

Hans. I would loike someting to ate, vor I am ztarving.

Aga. What would you like to eat?

Hans. You can vry a beit o' big!

Aga. They were all planted last spring.

Ger. You forget she's deaf. [*Speaks loud.*] Have you a rasher of bacon?

Aga. Bacon? Oh, no—no—no—we can't be extravagant now, since the last lord died. But I'll examine the larder, and see what I can do for you.

[*Exit down the stage.*]

Ger. I thought there was no pig, any how.

Hans. Vy don't dey kill de pigs?

Ger. Kill them, indeed! Why, man, would you be committin' suicide! Kill, indeed! no, no, they keep the pigs—

Hans. Vor vaut dey geeep dem?

Ger. For ornament, to be sure!

Hans. But she vas talkin' about killin' de big dis morning.

Ger. That was braggin' only; she's an ould sarvant, and wishes to support the pride of the house.

Hans. If she could zupport de ouse itself, it would be better.

Ger. Indeed, the house might be better:—I own that it's rather out of repair.

Hans. Vaut a blace to vall into mind ands.

Ger. You're just in time to catch it, I think—this would be a nice room for studying astronomy, for you might see the lovely luminaries without goin' out into the cold air.

Re-enter AGATHA, with a dish of boiled potatoes and a herring, from trap.

Aga. Here's something for your supper, and a seat.

Ger. My blessins on you! Could you lend us the loan of another stool?

Aga. Yes—yes. I'll bring it to you.

Ger. No, my darlin', I'll step down and bring it myself. [*Exeunt Agatha and Gerald, n.*]

Hans. [*Draws up the table, lifts the dish upon it, as seats himself.*] Splut! noting but veesh—salt errin! Ve hat as dis is—I vill begin to eat, vor I'm ztarvin'.

[*He is going to cut the herring, when Gerald comes and stops him.*]

Ger. Murther! Murther! What are you going to do, man?

Hans. To ate mine supper!

Ger. Goin' to cut that fish? why, it is ruinin' the family entirely you'd be.

Hans. Ruin de vamily to ate von errin?

Ger. That herring has supported this family for the last six months.

Hans. Pooh! I'm not such a vool as dat.

Ger. It's thruth I'm tellin' you. The herrins was troubled with a scarceness last sayson, and so we must be savin' of the few we have of them, and only use them to give the praties a flavour.

Hans. A vlavour!—vaut is dat?

Ger. I'll shew you—here, [*Peels a potatoe, and Hans follows his example,*] take the eye out of the potatoe, and then it can't see what you're doing. [*Points a potatoe at the herring, and then eats.*] That's as fine a herring as ever I ate. Oh, that's nourishing, that's what we call potatoes and point, here!

Hans. Vy, vat goot is in pointin at de veesh?

Ger. Why, you imagine you're eating it all the time, and the herring never grows less for pointing at it.

Hans. Oh, dat is vera goot vor a boet! But I have naut imaginations!

Ger. Well, if you're a glutton, you may rub the pratie to it; but I warn you not to put your knife in that herrin', or it may be there will be a knife in you before long.

Hans. [*Rubs his potatoe to herring, and eats.*] Bah! I daste notin!

Ger. That shows you haven't a delicate taste, but when your palate becomes refined you'll enjoy it, and you'll never have the nightmare after it, for it's a nice light supper.

[*Hands a bottle.*]

Hans. [*Drinks.*] Dat is goot.

Ger. To be sure it is; for this is the house above all others, you ought to get good dhrink in; for it was through the dhrink the family went to decay. You see, the ancient owner of this place was a knight arriant.

Hans. Knight Arriant—vaut is dat?

Ger. Why, then, don't you know what a knight arriant is?

Hans. Nien!

Ger. That's no!—I know that much Dutch. I'd grow quite accomplished in your company. Well, I must tell you that a knight arriant is a man that goes about the world for sport, with a sword by his side, takin' whatever he likes for himself; and that's a knight arriant—like yourself, indeed, sir. Well, he improved his property, by takin' every body else's that he could, and left a great heap o' land to his son; and a fine property it was; but, somehow or other, they never could live fast enough, and wor gettin in debt ever more—and so the property got worse and worse, till the last owner found that he was heir only to a thousand a-year.

Hans. A tousand a-year—eh! dat is goot.

Ger. Yes, but you see it was a thousand a-year, *that was spint.*

Hans. Oh, it vas spend!

Ger. Yes, and that made the man that owned it take to dhrink. I'd throuble you for that bottle, [*Drinks.*] and so the more he dhrank the better he liked it, which is only natural; and it made him forget his losses—for how could he remember anything bad, when he forgot himself? And so, to supply the dhrink, he began to cut down the timber.

Hans. I vish he did naut.

Ger. Indeed, it was a shame, seein' you wanted to do it yourself. But, as I was tellin' you, he grew fonder and fonder of the dhrup—and indeed it's a complaint common in Ireland yet; I'll take another gurlouge, if you please—[*Drinks*—and dhrunk to that degree that he was for ever dhry; and the dhryer he got, the faster went the timber, and at last all the woods was sowld for dhrink, so that, in fact, the timber was lost with a sort of dry rot.

[*Noise of many voices speaking, and a pistol shot is heard.*

Hans. Vaut is dat? [*Jumps up.*—*Ger. remains composed.*

Ger. Oh, it's only a parcel of the young people of the family enjoyin' themselves.

Hans. But I 'ear a shot.

Ger. To be sure—how could they kill one another without shooting—wait—I'll just step down and see what they're about. [*Gerald descends stairs.*

Hans. I like not moche dis. [*Great noise below.*] Dis beople zeem not goot beoples—did not like de beoples I met dis day in de pog. Sploot, dat pog! mine orse I naut get yet. Vish I vas upon him, and von goot roat unter him, wouldn't I put the zpurs in him! [*Noise.*] I dink I vill zee vat dey are about. [*Goes to the stairs.*] Dey are round de gorner, but dere zeem a great crowt. I loike not dis moche.

Re-enter GERALD up the staircase.

Ger. What are you lookin' out there for?

Hans. I vas only admirin' de brospect—bud, I zay, as dere is not much 'gomodation 'ere, I dink ve moight as vell go back again.

Ger. Whist! stay quiet a bit—don't be in a hurry, or you'll rise suspicions. There's my Lord Killstranger, and about twenty other blackguards, below, was axin' impudent questions about you—and who you wor—and what you came about, and so I gave them an evasive answer.

Hans. Vat call you 'vasive answer?

Ger. I tould them to go to the divil and wait till I came for them!

Hans. [*Very uneasy.*] I dink ve had petter go pack again!

Ger. Oh, don't be in a hurry, for these is quare people. You wor wondherin' about the roof being so bad—but I'll explain it to you. You see, the people about the castle stole the slates for to thatch their places; for you must know they are in the habit of burning one another's houses in these parts, and slates doesn't take fire so aisy as sthraw.

Hans. Dey burn de ouses, den?

Ger. Oh, only when they have nothing else to divart them;—but they never burn the people in them!

Hans. Ah! naut de beoples?

Ger. Oh, no—they wouldn't be so cruel as that; besides, is is betther sport to shoot them flying.

[*Noise below.*]

Hans. Ve had petter go pack again.

Ger. I'm afeard they would suspect you of something bad, if you would be goin'—I wouldn't answer for your throat!

Hans. I am deir lantlor; dey would not gut mine droat.

Ger. Wouldn't they?—Faith they would—sooner than pay you your rent, I can tell you.—The last landlord of this place was no favourite, and he shut himself up, accordingly, and wouldn't open his door to man, woman, or child; but they were so determined to have him, that they climbed up the castle walls, tore the roof off the house to get at him, threw him out of the window, and he fell upon some pitch-forks which they had outside, ready for him.

Hans. [*Writhing in imagined agony.*] Oh, murter! murter!

Ger. You may say murdher, sure enough!—But the blackguards was thried for it.

Hans. Oh, dey vos troid!

Ger. Oh, yes.

Hans. And hangt?

Ger. Why, they would have been—only that the jury was practical men themselves, and so they brought in a verdict of "accidental death."

Hans. Vill you naut come along out of dis?

Ger. Why, I think you had better be off, for fear of accidents; but I must stay here to watch these blackguards.

Hans. But vout zhall I do midout a kite!

Ger. I have put the ould woman up to it, and she is waitin' undher the window for you, and will lade you over the bog to the house of a dacent man, a friend o' mine, and he'll give you shelther, and I'll see you in the mornin'.

Hans. Goot vellow! goot vellow!—Bote how zhall I get out?

Ger. Out of the window, to be sure, for them vagabones is down stairs.

Hans. [*Looking down from window.*] I zhall break my neg!

Ger. Well, it's betther brake your neck than have your throat cut—here—I'll make an iligant laddher for you—*[Takes the blanket from the sheaf of straw that serves for a bed, and tears it.]*—here, tie this to your belt—and here's a rope—*[Unties his own rope girdle and joins it to blanket.]*—there's a nate bit o' carpenther's work for you—now,

get out o' the window, and I'll slip you down as aisy as an oyster!

Hans. You are zure dere is no bitch-vorks!

Ger. If there is you'll feel them tickle you, and then whistle to me, and I'll pull you up—*[Hans gets out of window, and is supposed to fall. Gerald pulls in half the broken line—Hans roars.]* Run for your life—take care of the dog! *[Barking of dogs, squealing of pigs, and the roaring of Hans and Aggy outside, while Darby and Peasants run up the staircase, with lighted torches, which they flare out of the window, while they shout after Hans. Ha, ha, ha! [Darby and Peasants laugh.]* Well done, boys!—He's well frightened. Now, Darby, give him a quarter of an hour's law, and then keep up the hunt after him; Aggy will lead him round the bog to Ballygarth house, where I will be ready to receive him, and by the time he arrives there, if he's not tired of being an Irish landlord, I'll never brag of being an Irish guide. *[Exit, L. V. E.*

Dar. More luck to you, Masther Gerald; I wondher what hand he'll make of the furriner dragoon when he gets him over into Ballygarth; but no fear of the masther, long life to him; he's as brave as a lion, and as 'cute as a fox, and has the courage and wit of the ould counthry to hould his own yet;—so, never despair, boys. Phelim, your sowl, give us the tune to it.

SONG.—PHELIM.

Oh, never despair, for our hopes oftentime,
Spring swiftly as flowers in a tropical clime,
Where the spot that was barren and scentless at night,
Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light.
The mariner marks, when the tempest sings loud,
That the rainbow is brighter, the darker the cloud!
Then up! up! never despair.

The leaves which the Sybil presented of old,
Though lessened in number were not worth less gold,
And though Fate steal our joys, do not think they're the best,
The few she has spared may be worth all the rest.
Good fortune oft comes in adversity's form,
And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm.
Then up! up! never despair.

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
Sublime o'er the deluge the Patriarch stood,
Though destruction around him in thunder was hurled,
Undaunted he looked on the wreck of the world.

For high o'er the ruin hung Hope's blessed form,
The rainbow beamed bright through the gloom of the storm
Then up ! up ! never despair.

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Heath.*—*Night.*—*Thunder, wind, and rain.*

Enter AGATHA and HANS, R.

Hans. Donderskind!—vaught a night ! Dis old vrow does not, I veer, know de vay ;—I must ztay all night in dis pog !—I shall die ! verachtig ! I vish I never come to dis gountry ! [*Agatha sits down on a stone, and begins to cough.*] Splut ! is she going to ztay here ? I zay, old vomans, oh, I vorgot !—young vomans !

Aga. Yes, yes, I know—it is—I know the place well : it is Dead Man's Hole ! [*Shouts outside.*]

Hans. Goot vomans ! meg haste !

Aga. No, you're wrong. The body was found the next morning.

Hans. Zappermint !—his botty vas vound—vill you get up, my bretty young vomans ?

Aga. I will show the gibbet of three more that was hanged, when we come to Gallows-green !

Hans. Vaut a horrid gountry !—vaut names !—Dead Man's Hole !—Gibbets vor dree, and Gallows-green !—Mine dear vomans, vere is de ouse ve go to—de ouse !

Aga. Oh ! the house !—ah, it's not more than half-a-mile ;—there—look !

Hans. [*Starting.*] Vaut is it ?

Aga. Oh, don't be afraid ; you thought that was the light which they say the murdered gauger goes about with, looking for his head that was cut off.

Hans. [*Aside.*] De orrid old vrow ! she vill not get on !

Aga. No : that light you see is in the house we are going to.

Hans. Dat loight is in de ouse ! [*Shouts outside.*]

Aga. Yes.

Hans. Den, I vill ron vor it. [*Exit, running, L.*]

Aga. Stay !—don't leave me to be murdered ! [*Throws off her hood, and changes her voice.*] Ha, ha, ha ! he's in a precious fright ! he can't miss the light, and now I must get in before him through the back avenue.

Enter DARBY and Peasants.

Dar. Hollo! are you here, Aggy?

Aga. Ha, ha! don't you see I am.

Dar. And where is the furriner of a villain we are huntin'?

Aga. Oh, the poor devil—ha, ha, ha! I've been telling him such stories!

Dar. But where is he?

Aga. He ran away, and wouldn't wait for me when he heard you close after him.

Dar. Then we must pursue him to the house.

Aga. Stop! not too fast: he can't miss the house now, for the light is ready burning in the window to lead him: you'll only frighten him off the road if you run him too hard; but keep up the phillilew after him for the fun of the thing. [*Exeunt omnes, shouting "Follow! follow!"*]

SCENE V.—*The Interior of Ballygarth, same as first scene, first act.*

Enter MAGDALENE and DILLON, L.

Dil. You are rather surprised to see me here!

Mag. Dear Dillon, how kind to be the bearer of these good tidings yourself.

Dil. I tell you, this English colonel interests himself deeply in Gerald's welfare; so let my friend be of good cheer, and not take any desperate step; for, though the forfeiture of the estate be certain,—

Mag. No matter! Hard though it be to lose wealth, what is that in comparison with life. My Gerald is safe, you think?

Dil. I hope so; and I would not lose the pleasure of being the bearer of the intelligence myself. You told him this good news when you ran away from me just now?

Mag. Yes; how could I keep it from him? He will be here in a moment, he has been changing his dress.

Enter GERALD in his former dress, L.

Ger. Welcome, Dillon; good and kind friend that you are:—so, life is safe!

Dil. I can scarcely doubt it, from the interest Colonel Chesham takes in your favour.

Mag. And that is all I care for.

Dil. But the property, my dear friend, I am sorry to say, must change hands.

Ger. And I am happy to say, I hope it will.

Dil. What mean you?

Ger. Why, at present, whose property, by legal right, is it?

Dil. Why, truly, though you are here in possession, the property is the right of Major Mansfeldt.

Ger. And thereupon, I say, I hope it will soon change hands; and I have been employed all day in getting him into a proper state of mind to that end: I have given him, in the first place, a specimen of an Irish guide, that he will never desire to follow; a short cut, that he will remember long. I have shown him, that it is easier to have a keep to a castle than a castle to keep; that though it is very well to have tenants at will, 'tis the devil to have tenants against their will; that bogs are not suited to cavalry movements; that murders are more plenty than blackberries; that manslaughter and arson are the common amusements of the people; in short, that Ireland is the finest country under the sun *to live out of!* and after that, I think he will be inclined to sell his property a bargain.

Dil. Well, I hope you can bring him to a sale.

Ger. Bring him!—why, I am driving him to market this minute. My boys are hunting him here, even now;—I expect him every moment.

Enter AGATHA, L.

Aga. Oh, I am half-dead, scampering over that bog. He's coming, sir.

Ger. You frightened him well, I hope?

Aga. I haven't spoken a word under manslaughter, for the last half-hour.

Ger. Well done, Aggy! [*Loud knocking and shouts, &c.*] Ho! you are come, my boy!—now to frighten him a little more. [*Knocking. Gerald takes up a gun, throws up the window, and fires.*] Take that, you blackguards!

Hans. [*Outside.*] Murter! murter!

Ger. Is it coming again you are, you villains, to break open my house?—Dennis, hillo! bring me more blunderbusses!

Hans. [*Outside.*] No! no! don't shoot me! I'm not a ropper.

Ger. Hollo! is that my Dutch friend?

Hans. Ya! ya! open de toor, vor de loaf of 'eaven!
[*Shouts outside.*]

Ger. Oh, they are hunting you, I see.

Hans. Ya! ya! open de tore!

Ger. Open the door! 'tis more than our lives are worth; but here, Dennis, bring the rope that we come up stairs at night with.

Enter SERVANT with rope, which Gerald lowers from the window.

Make yourself fast to that, and we'll drag you in.

[*Shouts outside.*]

Hans. Make hase! make hase!

Ger. Come along, then. [*Dillon, Gerald, and Servants drag up Hans, through window: he is in a woeful plight; at that moment a gun fired at him, and shouts.*] I hope I didn't hurt you when I fired?

Hans. Nien! I'm so glad you did miss me.

Ger. I'll be glad to miss you every day in the year. [*Hans sinks into a chair.*] You seem a little tired; here, take a cup of wine. [*Hans drinks.*] But how did all this happen?

Hans. Vy, I come down here vor mine esdate.

Ger. I congratulate you; what's the name of it?

Hans. Ballagarde.

Ger. We shall be neighbours, then?

Hans. Nien! nien! I would not ztop in dis gountry not vor notin!

Ger. Pooh! pooh! don't be prejudiced in a hurry; that estate is a very nice bit o' bog to live upon.

Hans. If dey would let you lif.

Ger. Why, there's something in that, certainly; and I must own, that estate of yours has been rather unlucky to the people who have held it; the last owner—but I won't make you uneasy.

Hans. Oh, I know—I know—de bitchvorks—

Ger. Oh, you heard of it, then?

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Well, perhaps you'll have more luck with the property, and I'm sure I wish you life to enjoy it; and don't despise it because it's a bog; for you may reclaim very good land out of bog, if you'll only sink a little property in it.

Hans. But I aff zunk mine broperty in it.

Ger. Well, you have lost no time.

Hans. But I have lost mine orse!

Ger. Well, that's improving neither to the horse nor the bog; how deep was he when you left him?

Hans. Up to de neg.

Ger. Faith, then, that horse is digging turf, by this time, about twenty feet deep!

Hans. And vault am I to do? I gannot get back midout an orse—Donderskind! but I vould gif mine esdate vor noting more dan an orse, dis minute!

Ger. A dragoon without a horse, is like a parson without a church; so, take a horse out of my stable, and send him back when you get to Dublin.

Hans. Dank you! dank you, my vriend! but look, gif me de voight orse you ride yesterday, and dere—[*Produces folded parchment.*],—dere is de depenture of mine esdate.

Dil. Do, Gerald, do—I'll draw up an assignment.—
[*Takes the debenture, goes over to the table, and writes.*]

Ger. No, no—my white horse, indeed? you've a good taste in horse-flesh, I see! I wouldn't give my white horse for three such estates!

Hans. But it's a noice pit o' pog!

Ger. Pooh!

Hans. And a goot ouse!

Ger. A ruin!

Hans. Only a little out of rebair; and if you zink a little broperty in de pog—

Ger. I will never sink my horse in it, sir, as you did yours: that white horse of mine, sir, can go!

Hans. Vell, let him go vor de esdate!

Ger. The finest charger in Ireland.

Hans. Vell, charge him on de esdate.

Ger. Come, you've said a smart thing, for once in your

life, and, for the sake of the joke, I have a mind to let you have him.

Dil. Here is the assignment.

Hans. Goot, goot—Den I vill put my synnment to it.

Ger. I don't like parting with that horse, I can tell you.
[*To Hans.*]

Hans. Ah, you have got von vine broperty vor him.

[*Hans goes to table and writes—Magdalene watches him with interest—hands pen to Gerald.*]

Ger. I don't like parting with that horse.

Hans. Gome! gome! [*Puts pen in his hand,*] you zign, you zign—you bromise me de orse.

Ger. Well, I must not break my promise; [*Signs.*] there, you have got the finest horse in Ireland!

Hans. [*Exulting.*] Ha! donder and blitzen, dat is goot! ha, ha, ha!

Ger. [*Locks up the assignment and debenture in box.*] Ha, ha, ha! This it a funny affair altogether! well, business being over, we'll drink a cup of wine, and wish each other good luck with our bargains.

Hans. Ya! mid all my heart. [*They fill and drink.*] I will be glad to get out of dis place, ha, ha, ha!

Ger. Ha, ha!—Yes, and I'm glad to stay in it; so we are both pleased. [*Knocking.*] What, more visitors! [*Goes to the window.*] Who's there?

Chesh. [*Outside.*] Colonel Chesham!

Ger. Welcome, Colonel;—open the door, there, to the Colonel.

Hans. You dell me you vas avraid to oben de tore.

Ger. Oh, the country is much more peaceable within the last five minutes.

Enter COLONEL CHESHAM, L.

Welcome, Colonel!

Enter AGATHA and PHELM.

Chesh. I rejoice to see you, sir, and am glad to be the bearer of good tidings; [*Hands a paper,*] here is a free pardon for you. [*Gerald hands paper to Magdalene, and embraces her.*] What! you here, Major Mansfeldt?

Hans. Ya! dat is me—Oh, I vas near gilt zince I zee you, by dem rascal reppels; but I vill go away, now, mid

you, dat I have got you one.—[*Aside.*] I have done him out of his voight one;—ha, ha!—zuch a peauty!

Ger. Thanks, Colonel, for your kind interference in my favour. This precious bit of paper secures me life: and Major Mansfeldt, I am happy to say, has behaved very liberally, and sold me the property for a trifle.

Ches. Give me your hand, Mansfeldt; I shall ever respect you for this. [*Shakes hands with Mansfeldt, then turns to Pepper.*] Strange chance, sir, that the men you saved yesterday should have power to benefit you to-day. I have interceded for your life; the Major has restored your property, and now, Master Pepper—

Hans. Pepper! vault, are you Pepper?

Ger. I'm only one of the Peppers; for, you know [*In the manner of Rafferty*], there is White Pepper, Red Pepper, Whole Pepper, Ground Pepper, Pepper-Corn, and Little Ginger.

Hans. Donderskind! den dis is Ballagarde, I zuppose?

Ger. It is Ballygarth, sir, where I am happy to welcome you, once more, as the master.

Hans. Colonel, I am shated; my depenture is roppet out of me, and is in dat pox, dat small pox.

Ger. It is in the small pox, as you say, and, you know, it is very hard to recover out of the small pox. Colonel, in seeking by stratagem to recover what selfishness and injustice would have robbed my children of, I trust you do not blame me?

Chesh. Far from it, sir; where is that paper?

Dil. [*Hands it from box.*] Here, Colonel.

Hans. Give it to me.

Chesh. No, sir, give it to me. As the representative of their honours, the commissioners of the court of forfeiture in this district, my signature is necessary;—the Major and myself owe you something for the preservation of our lives. I am glad to see the major has not forgotten his share of the obligation; for myself, I feel great pride in doing an act of justice to a generous man; I therefore ratify the contract with my signature; [*Signs.*] there, sir. [*Giving paper to Gerald.*]

Hans. Dey make a vool of me, Colonel!

Aga. [*As the old woman.*] The body was found the next morning.

Hans. Oh, you are de d—d old vrow! Dey show me von empty ouse!

Ger. By which I have verified the proverb, that an empty house is better than a bad tenant; but I hope, dear Magdalene, our friends will not turn the proverb against us; for I trust we shall always have a full house at Ballygarth, and that the White Horse will be allowed to run for many a day!

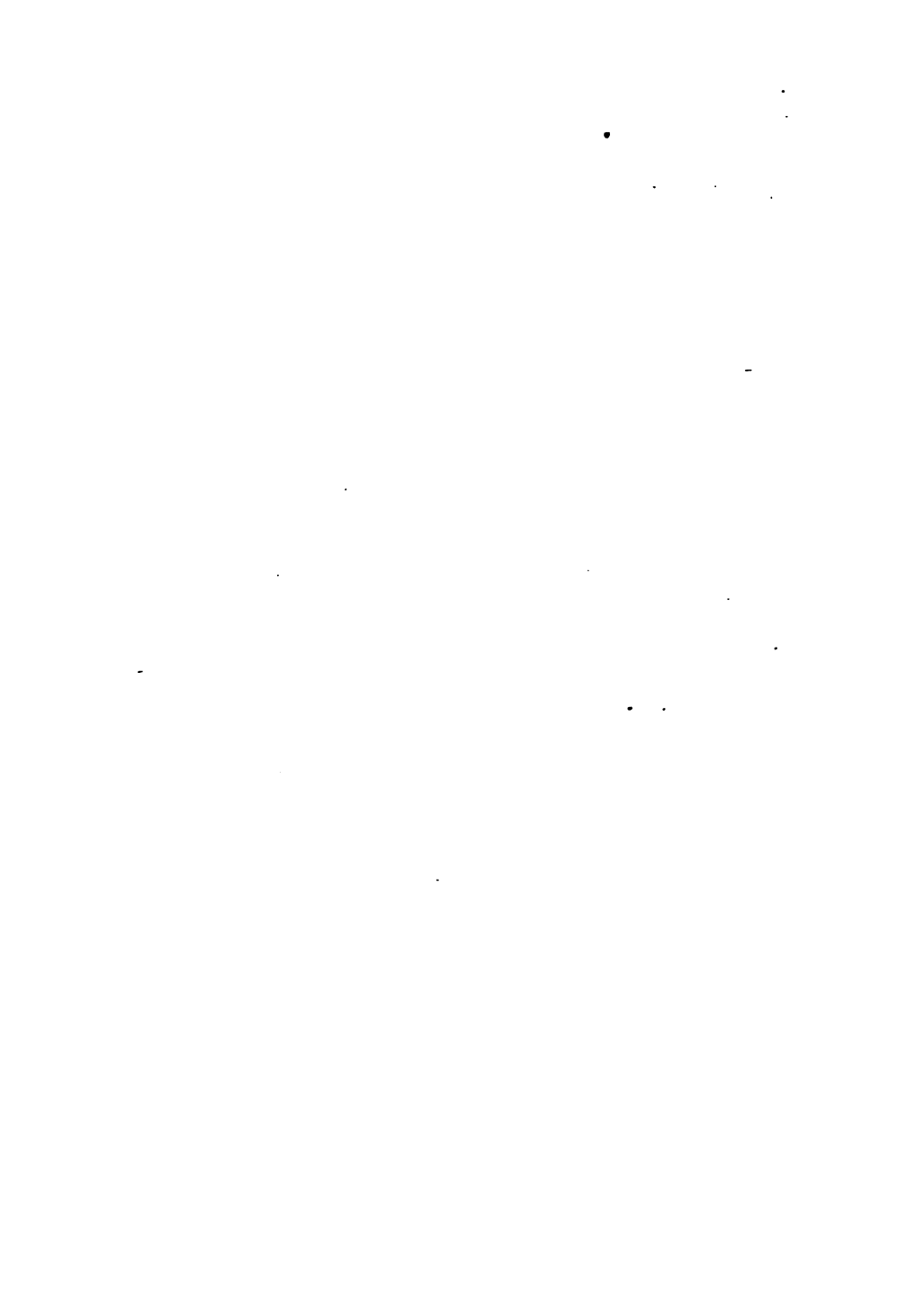
DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

DIL.	MAG.	GER.	CHESH.	HANS	ASA.	PHE.
R.]						[L

THE END.



1





THE JACOBITE.

Widow. [*Cuffing him*] That's how thee looks for the corks, is it?
Act I. Scene I.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XIX.

THE JACOBITE.

A COMIC DRAMA

IN TWO ACTS.

James R. Planché
BY J. R. PLANCHE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK :

DOUGLAS, 11 SPRUCE ST., PUB

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

1

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

To say that "*The Jacobite*" is a production by Mr. Planché, is sufficient to warrant the affirmation of its being an excellent farce. It was first produced at the Haymarket theatre, on the 13th June. It is difficult to criticise a piece that we have never seen acted; but it is safe to say that the hero of the farce, *John Duck*, is quite an original production, allowing almost unbounded scope to an actor of talent. This character was performed by Mr. Buckstone, of whose performance a London critic makes the following remarks: "In following *John Duck* through his terrible dilemmas, consists the great fun of the drama. Those who can imagine Buckstone in political difficulties, jealous, and, at the same time, wishing to be an important personage, will readily understand how the audience laughed until they were perfectly exhausted; and how the announcement that '*The Jacobite*' would be performed every night until further notice, was received with the loudest applause."

This piece is about being produced both at the Olympic and Broadway theatres. Next to *Jemmy Twitcher*, we can scarcely conceive a part so admirably adapted as *John Duck* to the peculiar style of Mr. John Sefton.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Haymarket, 1847.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1847.</i>	<i>Broadway, 1847.</i>
<i>Sir R'd Wroughton.</i>	Mr. Stuart.	Mr. Chamfrau.	Mr. Fredericks
<i>Major Murray</i>	" Howe.	" Arnold	" Shaw.
<i>John Duck</i>	" Buckstone.	" Holland.	" C. Hunt.
<i>Corporal</i>		" Lovers.	
<i>Servant</i>		" Blocker.	
<i>Lady Somersford</i>	Miss Fortescue.	Mrs. H. Isherwood.	Miss Rose Teslin.
<i>Widow Pettie</i>	Mrs. Stanley.	" Henry.	Mrs. Winstanley.
<i>Patty Pettie</i>	Miss Reynolds.	" Tinn.	Miss H. Mathews

Soldiers, &c.

The Costumes are those of the time of George the Second.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

THE JACOBITE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Parlour of a Public House, or Road-side Inn, "The Crooked Billet."* Doors R. and L. A door C., leading into Tap Room. A large linen chest, a cupboard, chairs, tables, &c. A cellar, with trap open, is seen in the Tap Room through C. door.

Enter PATTY and LADY SOMERFORD, L.

Pat. It's all safe, my lady. There's nobody here, and mother and John are down in the cellar, bottling cider.

Lady S. Then tell me quickly, did you put the note where I told you?

Pat. No, my lady.

Lady S. No!

Pat. Pray forgive me, my lady; but indeed I couldn't help it. It was all along of John Duck.

Lady S. John Duck!

Pat. Yes, my lady, our man—he—he would try to kiss me, my lady, and I ran away, and he ran after me, and somehow or another, I lost it, my lady.

Lady S. Lost my note! What is to be done? You have destroyed me!

Pat. Oh, don't say so, my lady. Nobody's likely to find it, I'm sure, if I couldn't, for I hunted all about the road where I must have dropped it. Such a tiny bit of paper! and if they do, what can any one make of it? There's no name, outside or inside, and only one line, "To night, at eight o'clock, in the parlour of the inn."

Lady S. But one line, one word, in such times as these,

is sufficient to endanger the liberty, perhaps life, of the writer, and then, the major—

Pat. Oh, it's all right about the major, my lady. When I couldn't find the note, I thought the best thing to do was to stop under the old tree I was to leave it in, till the major came for it; and didn't I sit there on pins and needles, my lady, till he did come, for I knew mother would give it me for staying out so long.

Lady S. He did come, then, and you saw him?

Pat. To be sure I did, my lady, and a monstrous handsome young man he is too. It would be a shocking pity if they chopped off such a head as he has got on his shoulders, I'm sure.

Lady S. But, dear Patty, what said he? What passed between you?

Pat. Oh, he looked terribly scared when he saw me first, but I up and told him at once what I came about, and what was written in the note, by your ladyship, and then he brightened up, and said you might depend on his coming at eight o'clock, as you wished him.

Lady S. So far, then, you have made up for the unfortunate loss of my note, which, provided it does not fall into the hands of Sir Richard Wroughton—

Pat. Ah, he'd be jealous, I suppose, my lady?

Lady S. Jealous!

Pat. Why, yes, everybody down here says, the baronet is hugely in love with you, and what's more, that you are going to be married to him.

Lady S. Indeed!

Pat. Oh, yes, but I tell 'em—

Lady S. Nothing, I hope, to awaken suspicion of—

Pat. Oh, no, my lady, of course not; I'd die sooner. I only say, that if I was a young, rich, handsome widow, like your ladyship, I wouldn't marry such a cross, ugly, bad man, as Sir Richard—for he is a bad man—now isn't he, my lady? Though he is your cousin, I've heard you say—

Lady S. Beware, beware, my dear Patty, or you will ruin all my hopes, and involve yourself in trouble, by such language. Sir Richard is as powerful as he is vindictive. He has purchased favour at court by the betrayal and abandonment of his oldest and best friends. His

pretended affection for me but masks his design upon the estates left me by my late husband, to which he would otherwise have succeeded. Did he suspect for a moment I had any personal motive in urging him to obtain the pardon of Major Murray, all would be lost; therefore, for mercy's sake, be prudent.

Pat. Oh, my lady, I'll never open my lips again on the subject, let 'em say what they please.

Lady S. Hush! I heard some noise.

Pat. It's mother and John, in the cellar.

Lady S. You are sure you will be alone at eight this evening?

Pat. Certain. Mother's obliged to go up to the squire's at half-past seven, and she can't be back much before nine, and I'll find some fool's errand for John Duck; so you can have the parlour all to yourselves.

Lady S. Thanks, Patty, thanks. Farewell; you needn't stir; my groom is there with the horses. At eight precisely.

[*Exit, L.*]

Pat. Never fear, my lady. He'll be here, I warrant him! He is certainly as fine a looking young man, as you'd meet in a summer's day. Oh, a great deal handsomer than John Duck, but then, somehow, John Duck has got such a way with him—I do love John Duck, that's a fact, though I won't own it to him—because—what's the use—he's got no money, and mother won't let me marry him, I'm sure.

SONG.—PATTY.

John is not a beauty,
Rather the reverse—
John has not a penny,
That makes matters worse;
But he has such a winning way.
And with one so goes on,
That altogether I must say,
I do love John.

That I might do better,
Everybody knows,
There's our rich old miller
Does all but propose;
And prudent people always say,
One can't live, love upon;
But I've a mind to try some day,
With my dear John.

John. [*Speaks without.*] In the cupboard, you say?

Pat. Oh, gracious! Here he comes; how my heart does beat at the very sound of his voice.

Enter JOHN from cellar, R. F.

John. You're sure you said in the cupboard?

Wid. [*From cellar.*] I've told thee so a hundred times, fool; art thee deaf!

John. How can I be deaf, when I hear perfectly well what you say?

Wid. Then what dost ask the same question for, over and over again?

John. Because you might have made a mistake yourself; you often do.

Wid. Hold thee impudent tongue, and bring me the corks directly.

John. [*Sees Patty.*] Ah! my angelic Patty! are you still angry with your devoted Duck?

Pat. Yes, I am.

John. For imprinting a chaste salute on the back of your cap? For your cruel resistance rendered a nearer approach to those tempting lips impossible, without a degree of violence, at which my delicacy revolted.

Pat. [*Aside.*] He does talk like a book, that's for certain.—No matter for that, I'm very angry with you, and I beg you won't speak to me, unless I speak to you.

John. Implacable Patty! So that if you should happen to sneeze, I musn't even say, "Bless yon!"

Pat. Certainly not.

John. But I shall in my heart, Patty; though your rigorous mandate may fetter my tongue.

Wid. [*Within.*] Art thee coming with them corks?

John. Confound the corks! [*Bawling to Widow.*] I can't find them.

Pat. You are not looking for them.

John. Possibly that may be the reason: nay, you spoke to me then, and I have a right to reply. Oh, Patty—
[*Aside.*] I'll go on while I can, and bring matters to a crisis. [*Aloud, and kneeling.*] Pity me, Patty; have compassion on an unfortunate young man, who has endured so much for your sake; who has cast away the blue bag of the scrivener, to gird his loins with the blue apron of

the waiter. Sacrificed fifteen shillings a-week, a seat on the high stool of a respectable office, for next to nothing a-year—bad board and worse lodging, in a hedge ale-house.

Pat. Mr. Duck !

John. Pardon the severity of truth, in consideration of its rarity. To dignify the "Crooked Billet" with the title of a tavern, would be a baseness of which I am incapable. But do not imagine, beautiful inhabitant of this miserable cabin, that I regretted my fallen state, whilst one ray of hope gilded the galling chain of servitude. But now, now that your cruelty has left me in utter darkness—

Enter WIDOW POTTLE from Cellar, &c.

Now, that the blow has fallen—

Widow. [*Cuffing him.*] That's how thee looks for the corks, is it ? [*Patty screams, and runs off, &c.*]

John. Woman, you abuse the privilege of your sex !

Wid. What's thee doing on thy knees to my daughter ? Making love to her, it's my belief.

John. Continue in it. You have my authority. I have filed the declaration.

Wid. Why, thou impudent varlet—a ragamuffin like thee !

John. Ragamuffin ! Mistress Pottle, you are not aware of my real position in society. It is time to throw off this cloud, and appear myself. Thus do I cast from me the apron I was never born to wear, and resume the station from which all-powerful love had seduced me.

Wid. Seduced thee ! What, thee be'est some good-for-nothing chap, that has stolen into my house to seduce my daughter, then ?

John. I scorn the charge ! No, madam, I am a man of too much honour to presume upon my personal advantages—I respect as much as I adore the incomparable Miss Pottle, and demand her hand in marriage.

Wid. In marriage ! what hast thee got to live upon ?

John. Nothing at present ; but I am young, active, intelligent—had a free-school education—can write a good hand—have earned fifteen shillings a-week, and am worth double to any lawyer in London.

Wid. Find some one to give it thee, then; and when thee'st saved a hundred pounds, come again, and may be I'll listen to thee; but dont'ee cross my threshold before thou'st gotten it, or I'll cross thy pate with a broomstick, so I tell thee.

John. A bargain! I *will* return with a hundred pounds, Mrs. Pottle, and claim the hand of the celestial Patty; Cupid will inspire me.

Wid. Come, pack up thee duds, and out of the house with thee.

John. Patience, Mrs. Pottle; the occupation of packing will not occupy much time.

Wid. No, I warrant me; I doubt much if thou'st a second shirt to thy back.

John. Decency, Mrs. Pottle; the doubt is unbecoming a respectable female.

Wid. Hold thee jabber, or I'll take the broomstick to thee, now, I will.

John. Manners, Mrs. Pottle; there is not the slightest occasion for the broomstick. *[Exit, R. U. E.]*

Wid. I'll see the house well rid of him, a cozening varlet. *[Exit, R. U. E.]*

Enter PATTY, L. C.

Pat. Poor dear Duck, mother used him shamefully. How is he ever to get £100? he couldn't save so much in as many years. I'll ask my lady if she can get him any employment—I'm her foster sister, and besides, in this business with the Major—

Sir R. *[Without.]* Hallo! house!

Pat. Who's that? *[Opens door.]* Oh, mercy!—Sir Richard.

Enter SIR RICHARD WROUGHTON, R. C.

Sir R. Oh, you are Widow Pottle's daughter, I believe?

Pat. Yes, Sir Richard.

Sir R. Where's your mother?

Pat. Just stepped up stairs, Sir Richard.

Sir R. Go and tell her I wish to speak with her.

Pat. Yes, Sir Richard.—*[Aside.]* Mother can't tell him anything, that's one comfort. *[Exit, R. U. E.]*

Sir R. How lucky it was that I met Saville; but for him I should have taken the other path through the wood, and consequently not have picked up this little scrap of paper, which confirms all my suspicions—"To-night at eight o'clock, in the parlour of the inn." No address—no signature; but very like the hand-writing of my fair cousin, Lady Somerford, and if so, the place of appointment is here, for the Widow Pottle was her nurse, and is most likely to be in her confidence. Oh, woman! woman!—How truthful appeared her assertions that she knew nothing of Major Murray personally, that she was interested about him solely on his mother's account. I have since ascertained positively that she met him in Paris, and afterwards in Holland; and now, no doubt, she is in communication with him here, for he has been in England, I suspect, during the last six weeks. Oh, if I had but known this earlier! However, I am yet in time, and my vengeance shall be all the greater. Yes, yes, my politic cousin, when for your sake I have obtained the free pardon of this Jacobite, you will throw off the mask, and give your hand and fortune to him into the bargain. Well, here is the pardon, signed most unwillingly by the King, at the strong solicitation of my fast friend, the Duke of Newcastle; but it is not in your hands yet, Lady Somerford, and if I succeed in catching you and your lover together, I will tear this paper to pieces before your face, and hang the traitor on the nearest tree, as my commission empowers me.

Enter WIDOW POTTLE, R. U. E.

Wid. Deary me, your honour, I beg your honour's pardon, I'm sure, a hundred times over, for keeping you waiting; but—

Sir R. No matter—you were nurse, I think, to the lady who married my late cousin, Lord Somerford?

Wid. Yes, sure I was, Sir Richard, she and my Patty are foster sisters.

Sir R. Aye, and of course, now she is staying in this neighbourhood, she often visits you.

Wid. Nows and thens—nows and thens, Sir Richard, she do look in upon us. My lady be mighty kind to Patty and I too, Sir Richard,

Sir R. Oh, I've no doubt—I've no doubt. She call here with a gentleman sometimes, does she not?

Wid. A gentleman? No, Sir Richard, I can't say ~~any~~ ever I seed any gentleman with her, except Mr. William, her groom, as rides behind my lady, and holds her horse for her when she do come in to chat a bit.

PATTY appears R. 3d E., listening.

Sir R. Humph, she is coming this evening, I believe!

Wid. Not as I knows of, Sir Richard, but if you say so—

Sir R. You do not expect her?

Wid. No, Sir Richard, I've heard naught about it.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] She is warned—I must intimidate her.—You rent this house of Mr. Saville, the Lord of the Manor here?

Wid. Yes, Sir Richard, Squire Saville be my landlord—I be going to him about a new lease this very evening, for the old one be just out.

Sir R. Mr. Saville is under great obligations to me, and I have but to say one word to prevent his granting you a new lease.

Wid. Lord, Sir Richard, but you wouldn't do so—you wouldn't hinder a poor lone widow woman from getting an honest living—it be but a living, Sir Richard.

Sir R. Then don't attempt to deceive me, but answer truly any question I put to you.

Wid. Lord, Sir Richard, of course I will, what should I tell your honour a pack of lies for.

Sir R. Lady Somerford has appointed to meet a gentleman here this evening.

Wid. Lord, Sir Richard, I don't say she haven't.

Sir R. Did you not tell me, you didn't expect her?

Wid. No more I do, Sir Richard, as I hope for good! I know no more nor the babe unborn about it; but if you say she be coming—

Sir R. Beware, for I shall remain here and ascertain the fact.

Wid. Just as you please, Sir Richard—Wont'ee take a seat, then? [*Rubs chair with her apron, and offers it.*]

Sir R. [*Aside.*] Is she really ignorant?

Pat. [*Aside.*] How has he discovered?

Sir R. [Produces note.] You may as well confess. This slip of paper has revealed all.

Pat. [Aside.] Oh, mercy, the lost note! What is to be done?

Wid. I've nothing to confess, indeed and indeed, Sir Richard, and as to that bit of paper, I never seed it before in all my days.

Pat. [Advancing quickly.] But I have, and can tell you what's in it, Sir Richard.

Sir R. Hah! Indeed, so, so—you, then, can give me some information, perhaps.

Pat. I'll tell you all I know about it, Sir Richard, and that is, that about an hour ago, while mother was in the cellar, a young gentleman, in a riding dress, came to the door, and asked me if there was an inn, called the "Greyhound," in this neighbourhood. So I told him it was at the other side of the forest, on the road to Whitelands, and then he sat down on the bench at the door, and took out that note, and looked at it for some time, and I peeped over his shoulder, and read something about, "Eight o'clock in the parlour," and then he put it into his pocket again, called for a mug of beer, drank it in a great hurry, and walked away.

Wid. Without paying for it?

Pat. No, mother, no; he was quite a gentleman, I tell you.

Sir R. [Aside.] It is true, there is such an inn, and Lady Somerford, being known here, may have induced her to fix on another house. That did not occur to me, but it is equally probable—How far is it from hence to the Greyhound?

Pat. About a mile and a half, sir.

Sir R. Thank you, my good girl. Good day, widow.

Wid. But, Sir Richard, you won't set the squire—

Sir R. No, no, if you have told the truth, you have nothing to fear. [Exit, R. C.]

Pat. [Aside.] I'm glad he didn't say that to me, for I never told such a story in all my life. I must go and watch for the major. [Exit, R. C.]

Wid. My wits be gone wool gathering with all this coil.

Enter JOHN DUCK, R. U. E., with a bundle under his arm, and his hat on.

John. Behold me, ready to depart.

Wid. Then the sooner thee dost it the better—thee knowest the way to the door.

John. Intimately. But one word before we separate. It is understood that I am to amass the sum of £100, sterling money of Great Britain, before I present myself to claim the hand of the incomparable Patty. Now, it gives me considerable satisfaction to inform you, that you are legally bound to contribute the first instalment of the sum aforesaid, and thereby lay the foundation of this gigantic fortune, by handing over the amount due to me for work and labour done, during the space of one calendar month, in the Crooked Billet, as per agreement.

Wid. The long and short of that rigmarole be, that thee wantst thee wages?

John. It is one of those natural desires which the human heart is not ashamed to indulge in.

Wid. Rot thee fine speeches! I suppose I must pay thee summat, but it goes against the grain woundily, I can tell thee. Stop a bit, till I see what thee hast broken.

[*Exit, R. C.*]

John. One month, at five shillings per month, makes just five shillings—take five shillings from £100, and there remains £99. 15s.—that is to say, it remains to be got; and the question naturally occurs to me, how is it to be got? Without loss of time, for it is “wanted immediately,” as they head the advertisements. My passion is ungovernable, and will not admit of delay. Oh, that I was Chancellor of the Exchequer for a quarter of an hour—for the time only to draw a check upon the Treasury for £100, and receive the money—the wish is preposterous, but pardonable under the circumstances.

Enter SIR RICHARD, R. C.

Sir R. I am not quite satisfied that this girl—[*Stops short on seeing Duck.*] Ha!

John. £100. I must get the money somehow, instantly.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] Who is this fellow?

John. I will do anything for a hundred pounds, who

will give me a hundred pounds to do anything? I am to be sold for a hundred pounds. This valuable young man, going for a hundred pounds, will nobody bid? It's really giving myself away. Only a hundred pounds—going, going—

Sir R. Gone. [*Slapping him on shoulder.*] You are mine at that price.

John. You don't say so—h u r—

Sir R. Hush!

John. Hush!—[*Aside.*] This man has overheard my soliloquy! He is about to propose to me the commission of some terrible crime! Duck, don't be desperate.—What would you have me do?

Sir R. A very trifling service. It is probable something will take place here at eight o'clock this evening, which I desire to be informed of.

John. A—a—robbery—a—murder!

Sir R. No! simply a conversation between two parties, the subject of which is of considerable importance to the state; and your duty will be to hide yourself in this apartment, where you can hear and see all that passes.

John. Nothing more?

Sir R. If you repeat to me faithfully whatever occurs, I will give you immediately the £100 you desire.

John. You will? May I request the favour of your name?

Sir R. Sir Richard Wroughton. It is tolerably well known in the county.

John. Sir Rich—Deputy Lieutenant—Colonel of Militia—my fortune is made!

Sir R. What is your name?

John. Duck—Mr. John Duck, formerly of Chancery Lane, and at present in want of a situation. Should there be one under government in which my services may be rendered available—

Sir R. First, earn your hundred pounds.

John. I shall be delighted.

Sir R. I rely on your zeal.

John. Rely upon my necessity—zeal is its natural offspring, as well as invention.

Sir R. I like your candour; but not a word to the landlady or her daughter.

John. Depend on my discretion, it is the better part of my valour, I assure you.

Sir R. Enough!—[*Aside.*] I am now confident of success. If this be the place of assignation, this man is my witness—if the Greyhound, I shall be there myself to convict them. [Exit, R. C.]

John. "Important to the state!" It is some conspiracy, some treason against the house of Hanover—perhaps another gunpowder plot, and I shall be the preserver of my king and country. I think, already, I see the traitors, twelve or twenty of them, in slouched hats and large mantles, gliding like spectres into their solitary tenements, armed to the teeth—armed?—ahem!—armed?—if I should be discovered an eaves-dropper, a spy, the consequences may be particularly disagreeable—I may not be able to preserve even myself, let alone my king and country—it's too late to reflect, the die is cast. Patty, for thee I perish!

Enter WIDOW POTTLE, R. C.

Wid. Thee'st broken a dish, two jugs, and a pipkin, and they'd cost more than five shillings, I warrant me; but there, I'll give thee sixpence to be well quit of thee.

John. Sixpence! I broke my shin tumbling up your garret stairs—you'd better charge for that.

Wid. And so I should, by rights, twopence for brown paper and vinegar; but I'll let thee off, that thee mayest have nothing to grumble at, so, away wi' thee!

John. [*Aside.*] Away with me! But if I go out of the house I mayn't be able to get in again, and there's an end of the £100. I must devise some means.

Wid. What's thee waiting for now? Wilt thee go, or not?

John. [*Aside.*] An inspiration.—No, Mrs. Pottle, it does not suit me to go at this moment.

Wid. Not suit thee?

John. No, Mrs. Pottle, allow me to call to your recollection that our positions are altered—you are still the hostess of the "Crooked Billet," but I am no longer your waiter—I am a gentleman at large, a traveller, Mrs. Pottle; you keep a public house? You have the effrontery to write up "Good Entertainment for Man and Beast!"

I, as a man, not a beast, command you to entertain me.—
Landlady, a pint of beer and a pipe of tobacco, and let
them be good, as you value my custom. [*Sits.*]

Wid. Why, hang his assurance!

John. Widow, you neglect your business, go yourself,
or send the waiter—a pint of beer and a pipe for the gen-
tleman in the parlour—that'll be five-pence, you may keep
the change.

Wid. He be mad, surely! No matter, I'll get my six-
pence back, so he may pay for his joke, if it be a joke.
Ha, ha! Thee bee'st a foine gentleman, truly. Thee
shalt have thee beer and thee pipe, ha, ha! [*Exit, R. C.*]

John. Now for a hiding-place! In this cupboard, im-
possible—under the table, it may be moved—oh, this chest,
the key in the lock. [*Opens it.*] Full of linen! out it goes,
and in I get. [*Tumbles out the linen behind the chest, jumps
in, and shuts down the lid, then lifts it up again.*] Phew,
it's a tight fit, and desperate close. I must keep the lid
up a little, or I shall see and hear nothing at all.

*Enter WIDOW POTTLE, R. C., with beer and pipe. PATTY
appears in Tap Room, with MAJOR MURRAY.*

Wid. Here be the—[*Misses him.*] Gone! The saucy
companion! stole out of the back door here, I warrant
me. Thought twice about spending his sixpence, the
swaggering puppy—with all my heart, I'm too glad to be
rid of him! But where's Patty all this time? My good-
ness, she bean't gone with him. Patty—Patty!

[*Major hastily conceals himself, L. C., and Patty ad-
vances, R. C.*]

Pat. Here, mother, here I am.

Wid. Oh, come, that's a comfort. Odzooks, it gave me
quite a turn like. Harkye, Patty, I must go up to squire's
about the lease, so I shall shut house up for to-night.
Folks seldom come this way after dusk. Thee bean't
afraid of being alone for an hour or so?

Pat. Afraid! oh, dear, no, mother.

Wid. My keys—where be my keys? I had them to
get out the clean towels.

Pat. You've left them in the linen chest.

Wid. Ah, so I have. [*Locks chest, and takes the bunch
of keys out.*] Now fasten the door after me, and doantee

open it to anybody thee doesn't know before I come back.

[Exit, R. C.]

Pat. No, that I won't, I promise you, mother—for the major is here already, and my lady is no stranger, I'll be sworn. [To Major.] Come in, sir.

Enter MAJOR MURRAY. He is in a riding dress of the period—his hair unpowdered. John knocks violently in chest.

Maj. Has Lady Somerford arrived?

Pat. No, it is barely the hour. [John knocks again.]

What noise is that?

Maj. It sounded like some one knocking.

Pat. It's my lady, for certain.

[Opens L. D.]

Enter LADY SOMERFORD, L.

I thought so.

Lady S. The major?

Pat. He is here. I will fasten this door, and go watch at the front one, that you may not be interrupted.

[Exit, R. C.]

Lady S. Edward!

Maj. At last, dearest, we meet in safety.

Lady S. In safety!—would I were assured so. I have yielded to your earnest entreaties, but am painfully alive to the danger of the step. I implored you not to leave Brussels till I had obtained the King's pardon.

Maj. I could no longer endure the separation, and your last advices induced me to believe, that before I could reach England the pardon would be in your hands. Besides, I run no great risk, my person is unknown in this part of the country. I have papers and a passport, setting forth that I am Charles Vardeck, son of a merchant of Antwerp, with letters of recommendation to persons of credit in England. I have between three and four hundred pounds in gold about me, for any pressing necessity, and were I even arrested and recognized, the interest you have secured for me, would be a sufficient protection.

Lady S. Ah! there is your mistake! In that interest lies the danger. Sir Richard Wroughton considers us personal strangers; should he discover, or only suspect,

that an attachment existed between us, he would exert all his influence with the government—not to obtain your pardon, but your destruction !

Maj. Wherefore ?

Lady S. He is himself a suitor for my hand, and would make my consent the price of your safety. I have as yet managed to avoid a direct answer, and stipulate on my part for the previous performance of his promise. Matters are at a crisis, and the least accident may turn the scale against us. [*John knocks again.*] What's that ?

Maj. The noise I heard before, and which we thought your signal. [*John thumps again.*]

Lady S. Whence does it proceed ?

Maj. It is from this chest ! Some one is concealed in it.

Lady S. Betrayed !

Maj. [*Draws and attempts to raise the lid.*] It is locked !

Lady S. It can be no spy, then—some animal, most likely—some dog, or cat, shut in by accident.

Maj. I will make sure, though.

[*Wrenches off hasp of the lock with his sword. The lid flies violently up, and John flings himself half out of it. Lady S. utters a cry of terror, and runs out, L.*]

John. [*Half stifled.*] Air, air !

Maj. [*Seizing him by the collar, and drags him out.*] How can'st thou in that chest, and for what purpose ? Speak for thy life !

John. Let me breathe first ; I'm all but smothered : another second, I was a dead man.

Maj. Answer instantly, without evasion. Were you placed there as a spy upon us ?

John. [*Aside.*] A spy upon us ! This is one of the conspirators, and the rest are gone !

Maj. You hesitate !

[*Puts point of his sword to his throat.*]

John. No, no—I was, I was.

Maj. By whose orders ?

John. Sir Richard Wroughton's.

Maj. Hah !

John. But don't be frightened. I have heard nothing, seen nothing.

Maj. Thou liest !

John. No—as I hope for mercy, it was quite impossible.

Maj. If I could depend.—Harkye, fellow, how did'st thou hope to gain by thy villainy?

John. I was promised one hundred pounds.

Maj. Here are two rouleaus of fifty guineas each.

John. For me?

Maj. If you will swear to keep my secret.

John. I do, most solemnly!—[*Aside.*] For I haven't the least notion what it is.

Maj. Remember, to betray the unfortunate is an infamous action—to save them, a noble one.

John. I am all for the noble one, and guineas instead of pounds.

Maj. Take them. You have not witnessed our meeting. You have heard nothing that passed?

John. I'll take my affidavit before the Lord Mayor.

Maj. If you deceive me, I will find means to punish you. If you are faithful, I will double that sum.

John. Double! You'll give me another hundred?

Maj. Rely upon me.

John. And rely upon me. The rack shan't move me!

Enter PATTY, hastily, R. C.

Pat. Fly, fly, Sir Richard Wroughton is at the front door.

[*Exit, R. C.*]

Maj. Sir Richard! [*To John.*] Remember!

[*Exit, hastily, L.*]

John. It's impossible for me to forget! One hundred guineas! Another to come! For most certainly no power on earth can make me divulge a secret of which I am totally ignorant.

Enter SIR RICHARD WROUGHTON, R. C.

Sir R. [*Speaks as he enters.*] Stay you there! [*Aside.*] That girl deceived me. This was the place of assignment. [*Sees John Duck.*] Ah, you are here?

John. I am, Sir Richard.

Sir R. Well, your news, speak!

John. I have none, Sir Richard.

Sir R. None! You have not watched, then?

John. On the contrary. I have never been out of this room.

Sir R. Where were you concealed?

John. In that chest.

Sir R. And you have witnessed no meeting?

John. I'll take my oath of it before all the magistrates in the county.

Sir R. And you have heard nothing about any one?

John. Not a syllable.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] He is in the plot, or they have been warned—no matter; there is yet a way. [*Exit, R. C.*]

John. Hurrah, I have behaved intrepidly. I have told the truth, and earned two hundred guineas: two hundred, by the bye, how am I to get the other hundred? I am ignorant of the gentleman's name, or address, and as he don't know mine—[*A leathern bag is thrown in at the window.*] Hah! [*Picks it up, opens it, and takes out two rouleaus.*] Oh, noble young man, mirror of honour and integrity! He knew I could not have recovered, and yet he paid me the money!

Enter PATTY, R. C.

Pat. He's gone, muttering something about vengeance. I'm all in a tremble. John Duck! [*Seeing him.*]

John. Mr. John Duck, a gentleman, and a man of property; embrace me, Mrs. John Duck, that is to be.

Pat. John, be quiet; how dare you stay here; if my mother—

John. Your mother! I desire the presence of that respectable old lady. I am in a position to call upon the venerable relic of the late Peter Pottle, publican, and demand the hand of Martha Pottle, sole issue of the afore-said Peter and Sarah his wife. Sarah Pottle, Sarah Pottle, widow, come into court!

Pat. He is crazy. Oh, lud, here is mother! What shall we do?

Enter WIDOW POTTLE, R. C.

Wid. What's all this coil about? and the doors open! John Duck here? Why, thou ragamuffin.

John. Widow Pottle, respect your son-in-law: here is he needful, the sum of money agreed upon.

Wid. Thee'st got £100?

John. Two hundred.

Wid. Oh, the villain ! who hast thee robbed ?

John. Nobody ! I've earned it honestly, by speaking the truth.

Pat. The truth ! what have you said, then ?

John. Nothing ! It was all I knew, and I repeated it manfully—if you ask me any more questions, I shall give you precisely the same information.

Enter a CORPORAL and Guard, R. C.

Cor. [*To John.*] Your name is John Duck ?

John. It is, what of that ?

Cor. You are my prisoner.

John & Pat. Prisoner !

John. What for ?

Cor. That's not my business : you'll know soon enough, I dare say.

Pat. Oh, my poor Duck ! They'll shoot my poor Duck !

Cor. March !

Wid. He's robbed somebody. I knew he had ! or seen a making false coin ! He'll be hanged, any way, that's one comfort. [*Exit John, guarded, R. C., followed by Widow and Patty.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in an old English Mansion. A Large chimney, C., doors R. and L., door R. in flat. A Table, with writing materials, L. C., and a cabinet, R. MAJOR MURRAY is discovered writing at table, in a plain black dress of the period, his hair powdered.*

Enter LADY SOMERFORD, followed by a Servant, R. D. F.

Lady S. Very well ; inform Sir Richard I am here.

[*Exit Servant, R.*]

Maj. [*Aside.*] 'Tis she ! [*In a whisper.*] Katherine !

Lady S. [*Turns quickly.*] Sir ! Heavens, is it possible ! Edward !

Maj. Hush, speak low—some one may be within hearing.

Lady S. I am overwhelmed with astonishment and terror. You in Sir Richard's house! Under what name?

Maj. Under the name of Vardeck, in which my passport is made out. I heard by accident that Sir Richard required a secretary. I offered my services until he could obtain one, producing my letters of recommendation, one of which, I had ascertained, was directed to a particular friend of his in London. I presume he was pleased with my manner and appearance, for he immediately accepted my proposal.

Lady S. But what motive could induce you to venture?

Maj. I had two; the first was the certainty of seeing you daily, and with greater facility than before.

Lady S. Imprudent!

Maj. Pardon me—for the second was the conviction that I should be much safer under this roof, than wandering about the neighbourhood, exposed to continual questions and observations, which my present position and occupation put an end to. You have led me to believe it cannot be many days before my fate will be decided.

Lady S. I am in hopes this very hour. Sir Richard has sent round to me, that he has something of importance to communicate, and I have little doubt the pardon has arrived. Once in my possession, you are free. A foot-step! hark—remember we are strangers.

Enter SIR RICHARD, R.

Maj. [*Pretending not to see him.*] Will you not take a chair, madam? Sir Richard, no, doubt—Ah—he is here.

Sir R. Good morning, dear Lady Somerford.

Lady S. I have obeyed your summons, Sir Richard.

Sir R. With an alacrity that would be most flattering to me, could I monopolize the compliment. Mr. Vardeck, you will be kind enough to leave us; I will ring for you when I want you. [*Exit Major, L.*]

Lady S. I expected to have seen you yesterday.

Sir R. I was on my way to you, but heard you had ridden out alone.

Lady S. In the afternoon; yes. I rode as far as Whitelands, having heard that some of the family were ill, but I was home by eight o'clock.

Sir R. By eight! Are you certain?

Lady S. Well, I won't swear to the minute. It might have been a quarter past, but I should say decidedly not later than that. What makes you so particular?

Sir R. Only some one told me that they thought they saw you in the forest at eight.

Lady S. Probably; I came that road home. But, now, tell me, what is your news—have you succeeded? Is the pardon arrived?

Sir R. It is signed—so much I can tell you. His Majesty yielded most reluctantly, but he did yield, as a personal favour to the Duke, from whom I have this morning received the information.

Lady S. And why did he not forward the pardon at the same time?

Sir R. Oh, it will be sent with some dispatches, which are to be brought by a special courier, most likely in the course of the afternoon; but the Duke, kindly, lost ~~at~~ time in communicating to me the issue of his mediation; and I, knowing your great anxiety on the subject, for which, I trust, Major Murray will prove himself most grateful.

Lady S. I have no doubt; although, as I have before told you, my interest in the matter arose from my long knowledge of, and affection for his mother, who doats upon him. He is her only son, and their separation was hurrying her to the grave.

Sir R. Ah, true: you have never seen the Major himself?

Lady S. I never told you that.

Sir R. Your pardon, I so understood you.

Lady S. Then you misunderstood me. I have seen him, certainly: I met him in Paris, and afterwards at Brussels.

Sir R. Ah, indeed: is he reckoned handsome?

Lady S. He is good looking—the manner and air of a gentleman; his mother was a celebrated beauty in her day, and is still, to me, the most charming woman in the world!

Sir R. As you are to me, my dear cousin.

Lady S. I shall believe that, when you have performed your promise, Sir Richard.

Sir R. I have performed it, the pardon is obtained.

Lady S. But not in my hands.

Sir R. It will be to-day, provided no accident intervenes.

Lady S. Accident! What accident?

Sir R. Nay, I do not anticipate any, but in this world we are never sure—we are all the creatures of circumstance.

Lady S. About what hour do you expect the courier?

Sir R. Between two and three.

Lady S. I will return at three—you will be at home?

Sir R. To you, certainly.

Lady S. *À revoir*, then.

Sir R. You will write to Mrs. Murray?

Lady S. Not till I have the pardon in my own possession for fear of accidents, Sir Richard. [*Exit, R. D. F.*]

R. She suspects me, evidently, and sees that I suspect her. Well, after all, the estates are my object. I will own it frankly; and till she makes me master of them, by the gift of her hand, she shall never put finger on this precious document. At three o'clock the matter shall be decided. [*Rings hand-bell.*]

Enter MAJOR MURRAY, L.

Maj. [*Aside.*] She is gone.

Sir R. It was not for you I rang, sir; but no matter, you may remain. [*Major bows, sits at table, and writes.—Sir Richard rings again.*]

Enter SERVANT, R. D. F.

A taper to seal these letters, and tell the corporal to bring up the man he arrested yesterday, at the Crooked Billet.

[*Exit Servant, R. D. F.*]

Maj. [*Aside.*] At the Crooked Billet! Should it be the fellow that was in the chest!

Sir R. [*Aside.*] I will have the truth out of that knave, somehow. If I could get sufficient proof to startle Lady Somerford, she would be at my mercy.

Maj. [*Aside.*] If the man should recognize me, there may be danger. [*Going, L.*]

Sir R. Where are you going, sir?

Maj. To my own apartment. I have finished copying these letters, sir.

Sir R. Stay, I have other work for you, be seated.

[*Major sits.*]

Enter SERVANT, R. D. F., followed by CORPORAL with DUCK.
Servant places a lighted taper on table.

[*To John.*] Stand forward, sirrah! [*To Corporal.*] Wait without.

[*Exeunt Corporal and Servant, R. D. F.*]

Maj. [*Aside.*] 'Tis the very person; let me hope that the change of dress, and his alarm at the time, may prevent his recognition.

Sir R. You have passed the night in jail, Mr. Duck?

John. I am sufficiently aware of the unpleasant fact, and should feel grateful for an explanation of the circumstances.

Sir R. No impertinence, sirrah. Remember to whom you speak.

John. I don't mean to be impertinent, Sir Richard. It is with the greatest respect I request a piece of information on a matter in which I am personally interested. I may say, vitally; for I have narrowly escaped destruction from the ferocious partners of my dungeon.

Sir R. Partners! Were you not alone?

John. Certainly not. The prison swarms with rats, Sir Richard—rats of the largest size, and remarkable voracity.

Sir R. Pshaw, you have had time for reflection.

John. Not an instant—I have been fighting all night, the creatures evinced an alarming partiality—

Sir R. Fool! you shall rot amongst them, if you refuse to state what passed last night at the Crooked Billet.

John. But I don't refuse—on the contrary—I am ready to reveal everything.

Maj. [*Aside.*] Cowardly traitor!

Sir R. Speak, then, instantly—what did you see?

John. Nothing! I saw, positively, nothing!

Sir R. What did you hear, then?

John. Nothing! It was quite impossible—I told you so last night, but you wouldn't believe me.

Sir R. Nor do I now, villain! Beware! concealment is hopeless. The sum of £200 was found in gold upon you—you had not a farthing when I accosted you scarcely an hour before. Such a sum of money could only have been paid you for some important service.

John. No doubt—no doubt—I don't deny it. I was paid—

Sir R. Ah, by whom ?

John. By a gentleman.

Sir R. You confess, at last !

John. You never asked me that question before.

Maj. [*Aside.*] He will tell all.

Sir R. No equivocation, sirrah ! who was this gentleman ?

John. I haven't the slightest idea.

Sir R. Then what did he pay you for ?

John. To say nothing, and I've said it. That's the beauty of the business—he could not have found a better man for his purpose—somebody else might have known something, but I, literally, knew nothing.

Sir R. You shall be made to know something.

John. It's impossible—would you have me to invent something ?—I'll do it if you'll pay me—I've a vivid imagination.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] There was some one there who gave him the money. The girl—the girl must know—she shall be confronted with him. [*Exit, R. D. F.*]

John. Sir Richard, am I discharged ? This is very extraordinary conduct. Sir, [*To Major,*] I beg your pardon, sir, but as you have been present during this examination—[*The Major continues to write, averting his face from John's view.*—]you will oblige me particularly if—[*Catches a sight of his countenance.*—]eh—why—no—yes—It's the very man !

Maj. Silence ! you know me not.

John. Oh, but I do, I'm positive.

Maj. Fool ! I mean I have paid you not to know me !

John. I beg your pardon—no such thing—you paid me not to say what had passed whilst I was in the chest, and I didn't, because I couldn't.

Maj. Be silent still, and—

John. Be sent to prison again—I'd rather not.

Maj. I will set you free.

John. When ?

Maj. Almost immediately.

John. Almost !—that's too late.

Maj. Think of the baseness—

John. Think of the rats !

Maj. It shall make your fortune—I shall owe you not only my life, but the happiness of her I love.

John. Her you love !

Maj. Yes—were she here, she would implore you as I do.

John. Ha !—Stop, stop—Horror !—A fearful light breaks in upon me ! I remember, yesterday morning, Patty's embarrassment, when I met her in the forest. Oh, answer me—you love Patty Pottle ?

Maj. Patty Pottle !

John. You cannot deny it—your confusion is evident—you came to see her whilst her mother was out.

Maj. [*Aside.*] His error may save me yet—it is evident he really knows nothing of the truth.

John. He is dumbfounded.—It must be so. It could not be the *old* woman he came for—no, it would be an insult to my common sense to indulge in such a delusion. But I will be revenged !

Enter SIR RICHARD WROUGHTON, R. D. F.

Ha, Sir Richard, there is the man—the very person who gave me the money.

Sir R. Mr. Vardeck !

John. Yes, Vardeck, if that's his ugly name, or whatever else it may be. He has implored my mercy, but I will have none—he has injured me in the tenderest point, and I demand vengeance ! Vengeance upon Vardeck !

Sir R. [*To Major.*] What was the motive of your visit to the Crooked Billet, last night, sir ?

John. Patty was the motive. False, perjured Patty ! At half-past seven she pretended to weep at our separation, and at eight she had an assignation with that viper, Vardeck ! Oh, the sex—oh, the sex—oh, the sex !

Sir R. An assignation with Patty ! Are you sure it was with Patty ?

John. Let him deny it, if he dare.

Maj. I do not deny it.

John. Hear him, hear him ! The unblushing Tarquin !

Sir R. But why the gift of this large sum of money ?

John. It was the price of my dishonour. A bribe to *make me* marry his mistress ! Infamous Vardeck ! Shades

of my ancestors! I should have sullied a long line of Ducks; disgraced, perhaps, a Duck that came over with the Conqueror!

Sir R. [*Aside.*] There is not a word of truth in this story—but I have my suspicions.

Enter SERVANT, R. D. F.

Serv. The young woman is here, Sir Richard.

Sir R. Admit her instantly. [*Exit Servant, R. D. F.*] Now we shall hear what Patty has to say for herself on this subject.

John. Patty!

Maj. [*Aside.*] How to give her notice.

John. Let her come, that I may crush her with my indignation!

Sir R. I forbid you to say one word to her without my permission.

SERVANT enters with PATTY, R. D. F.—*Exit Servant.*

Pat. [*Aside.*] The Major! [*Major makes signs to her.*]

Sir R. Come hither, young woman.

Pat. [*Aside, and advancing.*] He is making signs to me!

Sir R. You deceived me yesterday. I now know who you expected at eight o'clock, during the absence of your mother.

Pat. [*Watching the Major, and aside.*] No, he don't.—Then I'm sure, Sir Richard, you know more than I know—for I expected no one.

John. 'Tis false! You expected your lover, the execrable Vardeck.

Sir R. How dare you speak, sirrah? I commanded you not to open your lips.

John. I was charged with indignation, from head to foot, and I exploded accidentally.

Pat. My lover, Vardeck!

John. There he stands, the gay, bold-faced villain!

Sir R. Silence, or—

Pat. [*Aside.*] As he doesn't deny it, I suppose I'm to say so, too.

Sir R. [*To Patty.*] Well, do you admit this fact? Did this gentleman visit you last night?

Pat. I can't say he did not, Sir Richard.

John. There, there, she can't deny he did not! Horrible depravity!

Sir R. The note, then, that I found in the forest, was written by you to Mr. Vardeck?

Pat. Yes, Sir Richard.

John. A note, written by her—and I—I taught her to write! You should have seen her pot hooks and hangers before I gave her a lesson; and she directs her first legible epistle to my rival! Disgusting ingratitude!

Sir R. [*Aside.*] I am not to be duped. This Vardeck is not the man he represents himself. [*To Major.*] You see, sir, the consequences of your indiscretion—you have compromised a respectable girl—as an honourable man, there is but one course for you to pursue, you must marry her.

Maj. Marry her!

Pat. [*Aside.*] Marry me! Oh, la!

John. No, no, never! I won't marry her; but he shan't. I forbid the banns—she shall live in single misery!

Sir R. [*To Major.*] Do you object to make her your wife?

Maj. It is impossible, Sir Richard. I have a wife already.

Sir R. Indeed!

John. A wife! Ha! then I insist on their union. He shall marry two wives, and be hanged for bigamy!

Sir R. Peace, fool! [*To Major.*] Mr. Vardeck, after this disclosure, it must be evident to you that I cannot retain you in my service—nor can I recommend a libertine to my friends.

Maj. I admit the justice of your displeasure, Sir Richard, and humbly take my leave.

Sir R. Stop, one moment; there is still an act of justice you may render to this young girl. Sit down, Patty, and write as I shall dictate.

Pat. [*Aside.*] What does he mean?

[*Sits, by his direction, at the table.*]

Sir R. [*Gives her a pen, and puts paper before her.*] Begin thus: "I, the undersigned, Martha Pottle, having been induced to meet, at eight o'clock, in the parlour of the inn"—

John. Degrading confession !

Sir R. [*Having watched the writing, and taking the paper from her.*] "At eight o'clock, in the parlour of the inn." That will do. [*Takes out the note he had in the first act, and compares the writing.*] The same words, but not written by the same hand. This note was never penned by you. It was written by Lady Somerford. What, ho, Guard !

Enter CORPORAL and Guard, R. U. E.

Arrest that person. [*Points to Major.*

Maj. [*Aside.*] Discovered.—Upon what charge, sir ?

Sir R. Your name is not Vardeck ! It is Edward Murray. You are an attainted traitor, excluded from the general pardon, and your life forfeit if taken upon English ground.

Maj. What proof have you of this ?

Sir R. Oh, I shall find enough, never fear me, and within an hour ! [*To Corporal.*] Remove your prisoner, for the present, into that room. [*Exit Major, guarded, L. D.*] Begone, girl, and think yourself well off, if you are not further implicated in this business. It is a serious one, I promise you, as your foster-sister, Lady Somerford, and her admirer, shall find.

John. Her admirer ! Lady Somerford ! Then it was not Patty !

Sir R. My belief is, that you knew it, scoundrel, and I intend to make an example of you. [*Exit, R. D.*

John. Do, do, I am reckless of circumstances ! I awake from a hideous dream ! Patty, my pure, my immaculate Patty, I suspected you wrongfully. You are the victim of presumptive evidence. I acknowledge your innocence ! I admire your noble devotion ! . You are worthy my love and my hand.

Pat. And you are unworthy mine : you have played the spy, and the informer. You have insulted me by your jealousy. Betrayed a brave young gentleman, and will be the death of him and poor dear Lady Somerford.

John. Listen to me, Patty.

Pat. Let me go, sir, I'll never speak to you again.

[*Exit, R. D. F.*

John. Patty, Patty ! [*Following her, Servant stops him.*]
Let me pass.

Serv. Not without orders from Sir Richard ! You came here as a prisoner, and I shan't let you out of this room till I have proper authority. [*Shuts door.*]

John. What's to be done ! Follow her I must. Dear pair inspire me ! The window—no ! Even a cat might hesitate. Ha, what if—I shudder at the thought, but necessity has no law, and the chimney must have a top. I never did go up one, but that's no reason I never should. From the roof of the house I can drop on the roof of the stables. Nobody will suspect, and the soot will serve for a disguise. Sir Richard ! That decides me !

[*Disappears up chimney.*]

Enter SIR RICHARD, R. D., and LADY SOMERFORD, R. D. F.

Sir R. You are more than punctual, Lady Somerford. The clock has not yet struck.

Lady S. You said the courier would arrive between two and three, and I thought it unnecessary to wait ; but if he has not come, and I intrude—

Sir R. By no means ; I am perfectly prepared to receive you, cousin.

Lady S. Ha ! the pardon is arrived, then.

Sir R. Here it is ! [*Produces it.*]

Lady S. A thousand thanks, dear Sir Richard ! give it to me.

Sir R. Excuse me, fair cousin, for a moment, at least. There is some reward due to me, I believe, for my exertion in this matter : am I not to receive something in return for this precious paper, which has been, I may say, extorted from his Majesty.

Lady S. [*With some embarrassment.*] I owe you my thanks, Sir Richard, for the trouble you have already taken, and shall not hesitate to acknowledge my gratitude to you when I have placed the pardon of her son in the hands of my excellent friend, Mrs. Murray.

Sir R. And prove it by giving your hand to that son, and with it, the estates of my late cousin, Lord Somerford, which he chose to leave from the representative of the family, to a wife who never loved him.

Lady S. Sir Richard !

Sir R. Lady Somerford ! I am not to be duped ! I am not to be trifled with ! I know you love Edward Mar

ray; I know he is in England; that you wrote to him to meet you last night, at eight o'clock, at the inn, in the forest. [*Shows note.*] You will not deny your handwriting?

Lady S. It would be useless. You have my secret; I do love Major Murray: loved him, and was engaged to him before you preferred your suit to me.

Sir R. Which you encouraged to secure my influence with the minister.

Lady S. I grant you have so far a right to complain of my conduct; but the life of the man I loved was at stake. I, too, might accuse of duplicity, the suitor who professed affection for me but to become the master of my fortune. Be generous, Sir Richard, admit that mine was the worthier motive, and accept all that it is in my power to give, gratitude and friendship.

Sir R. It is not for the loser to alter the stakes. You played for love, I for money. The game is in my hands—assign to me the Somerford estates, and in exchange, you shall have the pardon.

Lady S. You cannot, surely, insist on such a sacrifice.

Sir R. I do. There is the deed, duly prepared; will you sign?

Lady S. I will not. His Majesty has pardoned Major Murray, you have no power to harm him.

Sir R. Not so fast—his Majesty most unwillingly signed the paper, not knowing that the attainted Jacobite had already set foot on English soil, and thereby forfeited his life to the law; not knowing that, under the assumed name of Vardeck, he had obtained admission into this mansion, in which he has been arrested and awaits the doom he has so audaciously courted.

Lady S. Hah! but it is signed—it is signed—it is in your hands, and you will not dare to injure a hair of his head!

Sir R. Not dare! Ah, you defy me! Lookye, Lady Somerford, here is a lighted taper—here I place the pardon of Edward Murray! [*Places the pardon in the grate.*] Sign that deed, and you are free to take it—refuse, and that instant I burn it before your face, well assured the King will not sign a second pardon.

[*Holds the lighted taper close to the pardon.*]

Lady S. Hold! hold!—I will sign!

[John Duck drops from the chimney, knocks out the taper, and seizes the pardon.]

John. No, you won't, there's no occasion. I, John Duck, deliver this, as my act and deed.

[Gives pardon to Lady S.]

Lady S. Ah!

Sir R. Confusion!

John. *[Throws open L. D.]* Corporal! in the King's name, release your prisoner!

Enter MAJOR, with CORPORAL and SOLDIERS, L. D.

Lady S. Edward, dear Edward, here is your free pardon, signed by his most gracious Majesty.

John. George the Second, of Great Britain and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, &c., &c.

Maj. Dearest Lady Somerford, a life of devotion shall prove my gratitude.

Lady S. Nay, it is to this young man we should both be grateful. To what fortunate circumstance are we indebted—

John. To my not having served apprenticeship to a chimney-sweeper. If I could have climbed to the top, I should never have heard what passed at the bottom.

Lady S. Sir Richard Wroughton, is it your intention not to recognize the authority of this document?

Sir R. You have won the game, madam; Major Murray is at liberty.

[Exit, R., D., and Corporal and Guard, R. D. F.]

Lady S. Let us hasten from this place.

Enter PATTY, R. D. F.

Pat. Oh, my lady! oh, sir! Pray forgive me; it was not my fault. It was all along of John, from the very beginning.

Lady S. John! he is our preserver—our guardian genius!

John. You hear, Patty—you hear! my conduct is not as dirty as you imagined, whatever my face may be! I am proud to say, I have come out of this business with clean hands, metaphorically speaking!

Maj. Name your reward, my good friend! Anything in our power.



THE BOTTLE.



EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

"THE BOTTLE" is one of those faithful, yet startling portrayals of real life, which addresses itself to the capacity of every individual, and awakens a responsive chord in every bosom which is not entirely destitute of good affections. It is an effort to embody in a dramatic form the graphic illustrations, of the same name, by the celebrated CRUIKSHANK, which have obtained such an immense circulation both in this country and in England, and which are supposed to have had more influence in promoting the cause of temperance than any other publication whatever. And if this has been the result of a series of pictures alone, how much more may be expected from a dramatic representation of them, where not only the eye, but the other senses also, are awakened by a living portraiture of the drunkard's career. This intensely interesting drama will probably be performed in nearly every theatre in the country; and if the Sons and Daughters of Temperance are true to their cause, they will search the highways, and take the intemperate to witness it.

In its present shape, "The Bottle" is undoubtedly too long for representation, and to use a technical term, needs much *cutting*—an operation which each manager will perform for himself; but as a *reading* drama, not a word can be omitted without incurring a loss. The characters of *Richard* and *Ruth Thornley*, in the hands of accomplished artistes, are capable of being made exceedingly effective; indeed, the very highest degree of talent is requisite to personate them with the force of which they are susceptible.

The overpowering intensity of the dramatic parts of this play, are agreeably relieved by the oddities of *Cobbles*, a cockney pot-boy and pie-man. We do not usually undertake to criticise performers; but in the present case it would be unjust to the public not to say, that Mr. W. H. Chapman rendered this part at the Park Theatre with a genuine, life-like humour and drollery, which we have rarely seen equalled, but never surpassed.

"The Bottle" has been produced at the Park Theatre with great credit to that establishment. The tableaux were exceedingly well executed, and the *ensemble* of the whole piece was surprising, considering the short time taken to produce it.

We have to acknowledge the kindness of Edmund Simpson, Esq., for the opportunity of presenting thus early to the *Americana* public this excellent drama.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>City of London, 1847.</i>	<i>Park, 1847.</i>
<i>Richard Thornley (a Mechanic)</i>	Mr. Lyon.	Mr. G. Andrews.
<i>George Gray (ditto)</i>	" Craven.	" Stark.
<i>Joe (Son to Thornley)</i>	Master Dolphin.	Miss Flynn.
<i>Coddles (a Potboy)</i>	Mr. Herbert.	Mr. W. B. Chapman
<i>Dognose (a Sporting Character)</i>	" E. B. Gaston.	" Barry.
<i>Hon. George Hounslow (a Roué)</i>	" Marshall.	" McDouall.
<i>Sergeant Crank (on Recruiting Service)</i>	" E. Smith.	" Dougherty.
<i>Binks (a Policeman, &c.)</i>	" Pierce.	" Povey.
<i>Spike (Sworn Broker and Appraiser)</i>	" Eraser Jones.	" A. Andrews.
<i>Tom Ez (his Man)</i>	" Richardson.	" Ras.
<i>Tyke and Meadows (Workmen)</i>		" Bernard, Heath
<i>Ruth Thornley (Wife to Richard)</i>	Mrs. R. Honner.	Mrs. G. Jones.
<i>Ellen (her Daughter)</i>	Miss Brock.	Miss Lawrence.
<i>Esther Clare (a Sempstress)</i>	Mrs. R. F. Saville.	Mrs. Frary.
<i>Kitty Grump (a Shoebinder)</i>	" R. Barnet.	" Knight.
<i>Mrs. Wolf (Lodging-house Keeper)</i>	" Griffiths.	" Dyott.
<i>Mrs. Grump (ditto)</i>	Miss Davis.	" Barry.

Workmen, Police, Passengers, Mob, Children, &c.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*,
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

Passages marked with Inverted Commas are usually omitted in the Representation.

THE BOTTLE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A neatly-furnished Room in Thornley's House.*

TABLEAU THE FIRST.—“*The Happy Home; the Bottle is brought out for the First Time.*”

RUTH, THORNLY, EMMA, and NED discovered.

Thor. Come, wife, one glass—only one, now; just take a glass.

Ruth. You know my aversion, Richard, to drink of any kind; it is the forerunner of all evil. The very sight of it inspires me with dread; I am very sorry you have brought it here.

Thor. Now you're getting low-spirited; I couldn't have done a better thing. What so good for cheering low spirits as a glass of this? When one's vexed, now, or put out, this brightens one up, and makes all right again. Recollect, this day ten years we were married; and I ask you to oblige me, and you won't. It makes one think you're not so happy as you profess to be.

Ruth. Happy, Richard! let the stranger enter, and judge, from the comfort around, whether I could be otherwise than happy; let him look at the smiling faces that grace our humble board, and say whether it speaks not of contentment! No, Richard, I have been very happy; and to oblige you, though unwillingly, I will taste with you, and pray, that it may continue, that no dark cloud may shadow our humble, yet happy fireside!

Thor. [*Hands the glass; she tastes; and puts it down.*] That's well; but the thoughts of a dark cloud shadowing our fireside—what put that into your head?

Ruth. I only hoped, Richard, it might not. [*Turns away.*]

Thor. [*Rising.*] Why, how now? there's a tear glistening in your eye. I say, children, you hav'n't been vexing her, eh?

Ruth. (c.) Oh, no; they are ever good, and dutiful.

Thor. (r.) There's something on your mind, and it's no use concealing it. Come, I must and will know it.

Ruth. Then, since you bid me speak, hear me, Richard, and without anger. It is *that* which causes me sorrow. [*Points to bottle.*] Its progress is slow, but sure; it is the pest of the humble home; it is the withering curse of the happy circle; the deadly poison that corrupts and withers, changing the good to bad; it fascinates but to destroy; it charms in its progress, but its end is the grave. What reproach so bitter as the term of Drunkard? Mark the result that waits upon its victims; they are spurned by their fellow-men as a pestilence; they dread the day, for they cannot brook the eye of scorn, and long for night, that they may shroud themselves in darkness, and deeply drink, to banish recollection. I have seen all this—seen it in that family, once so happy, happy as ourselves, whom the demon Drink has claimed. This it is, Richard, that gives me sorrow. Oh! by the memory of our old loves, fly it, shun it, avoid it!

Thor. Why, Ruth, lass, you beat parson at church; you have made me feel so chilly, and I tremble like the leaves when the wind whistles through them; I must just take another glass, to warm me a bit.

[*Goes up.*]

Ruth. [*Crosses, r.*] No, no, Richard; no more, if you love me; cast it from you as you would a loathsome thing, for there is poison in the touch. Do, Richard, do; or its fascinating influence will teach you to love it better far than Ruth. *She* will be forgotten, and *that* will be your only charm.

Thor. Damn the bottle! I wish I had never seen it. You make me feel so uncomfortable that, sooner than have any more words about it, I'll throw bottle and all away!

Ruth. Do, Richard, do! and it will make me indeed happy to find that my words have awakened your better reason—that I have not spoken vainly. You hesitate—

Thor. (c.) Well, you see, Ruth, they do say it be sinful to waste anything; now, this cost a matter of one-and-

sequence, and—and 'tis very good spirit, and I don't think it be right to throw it away. Suppose, now, you felt sickish like, see how handy it would be to have a drop in the house, or in case a friend calls in.

Ruth. As you will, Richard; but for my sake—for the sake of those around you—do not forget yourself as a man; do not forget those who look up to you for support; nor, by the neglect which it teaches, desolate that earth, once so joyous and happy.

[They embrace; he puts bottle on table.]

Enter GEORGE GRAY, D. in F., down E.

Geor. Good evening, Mrs. Thornley, Ah! Richard, I'm glad to find you at home.

Thor. *[To him.]* Hush! not a word. *[Aside.]*

Ruth. Glad to find Richard at home? where else did you expect to find him? or where else, George, at the close of his day's toil, should a father be found, but in the bosom of his family?

Geor. True, but I thought—*[Looks uneasily at Richard.]*

Thor. George, won't you take a drop of anything? we've got it in the house. There, wife, now you see how handy it is. *[Goes up and fills glass.]*

Geor. No, no; I wouldn't touch a drop for the world.

Thor. Why, this is the anniversary of our wedding-day; you won't refuse to drink the missus's health, and prosperity to the young ones, eh? *[Ruth crosses behind to L.]*

Geor. I will wish them all the good they wish themselves, and long, long days of unmingled happiness; but I won't drink—I dar'nt; and I'm sure Mrs. Thornley will not think the less of me for refusing.

Ruth. No, George, I admire you the more.

Thor. Well, then, there'll be no harm in my drinking your health, and wishing us all prosperity. *[Drinks.]*

Ruth. Again, Richard!

Thor. (R.) Well, it was only one glass, and 'twere pit to waste it. Egad! they may say what they like, but there be naught like a drop of good liquor, after all.

Geor. (C.) I want to speak with you, Richard; but—

Thor. I understand. Wife! hadn't thee better put children to bed? it be getting late.

Ruth. I hope, George, you havn't come to talk away?

Thor. No; I ain't going out; George has just dropped in to have a chat, and mayhap he'll stop and spend the evening wi' us, and have a social glass. Come, children, give us a buss.

[Crosses up to them.

Thor. Good night!

[Shakes hands, &c.

Ruth. [Aside.] I wonder what made him turn so pale when he saw George? [Exit, L. H., with the children.

Thor. Now, George, what makes you look so solid, eh?

Geor. You havn't been to work to-day.

Thor. Hush! hush! don't let her know.

Geor. I can't blame you for concealing it from her, for I can well guess what her feelings would be; but this is not the first time, by many, that you have absented yourself. Your conduct has been noticed. I need scarcely ask the reason of this change—it is *this* [Points to the bottle]; and, from being one of the most sober and industrious men, you are becoming—

Thor. I know—a drunkard! But don't talk about that, don't; I've had enough of it all the evening: but I do like a glass, and that's the truth on't.

Geor. You must conquer the feeling, or it will conquer you.

Thor. D—n thy preaching! didn't I tell you I'd have no more on't?

Geor. I come to warn you as a friend, Richard, and you must hear me; or you may learn that from others which may prove less pleasing. I have that to say which I wouldn't for the world she should hear—you have to-day again been absent.

Thor. Well, they can stop the day's pay, and there's an end of it.

Geor. And how many days, and how often, have they done the same, and with no better effect! To conceal the deficiency from your wife, you have resorted to other means—betting with grooms, jockeys, and so on. Your intoxication has been observed; the blow is impending—avert it—there is yet time; and shun for ever the cause of all your miseries, the public-house.

Thor. Look you, George; I thank you for all you have said, and feel it here. I love my home, and heaven forbid that I should destroy its happiness: I love it so well, that if I thought she knew all this, I think it would drive

me mad, for I never could bear her just reproof. You speak of the public-house as the cause of misery to me and others: well, let the employers settle with the humble artisan elsewhere, and not compel him to receive his hard earnings on the Saturday at the public-house, which holds out the temptation, and may end in his corruption.

Geor. Summon resolution to your aid; all men have fortitude—exert it. I was gradually creeping into the same error, but the debasement and regret I felt enabled me to conquer the temptation: do you the same.

Thor. Well, I will—I will; but things arn't come to the worst yet, eh?

Geor. No; but I heard our employer say that intoxication had spread to so great an extent in the factory, that he should put a stop to it, by discharging those who had given way to this fatal vice.

Thor. But there have been others who are worse than me. There's Dognose, now, and—

Geor. 'Twas a warning intended for all—for the sober man to avoid the evil, for the drunkard to reflect. The man you have named is no friend to any one, and at bottom idle and reckless. But your wife returns—think upon what I have said; for I mean it friendly, believe me.

Thor. I know—I know you do; but I arn't too far gone yet, am I? No, no; and I won't be led away, nor go to the house again—I won't. But, George, not a word to *her*; she mustn't know—promise that.

Geor. I wouldn't for the world cause her a single pang; it is for this reason I have sought you, and with the best intentions. You may rely upon my keeping my word—you keep yours. Good bye! and let to-morrow find you at your business.

Thor. And every other day, George, please heaven! Good bye! and thank you kindly.

[*Mus.* *He shakes hands with George, who exits, D. in F.* Phew! how cold his words have made me. My blood seems chilled and frozen, and I ain't done anything particularly wrong, neither—not more than other men—not so bad. Oh, yes! Richard, you have; you have deceived her, the wife of your bosom—she who has been all truth, love, and confidence; for you have told her a lie, and now you wonder that you tremble. It is the guilt at your

heart, Richard, upbraiding you for the wrong you have done, which makes you feel like a coward. My discharge threatened—and it may come, and with it poverty, ruin, and disgrace. Poverty to them! Drink!—drink, to give me courage, or she will read in my *face* the secret of my heart. One glass only, and the last. [*Drinks.*] So!—how it rouses and cheers one; I feel a new man again. But I won't endure these troubles—no, no! I remember, before I took to *this*, I felt quite different: it has changed me, somehow—made me feel fiercer and more irritable, like; but I'll have no more of it—no, not a drop.

Enter RUTH, L.

Ruth. So, George has gone. Rather a hasty visit.—Why, how pale you look! No ill news from the factory, I hope; nothing wrong?

Thor. Why, what should there be wrong? You have always unpleasant thoughts in your head! [*Testily.*]

Ruth. [*Mildly.*] Well, I only asked; and, from your manner, I fear there is.

Thor. I tell you, no! What has the factory to do with you? Hold your tongue, will you!

Ruth. Richard, we have been married for ten years, without a harsh word being spoken; I hear them now for the first time—nor will it be the last, if you listen not to me: do, do, for it is not the loving husband that is speaking to me now, but the evil spirit within him. [*Weeps.*]

Thor. There, don't weep, don't: we'll be comfortable as ever; for you know, wife, there is nothing to make us otherwise.

Ruth. Yes, Richard—this! [*Points to bottle.*]

Thor. Ah! but you know not what I ha' done since you have been away—I took another glass—

Ruth. Another!

Thor. Ah! but hear what for—I took another glass, and I said, You be very beautiful—there's no denying it be good, you know, and cheering, and so on: but it's my last glass, so good bye, for I'll never touch you again.

Ruth. Dear Richard! [*Embraces.*] and now all things around grow bright again; for I feel the spell of the temptation is broken for ever!

Enter KITTY, D. in F.

Kitty. Ah! that's as it should be; I like to see everybody happy. I couldn't help giving you a look in, on my road home. How's all the children?

Ruth. Well, and at rest.

Kitty. Ah! it's a fine thing to go to bed early; I've got a lot of shoes to bind, that'll keep me up half the night. Ah! when we're children, we think it hard to go to bed soon; when we grow up, and want to go to bed, we can't. Mr. Thornton's not looking quite so well: I like to make everybody happy.

Thor. I'm well enough—nothing ails me. [*Goes up.*]

Kitty. That's more than they can say at the baker's.—Haven't you heard the news? [*Crosses, c.*]

Ruth. No—what has happened?

Kitty. Well, I thought you'd like to hear—I like to make everybody happy. Ruff's, the baker's, next to the public-house, where they sell the divinest gl—glass of spirits. [*Aside.*] I see there's a bottle on the table; they might ask me.

Ruth. Well!

Kitty. Their youngest child's dead—measles, they say—teething, I think. By the bye, it was the smallest child; but, however, it's gone, poor dear! bad nursing, I'm told—mother drank. [*Richard starts; Ruth looks at him.*] They don't ask me. Ah! drinking's a bad thing! I like to make everybody happy.

Ruth. It is, indeed!

Kitty. There's one comfort, drinking don't trouble me much.

Thor. Hang her chatter. [*Aside.*]

Kitty. Of course, you've heard the news about the factory?

Ruth. The factory?

Thor. What? what?

[*Down, R.*]

Kitty. Oh! Mr. Innocence! Come, I like your pretending not to know; why, there's a lot of the men going to be discharged, for missing their day's work, through intoxication. I like to make everybody happy.

Ruth. That can't affect us; my Richard never lost a day, and has ever been sober and industrious: he is not the inmate of a public-house.

Kitty. Oh! then it wasn't you I saw standing at the bar of the "High-Mettled Racer," the other morning? I like to make everybody happy.

Ruth. My Richard! he would scorn to be seen there—you are mistaken.

Thor. Y—yes—of course. Won't you take a glass?

Kitty. Well, I thought I should get some at last. [*Aside.*] Since you're so very pressing, I'll just take a wee, very wee drop. [*Fills glass, and drinks.*] I do really think this came from my shop. It's very comforting. Talking of comfort, your fellow-workman, George Gray, is sticking up to Esther Clare, the young milliner. She works in the room next to us ladies. I suppose we shall hear of a marriage coming off soon; but, as I told her, she is very foolish. Families will come, you know, Mrs. Thornley—short wages—children and bread-and-butter, all day long. I like to make everybody happy.

Enter DOGNOSE, D. in F.

Well, I declare, if here ain't Mr. Dognose!

Dog. [R. c.] Good evening, all!

Ruth. Why do I dread the presence of that man?

Dog. I'm glad to find you here. I've been waiting for you. You know that job's to come off to-night.

Ruth. Business to-night! it can't be connected with the factory. You are not going out, Richard?

Thor. No, no; I have no wish.

Dog. [*Aside.*] But I have, and it's necessary—you've got a chance in the stakes. Come down, and know the worst. We shall meet some prime fellows there. Come!

Thor. No, no, let me stay here; I have promised.—You can return, and let me know.

Dog. I can't and won't go without you; recollect that—

Thor. Hush! hush! my wife observes.

[*Aside.*

Dog. As you are so frightened of her, take care I don't frighten her more.

[*Aside.*

Ruth. What can this mean?

Kitty. Well, I must say it's not over-polite to be whispering in presence of ladies; however, I won't be a tax upon anybody. Talking of taxes, the broker's man says *this neighbourhood's* terribly behind, both in rent and

taxes; and that as to-morrow's quarter-day, some of 'em had better look out. He says they've had warning by letter. I like to make everybody happy.

Ruth. That reminds me!—the letter of yesterday—why did Richard conceal it from me?

Dog. You hear and know. I don't suppose, after that, you'll lose the chance of making some money. That sum would make you square. Think! for the time flies.

Kitty. Well, it don't appear that I'm an object of interest here, so I may as well take my departure. Certain persons might offer, if they liked, to see certain persons home; but there's no gallantry in these parts. Good night, Mr. Thornley—good night; glad to see you all so well. Good night, Mr. —

Dog. Oh, good night!

Kitty. Ah! I shall live to see that man discharged, Mrs. T. Between ourselves, I've heard that man drinks awful. I like to make everybody happy. [*Goes to door.*]—Mercy on me! there's a little girl leaning out of window; she'll fall, to a certainty. Mr. —, your child's falling out of window. I like to make everybody happy.

[*Exit, D. in F.*]

Dog. Are you resolved?

Thor. Yes, it must be. [*Takes up hat.*] Wife, I must go out.

Ruth. At this hour, Richard?

Dog. Why, it's an unexpected matter up at the factory; will put money in his pocket.

Ruth. Richard, tell me, is it indeed to the factory you're going?

Thor. Yes. Why should you doubt?

Ruth. Enough—I will take your word, for you never deceived me.

Dog. Pity you didn't ask that party to stay with your good lady; but, however, we shan't be long.

Ruth. When may I expect you to return?

Dog. Oh, in an hour! The sooner we go, the sooner we shall be back. Come! don't look so glum; I know it's unpleasant to leave one's home, and the faces that make it so bright and cheering; but business, you know, Mrs. Thornley, must be looked to. Here, take a glass to keep out the cold.

use of talking about being contented with your situation, if your situation ain't worth nothing. I never was cut out for this line o' life; I'm too haspiring—the field and the fancy's my idea. I don't mean the field of Waterloo, or any of them millingtary romantic places, but the turf and the glorious horse-racing—that's my idea; and when I alludes to a ring, I don't mean that little gold hoop that takes man in execution of life, but the noble art of self-defence. Matrimony's all very well, but it's nothing without the mopusses! I want an heiress—and why not?—Sometimes heiresses go off with tall footmen, and why not with a middle-sized pot-boy? But such is life! Pot-boys don't go off so well as they did; the servant-girls looks arter the police now—they areas is the ruin of the force, and the cold meat's their destruction. Well, I've taken the favourite against the field, and if the favourite don't turn up trumps, I shall be very much against the field, indeed! Beer, oh!

Enter BINKS, L. H.

Well, 242, how do you bring it in?

Bink. What's that to you?

[*Crosses, R.*

Cod. I'll tell you what it is to me—there's a certain young girl as crosses this square, morning and evening; now I've got a certain eye in that quarter, and as I leave you all the run of the servant gals, which has been the pot-boy's right from time immemorial, I hopes you won't act ungrateful.

Bink. What do you mean?

Cod. Why, if I catches your eye any more in that direction, the eye of the gallant and active officer, 242, is likely to be put to a little inconvenience.

[*Squares.*

Bink. Don't you threaten, my lad, or else I may put you to a little inconvenience. Go on with your beer.

Cod. And go on with your beat. I won't bring you out your half-pint when the house is closed, so you can save yourself the trouble of knocking.

Bink. I've got an eye upon your house; I advise you to look out for licensing day. Mind you're not found out.

Cod. And I advise the proprietors of areas to look out for their cooks, and lock their coal-cellars. I take a chalk there, I believe. Go on again.

Bink. Never mind, we shall see who's right. [*A scream.*]

Cod. There, you're wanted.

Bink. It ain't on my beat.

[*Exit, L.*]

Cod. The odds'll be in my favour yet, old feller! I don't much like that eye of his being on our house, for there's a till there that I've looked upon as a sort of loan society; and unless this favourite business turns up trumps, I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to return any instalments. But such is life. Beer, oh! I must hope for the best; and as a man that ain't married is a sort of Robinson Crusoe on a desolate Island, if a heiress don't turn up, I must be content with Kitty Crump. That's what I call combining arithmetic with worldly policy. Beer, oh! [*Exit, L.*]

Enter ESTHER, R.

Esth. I have at length eluded him. I was compelled to seek refuge in a shop, to avoid him. Why am I persecuted thus? for the last week he has followed me. I feared to mention it to George. Heavens! here again!

[*Going; is stopped by Hounslow, R.*]

Hou. So, I have you again, my sweet girl. Why do you avoid me thus?

Esth. Your attentions, sir, are unpleasant. My conduct to you must have sufficiently expressed my dislike. I beseech you, leave me.

Hou. My dear, I am a gentleman, and therefore—

Esth. Your actions are not those of one, or you would allow me to pursue my way unmolested.

Hou. Am I then so terrible in appearance, that it causes you to behave thus? Let me explain my intentions: you have fascinated me—I love you—I am rich, you (excuse me) are poor.

Esth. And for that reason you insult me. You call yourself a gentleman—are your actions like one? Let me pass.

Hou. Not yet. Scold as you will, I have (whatever my qualifications may be) sufficient discernment to admire a pretty face when I see it. As I said before, I am rich—can offer you a carriage, jewels, and—

Esth. The name of wife? No, you would make me one of those who, too late repenting, untimely die neglected and forgotten. Go from me, sir; humble and hard as my lot

is, I prefer it to all the allurements of the gauds you offer—which dazzle but to betray. *[Crosses, R.]*

Hou. No, no, we don't part so. I don't think you can refuse me a kiss, at any rate, conscientiously.

Esth. I will again cry for help to those who will resent it. *[Struggling.]*

Hou. Do so; but it is fortunate that there is no one by to resent it. *[Endeavours to kiss her. GEORGE enters, turns her suddenly from him, and stands in c.]*

Geo. You are mistaken; there is one who will not only do that, but, if necessary, punish.

Esth. George!

Geor. Don't be alarmed; I shall not suffer my anger to get the better of my reason. Harkye, sir! this young girl is betrothed to me, and though humble in circumstances, has no right to submit to insult; but rather, as a woman, should be protected, even by those who are supposed to set the example to the humble classes as a pattern of conduct, and invariably forget to do it. You rail at our behaviour, but do you ever look upon your own? Oh, no; all that you and such as you do is just and proper; but what the hard-working artisan does is very bad indeed.

Hou. I am decidedly getting the worst of this. Have you done?

Geor. I have—and shall merely content myself by adding, that having now found that she has a protector, you will probably be more guarded in your conduct, not only to her, but to others, lest you receive that punishment which you have deserved, but fortunately escaped.

[Crosses. Exit with Esther, L.]

Hou. I've decidedly got the worst of this. I must find out who my young spark is. I will be even with him yet. I have persevered strongly for a whole week, and to no purpose, it appears. Well, the wine I drank at the tavern may have fired my blood, and carried me too far; I must now strive to obliterate the sting of my defeat.

[Exit, L.]

SCENE III.—*Parlour at the "High Mettled Racer."*

DOGNOSE, RICHARD, TYKE, and MEADOWS, at cards; others looking on.

Dog. That's mine!

Thor. Ill luck! nothing but ill luck!

Dog. Come, another game! Recollect to-morrow.

Thor. Right. [*Clock strikes twelve.*] Do you hear that!

Dog. Well, twelve o'clock; what of it?

[*Comes down front.*]

Thor. What of it? A world to me! We have been here four hours.

Dog. Well!

Thor. I promised to return in an hour.

Dog. What of that?

Thor. I'll tell you what of that! I have done to-night what I never did in my life before—stayed away from my home; I have kept *her* waiting, and watching; “listening to every foot-fall, and I can see her disappointment as plainly as if she now stood before me—I can see her watching the hands of the clock, and the minutes, to her, drag along so slowly, they seem hours; she gazes upon the light before her—to her, it burns more dimly than ever she has noticed it before; perhaps, for a moment, she feels overcome by sleep, but she wakes up, and suddenly again looks upon the hour;” she thinks of rest, but she feels that she cannot sleep—her thoughts are elsewhere—she’s thinking of her husband, of the father of her children, and where is he? Oh! where!

[*Goes up to table, and falls in chair.*]

Dog. Just ring the bell, will you. Cards is very exciting, and losing puts the nerves out of order.

Enter CODDLES, L.

Cod. Now, then, if there’s any further orders, you must give ’em now, or else have ’em at the bar.

Dog. Well, fill these measures again.

Cod. Yes, but who’s to pay? You know he’s parted with his last shilling. Master’s lent him a pound—and—

Dog. What are you talking about? do you think we can’t pay?

Tyke and Mead. Ay! ay!

Cod. I see, you are the winners. My eye, if the favourite against the field don’t come off the winner, what’ll become of me?

Thor. Who’s that spoke about the last shilling?

Cod. Why, I did, merely because there happened to be

a recruiting sergeant at the bar, ready for any active young men—nice interesting young men, they look like, too—coloured, and very nice work they seem to execute among Turks and other foreigners, if you may believe the engravings.

Dog. Nice designs, I think.

Cod. Very ! Traps for the youth that don't know what to do for himself ; but I'm not to be taken in by your penny plain, and twopence coloured ; but sitch is life !

[*Exit, L.*

Dog. Come, I say, rouse up ; another game ! I don't like the idea of giving them the chance of going off winners—think of to-morrow.

Thor. I do, I do ; but I think more of her, and of the life I told.

Dog. Bah ! it's only one in the way ; if there's a storm, it'll soon blow over. Play again, and see if luck will turn.

Thor. I have nothing left.

Dog. Yes, there's your watch ; play, and go in for all you know.

Thor. I know too much.

Enter CODDLES, with beer.

Cod. Now, the beer ? [*Dognose about to take it.*] But first the money.

Dog. You needn't be so fast—there's my last.

[*Gives it.*

Cod. What a chance for the sergeant !

Dog. Have a drink. [*Hands Richard the pot.*] Come, see 'em again ; 'tis our last hope, gents ; we—we're cleaned out, but will play for this. [*Shows watch.*

Tyke and Mead. As you like !

[*Dognose forces Richard in chair ; they play.*

Cod. Well, as I'm a bit of a sporting character, I must go in here. I'll take the odds against you.

Tyke. Done !

Cod. Half-a-crown to a shilling, and stakes down—very near the last with me ; I shall have to go to that till again. [*They play.*] Ullo ! here's the sergeant turning out of the bar-parlour. Oh ! cri', and here's George, the sentimental gent who never calls for anything but half a pint

of porter, and never by no means offers to treat
There's the swell, too—and ain't he been going
the port-wine, neither !

Enter GRAY, followed by HOUNSLOW and SEREN.

Hou. That's my man. [*Points to G*

Cran. I understand—good figure, and just ab
standard measure. Brandy-and-water here, [*Cod*
L.] very strong !

Cod. Very strong ! Oh yes ! we always makes
cious strong after twelve ; but I suppose as it's for
must be pretty decent ; strong, I think you said ? [

Geor. [*Who has been looking at Richard.*] Ric
have been watching you for the last few minutes, a
surprise ; you have no business here at this hour ;
entreat you to go home.

Dog. Let him alone ; he must finish the game.

Geor. Again, I say, he has no right to be here.

Dog. Neither have you.

Geor. Nor should I have been, had I not learnt
he was ; it was the wish to serve *him*, as well a
about him, which induced me to come here.

Dog. You're very virtuous, I dare say. He's
satisfied with the company he's in, ain't you, Richa

Rich. Of course I am ; he wouldn't drink with
evening, and you can't call that man your frie
won't drink with you.

Dog. Oh ! no, of course not. This hand will de

Enter CODDLES, with brandy-and-water, L.

Cod. The brandy-and-water

Geor. Lost, unhappy man !

Hou. I beg your pardon ; we had some words to

Cran. Come, drink; you'll not refuse an old soldier—
one who has had the honour of being on the field of Waterloo, and of serving her Majesty upon many other memorable occasions?

Geor. Well, I bear no malice; I will not refuse to drink.

Cran. Stop! a loyal toast: "Confusion to our enemies, and may the hour never arrive when they can rise up against us!"

[*George drinks.*]

Cod. And here's "Success to all pot-boys;" and if the hour grows much later, he'll not be able to rise at all.

Thor. Lost! [*Throws down cards.*] All gone! I am a beggar! Fool! villain!

Geor. All reasoning now with the past is useless; let me entreat you to go home.

Thor. Home! the drunkard has no home. I—I haven't now a shilling in the world, nor a friend to give me one; you can't [*To Dognose*], you won't [*To George*]; and those who gathered round me in my prosperity, won't know me now.

Geor. Had I the means, I would convince you to the contrary; but to-morrow—

How. Now's your time—fortunate chance. [*To Crank.*]

Cran. [*Advances.*] What! it never shall be said that a man in my company wanted a shilling; take it, in the Queen's name. [*Presses it into his hand.*] I love the youth of Great Britain too well to insult them—Heaven bless them!

Geor. Take it, Richard.

Thor. No, I won't; let me go. I have lost all; show me the way to that place which was once a home of joy, which now I have made wretched; let me go, or I shall do somebody a mischief, for my heart's on fire, and my brain—Let me go!

[*Staggered off, l.*]

Geor. I will go with you. He is incapable of assisting himself.

Cran. Stop! Where shall I find you in the morning?

Geor. For why?

Cran. Because you are the Queen's man—you are enlisted.

Geor. I?

Cran. Didn't you take the money? your mistress now
s *Glory.*

Hoa. I saw him give the money, which you accepted.
Geor. Villain! this is your work; detain me at your peril. [*Rushes at Hounslow—Crank seizes him—Bus. closed in.*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter SPIKE, L.

Spike. Up and stirring with the lark; this is as it should be. Here, Tom Ex!

Enter TOM, L.

Now, Tom, you keep your eye continually on No. 9, and go in with the milk—that is to say, when they open the door, which they're safe to do, to take in the milk, you introduce yourself—you understand?

Tom. Yes, sir.

Spike. You ought to have been in 13, long ago.

Tom. Yes, sir, but No. 13's artful; they look out o'the winder, and won't open the door.

Spike. Did you try a postman's knock at a late hour?

Tom. Yes, and was hansered through the keyhole.

Spike. Well, what came of the keyhole?

Tom. Why, they said if I had a letter, I must put it under the door.

Spike. It's the most artful village I ever had dealings with; they get into debt, and defy the law. Why, there's one man had the impudence to tell me he had received summonses enough to paper a room, and intended to do it. You must get up an accident at 13, watch the husband out, then tell them he's run over, or fell from a ladder. We must get possession.

Tom. Then I'll try No. 9 first.

Spike. We shall astonish the neighbourhood to-day—four possessions and one seizure. How about No. 8 next street?

Tom. No. 8 died last night.

Spike. Well, he might have settled his accounts first, and expired with honesty and propriety. What did he die of?

Tom. Why, his wife said the thought of an execution upon his goods broke his heart.

Spike. Pooh! an execution is just the sort of thing to

makes a man lively, and exert himself. And, la! how they do cry! I shouldn't be surprised to hear, some day, of a large family getting up such an extensive flood of tears as to drown the broker. The fact is, poor people are a damned nuisance. Let me see—S, 13, 14—four possessions, one seizure. How about 6, next street?

Tom. No. 6, in the next street, disappeared in the middle of the night.

Spike. And cheated us of the levy? Very well! mind, when we make the next levy, we'll make up for the losses. There goes the milk. [*Looks off; R.*] Now, away with you; secure No. 9, and I shall be happy. [*Exit Tom, R.*] I'll astonish the neighbourhood to-day. Let me see.

[*Looks at memorandum book.*]

Enter DOGNOSE, L.

Dog. Broad daylight, eh! A nice night's work we've made of it. I've come off pretty tidy, but I've had hard work for it. Well, a silver watch is worth having.

Spike. Hollo, no. 14, is that you?

Dog. What of that?

Spike. Death'll be busy among your ranks; the sworn broker's amongst you. Why don't you act like a gentleman, and let me put the man in? see how he's been waiting about in the cold; you should have compassion. But I don't think, after all, 14, that you're such a bad man as you've been represented. Can't we come to some little arrangement about that silver watch? The brokers are open to all, influenced by none.

Dog. Maybe.

Spike. Now, let me have it; let it go off the rent, and appear in the eyes of your neighbours with all that magnanimity which paying your way inspires. Give me the watch, and keep open your street-door like a free man; turn virtuous, and die a respected father.

Dog. I can't, because I don't happen to be one.

Spike. But you have the watch.

Dog. And intend to keep it.

Spike. You'll come to be hanged; a man that don't pay his rent can never expect to prosper. No. 14, just wait till I get in possession; I don't wish to make myself unpleasant.

Dog. But when you meet with anything unpleasant, do as I do.

Spike. What's that?

Dog. Avoid it.

[*Exit, L.*]

Spike. He'll decidedly come to be hanged. "Only let me get my executions settled, and then I can go home to breakfast comfortably."

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same as Scene I.*

TABLEAU NO. 2.—*He is Discharged for Drunkenness.*

RUTH, CHILD *with bottle*, RICHARD *in chair*.

Ruth. Ellen, [*Giving frock*,] this dress you will take to—(Oh! that it should come to this!)—to that shop; they will lend you money upon it. There's not a shilling in the house, and you, my poor children, must not go without your breakfast.

Ellen. And the bottle, mother, which father bade me take—

Thor. Must be filled! it must; if you raise money for one thing, you can for the other.

Ruth. Go, child, go; it's useless to reprove or argue now—go, child; and you take your sister into the other room. [*Exit Ellen, D. in F. Boy takes Sister off, L.—Ruth falls in chair, and sobs.*]

Thor. Ruth, is that you again? what are you crying for?

Ruth. Richard, how are we to live?

Thor. Live! why, the same as we always did.

Ruth. I cannot reason with you, for reason has fled its seat, and nothing but corrupt and hideous matters now find place in your bewildered brain.

Thor. What is the time?

Ruth. The hour is considerably past.

[*Bitterly.*]

Thor. Well, at any rate, I have returned—

Ruth. To find your situation lost, your wife and family penniless.

Thor. 'Tis false!

Ruth. It is too true; all who were not there when the bell rang, were discharged; one or two passed by this door, and mentioned your name derisively, as one who

would suffer with them. And, oh ! how, all the live-long night, have I alternately prayed and watched your coming, and as it faded away, and the first blush of morning beamed through the shutters, its faint and sickly light made me sadder still ; yet I watched on, until it became broad day. What then met my gaze ? not the husband of former days, but one so degraded, that I almost blush to look upon him.

Thor. Well, well, let it pass ; there's annoyance enough. Where's the bottle ? that's pleasant, and, in trouble, one's only friend.

Ruth. Alas ! alas ! where shall we find friends now.

[*Sobs.*

Thor. Go on, cry away ! make bad worse ; but where I go, there's none of this—no tears—all's life and jollity ; and when the glass goes round—Drink, drink ! why don't I have it ?

Enter ESTHER, D. in F.

Esth. Ruth, dearest Ruth, I scarcely know how to address you, but—

Ruth. Hush ! speak lower ; he is asleep, and sleep may prove beneficial.

Esth. I wanted to speak to him, for George, who was last night in his company, has not yet returned ; they were seen together at the public house.

Ruth. Another !

Esth. How wild you gaze, Ruth ! what has happened ?—no quarrel, I hope ? No, that couldn't be, for he was ever a good man and a kind father.

Ruth. Esther, the drunkard can never be either. You are yet young ; if George was there last night, shun him now, as you would a pestilence. When once the fatal love of drink seizes upon the mind, all that is good and pure fades beneath the one absorbing passion, as the chill and sudden frost will blight the early flower ; go, and avoid him, or your home will be made desolate as mine.

Esth. Your home ?

Ruth. Yes, look there. [*Points to Richard.*] Bad advisers have helped him to this, but who will aid us now with friendly counsel ? Again, I warn you of George Gray !

Thor. [*Rising.*] Who wants to know about George Gray ? I can tell you ; he—he has enlisted.

Esth. Enlisted!—impossible!

Thor. Oh, no, it's true enough, and sergeant wouldn't let him go, neither. Come, wife, come; I'm getting all right again—let's have no more quarreling; I'll go and make it all right at the factory, and then we'll be as happy as ever.

Ruth. No, Richard, our future happiness depends upon your renouncing—

Enter ELLEN, with bottle, D. in F.

Thor. The bottle! well, I'll only take a glass now and then; but I want one now, to cheer me up.

Enter TOM, with warrant.

What may you want, pray?

Tom. This paper will explain.

Ruth. [*Snatches it.*] What is this?

Tom. An execution for rent.

Thor. Who has done this?

Ruth. This—the bottle!

[*Tableau closed in.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Front Street.*

Enter KITTY and CODDLES, R.

Kitty. Here's nice goings on; one would fancy we were living near the Old Bailey, the executions are so busy. Well, certainly I am surprised at the Thornleys, upright, straightforward people as they seemed to be; but there's no telling anybody now-a-days, is there, Coddles? You don't seem to be particularly lively—I like to make people happy.

Cod. No—such is life! Kitty, there has been a sort of an affection sprung up between us. Have you invested money anywhere?

Kitty. Well, I think that's a question which ought to come from me. What's he aiming at? I like to make everybody happy. I haven't!

Cod. Thankye, you've quietly murdered me.

Kitty. What, after I've expressed an affection for you, do you dare tell me that I've quietly murdered you?

Cod. That's all right enough; we've all affections—some one way, some another; before I saw you, I had placed my affections upon a till.

Kitty. And who was she?

Cod. It ain't a she at all—it's a sort of what-to-avoid kind o' thing, but I couldn't; whenever I've had a go at the *field*, I've always *tilled* it, and it's likely to prove very *harrowing* to my feelings.

Kitty. What do you mean?

Cod. Embrace me!

Kitty. Do what?

Cod. Embrace me, being positively the last appearance of Mr. Coddles in that character.

Kitty. I can't understand you.

Cod. Well, say nothing to Binks; stick to your shoe-binding, and prosper.

Kitty. But where are you going?

Cod. I don't know. Remember, I always did the friendly thing with the half-quarterns; and when you're indulging in that liquid, perhaps you'll think of Coddles. Binks, the officer, is handy.

Kitty. Ah! you're a *weak-minded* man.

Cod. Well, I may be *weak*, and for that reason, I leave you to the *force*. [Exit, L.]

Kitty. Well, anything in the shape of a man is better than none at all; but for the present, Kitty, your visions of matrimony are all knocked on the head. Never mind, if I can't be happy myself, I'll go and enjoy myself with the miseries of others. I have not lost much in Mr. Coddles, for he had nothing—take nothing from nothing, and nothing remains. Binks has a pound a week, and that's consoling. [Exit, R.]

SCENE VII.—Same as Scene I.

TABLEAU No. 3.—“*An Execution sweeps off the greater portion of their Furniture.*”

SPIKE, TOM, MAN, THORNLEY, *sipping from glass*. RUTH, CHILDREN.

Ruth. Take this away, girl; already it's intoxicating influence stupifies; another glass will sink the man to a level with the brute.

[Gives bottle to Ellen, who takes it back.]

Spike. [Reading.] *Let's see! chest of drawers, eight-day clock, table, mattress, bed, bedstead, small ditto.*

Ruth. You will, perhaps, for the poor children's sake, leave me the little bedstead, will you not ?

Spike. Nonsense ! there's nothing obliging in law ; this is the way mothers spoil their children—too much indulgence ; let 'em sleep on the floor—make 'em hardy.—*[Reads.] Large Family Bible, tea caddy—no real plates, I think—no, only delph—hearth-rug, and picture of village church.* Umph ! not a Claude or a Reubens—no rising artist—juvenile effort—sell for a shilling.

Ruth. I must beg of you not to take that ; it is the picture of the village church where I worshipped as a girl, that saw me wedded in my womanhood ; there are a thousand dear recollections connected with it, humble though they be. There was a meadow close by, over whose green turf I have often wandered, and spent many happy hours, when a laughing, merry child ; and dearer far is it to me, for beneath a rude mound in that sad resting-place, poor father and mother lie. You won't refuse me the picture ?

Spike. Well, it ain't worth much, certainly ; but you women are such rum'uns, you are. You wouldn't believe it, but one woman begged and prayed for a set of fire-irons, and because I wouldn't let her have 'em, positively fainted. Such funny fancies ! One—let's see—I think we've got all—yes—nice healthy seizure this—no rows—not too many tears. This is what I like—it makes things go off so pleasant. Is the cart ready ?

Tom. All right, sir.

Spike. Now, we'll go to No. 13.

Thor. Stop ! you don't go yet ; I heard my wife ask for a small trifle, which you didn't choose to give her ; now, I've a fancy for that, myself, and I'll see thee damned before you lay a finger on it. *[Snatches picture from Spike.]*

Spike. *[Retreating.]* Ullo ! here, I say, young feller, let's have peace and quietness—no damned nonsense.—Come, let's have it back.

Thor. Touch it, and I'll brain you.

[Raises picture to strike him, when MR. MOREWORTH enters, D. in F. THORNLEY drops picture, and stands abashed.]

Mr. Moreworth !

More. Yes, unhappy man ; " I can feel no pity for you.

"To-morrow, you would be without a meal; and I have
"come to render you assistance." Take this. [*Gives purse.*]
A family should not be made to suffer for the bad conduct
of one undeserving the name of father.

[*Ruth kisses his hand; Richard sinks into a chair.*]

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

A lapse of three years takes place.

SCENE I.—*A street. Public-house, L., adjoining a Church-
yard.*

PLATE IV. REALISED.—"*He still supplies the bottle.*"

Ruth. And is it thus you employ the means of benevo-
lence? *Richard*, reflect.

Rich. Reflect! I can't—I darn't; there is no comfort
left me now in my sorrow, but this.

[*Putting bottle into pocket.*]

Ruth. Oh, heaven! that ever my children should come
to this: "I thought to have seen them clinging around
"our hearth, when age had peacefully stolen upon us, and
"that they, thriving in the world, would serve to brighten
"it; but all now has faded." The prospect, once so joy-
ous, has grown dim and dark, and we may read our fate
in the once green leaves that now fall seared and yellow
from the tree.

Rich. Ah! you always look on the wrong side of things
—always did. I offer you that which would cheer you—
it always drives away the blues—but I can't persuade you.
Oh, no! you might be happy, but you won't.

Ruth. Happy! look there. [*Points to children.*] "Go
"back to the days when industry brought content, and
"every face in our humble dwelling wore a smile,—for
"love and esteem were deeply implanted in the hearts of
"its inmates; and so years rolled on, and then came, like
"the mildew on the corn, the fatal drink. Slowly, but
"surely, was its progress: the man from whose lips a

"cross word had never fallen, grew angry and excited—the children, whose caresses ever met with smiles, received harsh treatment, and at length blows, and the broken-hearted wife neglect. So, steeped in poverty, the home became a wreck, and the streets at length their refuge." Happy! look at the boy who clung to your knee, the girl who fondled you, and the mother who reared them—and read an answer in their rags.

Rich. [*Soothingly.*] Now, what have I done?

Ruth. [*Pointing.*] Look.

Rich. I can't stand this, and I won't; if we are in trouble, things may mend, and you should strive to think so. Instead of trying to console one, you try by every means to add to our miseries; but I have a friend here, who defies all the ill-usage in the world, that's one comfort.

Ruth. For a time, Richard, it may; but the day will come when the charm will be destroyed. Its career is marked by sickness and death—early death. The fevered lip and the pallid cheek already proclaim its influence; and oh! when the fatal hour arrives, what will become of me, and these poor wretched children? If your heart be not deadened to remorse, think, oh! think of them, helpless, friendless, alone!

Rich. Well, I have thought. The girl, she's comely, and can go into servitude; and as for the boy, why my old pal, Dognose, he's bringing him up to a profitable business.

Ruth. "Servitude for her? she is too young for servitude, Richard;" but for the boy, I must learn the nature of the employment he has to offer: coming from such hands as his, it can be of little good, and I will not have him made the companion of a dishonest man.

Rich. Go on—crush every effort I make to better our condition, do. What is it to you, so that he earns money?

Ruth. Nothing, so that it be earned honestly.

Rich. And why should you doubt?

Ruth. Have I not cause to doubt the actions of a man who first led you by his pernicious counsels to this fell misery? Look at his companions! who are they?—men shunned and avoided. Richard, as yet we are unstained by guilt; add but that, and our ruin is complete.

Rich. You talk of others; what are we? Can we mix with the fine-dressed, or your honest people? You rail at this life, and check every effort to improve it; but my mind's made up, and nothing you can say will alter it.

Ellen and Joe. Father! mother! we are hungry.

Ruth. Yes, yes, you have some money.

Rich. No, I have none; 'tis spent—gone—

Ruth. Great Heaven! and that which the hand of charity bestowed, has gone to the accursed monster Drink! Oh! but for my children, would I were laid in the cold, still grave. [Weeps.

Rich. Harkye—if they want food, let them beg for it.

Ruth. Richard, with that word you have withered every hope—all, all is fled, and your only love is there. Oh, heaven! what will become of us!

[Leans against house for support.

Enter SPIKE, R.

Ellen and Joe. Charity, charity! we are hungry.

Rich. Yes—for one who has seen better days.

Spike. Charity, pooh! "Charity from me, when there's workhouses and refuges, and I don't know how many other benevolent institutions, for such as you. "What an ungrateful set poor people are! The nation builds palaces for them, and washes them, and then they won't go. No! they prefer going past and grinning at 'em." Go and apply at the workhouse,—and break stones—and think how comfortable you'll feel when you reflect how many rich and great people—ay! even nobility—are constantly passing over the efforts of your industry.

Rich. That voice! oh, it's you, is it? I thought that we had met before. I know you.

Spike. Know me! I've no acquaintance in your style, I assure you; and don't know me too much, or else perhaps you will have to know a policeman!

Rich. Of course; to gaol with the beggar; spurn him, crush him, avoid him as you would a reptile—anything to get rid of him. Some years since you wouldn't have so spoken—you wouldn't have dared.

Spike. You must have been a very different kind of man then.

Rich. I was, indeed; but don't rake up the past—it lays too heavy on the brain—don't, it might madden. Well, one false step brought misery to me and mine; that misery you completed.

Spike. Me, my good man? your'e mistaken; the little bits of friendly things I do in the shape of seizures, are always executed by me in a legal, benevolent manner. I meet with a few tears now and then, to be sure, when all the goods are going; but I give them a patronizing look, and tell 'em to brush up and be plucky. Completing misery, indeed! Come, I like that.

Rich. I say completed it, for you swept away all, and left me bare walls. That was the deepest blow, and I never got over it. I thought and thought, and grew sick at heart, and fancy was busy with me, and I drank to drown care, and the spirit of industry fled from me. Well, I am Richard Thornley.

Spike. Bless me! dear, dear! the fine moral man of former days, and the virtuous father become—

Rich. What you see—now not ashamed to ask charity of the passer-by. Come, you knew me once; help me, for the memory of old days.

Ruth. If not—for—for my children's sake!

Spike. I don't know how it is, but poor people will have children; that, to me, is one of the mysteries of London. But I say, these sports and pastimes of the people of England, this begging business, is dangerous. The police have strict injunctions, and the Mendicity are all alive, oh!

Rich. Well, that's my affair. I ask for aid; give something, if it's only a trifle.

Spike. That's exactly what they say, when I've got a little friendly seize: you won't take such a trifle, and this is but a trifle, and so on; but these trifles mount up. I'll tell you what I must do, I must give you an out-door ticket: soup always ready—blankets in winter—coals—sometimes money, perhaps. Call on me.

Ruth. Something now, for their sakes; think if a like calamity crept into your happy home, and made it desolate, what would be your feelings. Think of this helpless little one, whose wasted arms enfold me—starving and cold—think, and pity.

Spike. I do believe that women were expressly invented for the annoyance of men of business, and brokers in particular; as for children, they're the scarlet runners of human life, and they spring up as fast. You don't contract any rent now, I hope? [*Richard sighs.*] No, of course not. Prudent, too—nothing like honesty—die rather than deceive a landlord, or annoy a broker; the streets and magnanimity—hospitality and the workhouse. [*Feeling in his pockets.*] There! I've dodged up a little fourpenny for you!

Rich. Thankye! should you be passing yonder, at Ivy-buildings, we just lodge there; and if you can help us, why—

Spike. Ivy-buildings—I know, and a rare old plant it is—nothing green but the name, in that delightful locality. Boarded and bedded at a great reduction of prices, from the fourpenny wedded pair to the twopenny single man—the whole under the direction of Mrs. Wolfe—entire change of inhabitants each evening; I know, and as I expect shortly to make my first appearance there, I calculate upon a row in the Buildings. Well! good day, go on and prosper.

[*Exit, L.*]

Rich. Little enough, but it will answer the purpose.

[*Going.*]

Ruth. Whither are you going?

Rich. To drown care—to kill that which I feel gnawing at my heart—to drive that from me which fires my brain, and makes it beat so madly. I go to fill the bottle.

Ruth. The children, Richard, the children!

Rich. I care not, the bottle must be filled.

[*Throws her from him, and rushes into the public-house.*]

Ruth. Heaven, help me! Heaven help me!

[*Leans for support against doorway.*]

Enter KITTY, L.

Kitty. La! bless me! how strange it is, that we can serve other people, and not ourselves; as for me, I'm totally neglected. Dear, dear! how that pound a week of Blinks' does haunt me!

Joe & Ellen. Mother! mother! [*Crowding round her.*]

Kitty. Heyday! why if that isn't the very party I was in search of! Ruth, Ruth; come, what ails you? Rouse up, as a good woman; I've such good news for you!

Ruth. I am afraid all good news for me will come too late. I have borne much, but 'tis over now, and I feel my heart is broken.

Kitty. Oh, nonsense! I've heard of a party in the next street who wants assistance, and can give you some needle-work; look, here's the address. [*Gives card.*] Now, go to her to-day; you don't know what it may lead to.

Ruth. You are very kind, but I have scarcely any spirits to undertake it; I feel now so forlorn and dejected, that every effort to restore me to myself seems vain.

Kitty. Yes, but you must rally, for your children's sake.

Ruth. For them—oh! yes, you are right, for their sakes I will, I must. Deadened as every feeling is now within me, I must not forget that I am a mother, and that it is a sacred duty to protect them to the last.

Kitty. And your husband, he—

Ruth. [*Sighs and points.*] There!

Kitty. The wretch! oh, these husbands! Well, if I had a man, I should like to have a gingerbread one, 'cause I could first play with, and then eat him afterwards. Oh, if, foolishly entertaining the thoughts of "persons about to marry," the pound a-week was to serve me so—oh! his face and eyes! I like to make everybody happy. But come, come, no more tears; do as I wish, and all may go well. You may again have the little joint on Sundays, and the comfortable family pudding.

Ruth. Well, well, I'll try; it is for this poor thing, and these helpless ones, that I shall pray to heaven to support me in my task. No drudgery, however menial, I would not cheerfully undertake for them, and them alone, for it would soothe my last bitter moments, to know and feel that I had done my duty to them as a mother.

Kitty. The recommending of this needlework has given me such a stitch, that— Oh! I like to make every body happy.

[*Cries.*]

Ruth. Don't give way to regret on my account; your words have inspired me with hope, and I feel better now, and stronger than I have done many a day.

Kitty. That's well; I do like to make everybody happy; and let us hope, too, that your husband may reform.

Ruth. Girl, a confirmed drunkard never reforms.

Kitty. Ah! well, well, perhaps it would be better to

leave him where he is. Come, leave this place. 'Tis a very cold and biting day; you all seem chilly, and I'll take you to a place where they sell the most delightful—*[Ruth shudders.]* Well, well, I forgot; however, I'll walk with you; there's no pride in me: I like to make everybody happy. Come along. *[Going.]*

Enter DOGNOSE, very shabby, R.

Dog. So, the very party I've been in search of! I thought I should light upon you somewhere. Joe, I want you.

Ruth. Want the boy? *[Clinging to him.]*

Dog. Yes, I've got a move a-foot, that'll change all our fortunes; we'll soon set aside those rags. This it is to have a brain.

Ruth. But how? how?

Dog. You'll excuse me, but I know women too well to trust 'em; this is a little private affair, that can't interest any but those concerned. It's a rare good thing, so let that satisfy you.

Ruth. It does not; and if it be so good, and you really mean to serve us, why conceal its nature?

Dog. That's our affair altogether. Where's Dick?

Ruth. Again, I ask you, what want you with the boy?

Dog. And again I say, I can't tell. Where's the father, boy?

Joe. There.

Dog. Of course—I need not ask. Here, Dick, Dick!

[Enters house.]

Kitty. Come, it's no use stopping here; let them go and sot together; you look after yourself—you'll get no good out of them.

Ruth. No, but I must know about him. What can he want? he is a bad man, and has ever held my husband in his toils, and I cannot go until I have learned.

Re-enter DOGNOSE, followed by RICHARD, greatly intoxicated.

Dog. You see, I point out a clear way of making money, and who can object to it? You don't—no; for you see yourself once again settled, and the little bits of sticks about you, and then once more you can hold the world but as the world, and so defy it.

Rich. Of course, of course ; do as you like. I know you wish to serve us all.

Dog. There, it's all settled. Don't be under any alarm ; I'm going to take him in hand a little while ; I've got a sort of errand boy's place for him, where he'll soon be well fed and clothed.

Ruth. Where is this place ? I claim a mother's right to know, and I must and will, before I part with him.

[*Holds him.*]

Dog. Will you be fed, or will you linger up and down the streets, cold and starving ?

Ned. No, I've had enough of that—I'll go with you.

[*Runs from Ruth to Dognose.*]

Dog. Come, boy—a fortune, and speedy !

Ruth. You shall not take him from me—you shall not—I'll die first.

Rich. Die, then !

[*Music. Throws her off ; she screams and falls. Richard staggers against the shop. Dognose, with a laugh, darts off with the boy.*]

Enter MOB, running R. and L., attracted by the scream, followed by BINKS.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CODDLES, with a Penny-pie Stall, L.

Cod. Here ye are—penny pies, all hot—veal, kidney, or fruit ; fine juicy confectionery, all hot. No bidders ! such is life ! Talk of the romances of real life, here you have it in Coddles ; Coddles, who has gone through a great deal, and is likely to go through a great deal more. Every thing's going to the dogs, and they do say that a good many of them animals come to me, but that's imperrance ; the real sonnamberlists, the cats, is set down as going the same journey likewise, which is neither moral nor proper. I think I shall retire from the meat line, and stick to the fruit : then they cannot make any remark—but I shouldn't care so much, if I could only sell them.—It's innovation that's ruined this business—the free trade, the unlimited baked potatoe, and everlasting ham sandwich ! And what's been the ruin of me ? Coddles, re-

flect:—betting, I believe, morally—*till*, I consider, properly; beer, I think, generally. As the beer has been to the betting, so has the till been to the pot-boy's destruction. Well, the betting business is as strong as ever, and that induced me to take to the pie line. I do a little on the quiet with the boys, in the juicy meat and fancy confectionery. Well, when things come to the worst, they say, they generally mend; as for mending, I'm mended all over. [*Shows dress torn.*] Ah! well, such is life. Now to look how my book stands. [*Takes one out.*] 'Tan't exactly a betting-book, but a sort of inweigler of the youthful branches. I do a little in the credit line. They say, trust not in woman; that's true, if there's a policeman in the case, or any millingtary; but, I say, trust not in boys, for I think they take a delight in doing the pie-man.

[*Looking over book.*]

Enter GEORGE GRAY, dressed as a Corporal, R.

Geor. How familiar all around is to me, and how many happy thoughts have been awakened as I passed by each well-known spot; but as yet I have seen no well-loved faces, met no old friends—for strangers dwell where I was ever a welcome guest. I thought, too, the old factory looked more black and grim than ever, and I saw none of my old industrious associates. To be sure, I have been some years away; many may have passed to their last home. Then I thought of her—what can have become of her? I have gone through a great deal, and what may not she have suffered? I must obtain some information, for I cannot bear this suspense. Perhaps this man—Hallo! pie-man!

Cod. That's me. All hot, all hot—veal or kidney—juicy meat and fancy confectionery. All hot, all hot!

Geor. Do you live about here?

Cod. Why, I can't say I *live*, but I go about here.

Geor. I want to ask you one or two questions, which you probably can answer. How goes on the factory?

Cod. Why, it don't go on at all; it's gone off—not like my pies, they always remain on hand. Take a kidney—

Geor. What do you mean?

Cod. Why, the old man's done—what I intend to do directly—*retired from business.*

Geor. And the factory men ?

Cod. Oh, they're all scattered here and there ; some are getting up in the world, and some poor fellows are down.

[*Points.*]

Geor. You remember, then, Thornley and Johnson ?

Cod. Thornley ! Oh, don't I !—don't everybody ! If the pie-man were as well known and remembered as he, what a flourishing trade he would drive. They call him the publicans' friend, and he's supported them so much, that he now needs support himself.

Geor. I feared this. Beggary, eh ?

Cod. Beggary—rags. Ah ! out of the whole lot of that factory, there were very few who turned out good for much. There was one exception—George Gray.

Geor. Ah ! you knew him ?

Cod. Knew him ! I believe you ; I was pot-boy and waiter at the "High Mettled Racer," the very night he was hoccussed.

Geor. What ?

Cod. Yes, hoccussed ; and through a little bit of spite, and for a little bit of money, they managed to get him enlisted.

Geor. You are a villain !

[*Seizes him.*]

Cod. No, I'm a pie-man. Hallo ! what's this for ?

Geor. I'll tell you : I am that George Gray, who has been banished, by foul means, for many a long year, from my own home, from those I loved. You assisted in this foul act : dare you—can you look me in the face ?

Cod. Yes, because I had no hand in it ; it was a mix-up between that swell and the sergeant, "one of the proprietors of those highly-coloured engravings, where a gentleman on horseback, quite pleasant and smiling, is killing every one about him, like one o'clock." It was their doing, not mine.

Geor. If I could believe you—

Cod. That's what I want—not only you, but everybody ; they won't believe in my pies. You can do me a service—try one, and if you meet anybody, recommend—"one trial is all we ask."

Geor. Well, be it as it may, let it pass : I am anxious only about the present. Tell me, there was a girl—one Esther Clare—I would know something of her.

Cod. Try a mutton. [*Offers pie; George turns from him.*]
No! Well, as for her, she cried a good deal when you went away; I think there was a little simmering of love, like my pies in the oven, when the heat moves the upper crust, eh?

Geor. Go on, go on.

Cod. Well, since then—

Geor. Yes—[*Eagerly.*] since then—

Cod. She has struggled on, and held life and soul together, by working hard and fast at the needle. It's a very small instrument, that, but it's astonishing how fine and gay it makes folks. "I have often thought whether any "of these grand people have an idea how many long, long "hours are consumed, and how many sleepless nights have "been past and spent, about the finery they wear. Oh, "no! they've got it, and they never bestow a thought upon "the maker." I am out very late, and when I have returned from my last round, I've seen the light in her window, and her shadow there, working away, night after night, and at an hour when everybody who had a bed had gone to it; and then I have said (that is, if I had sold all the pies): "Heaven bless you!—industry must thrive." But if I hadn't sold all the pies—

Geor. Well, if you hadn't—yes, yes—

Cod. Why, then, I used to say, "It's d—d hard; here am I, there is she; her fingers work, so do my legs:" "and "then I have thought, what a pity candles wasn't senti—"mental, or else they'd say something."

Geor. You—you can direct me—

Cod. Direct you—I'll show you—

Geor. Do, do; go and get yourself something to drink, and then—

[*Offers money.*]

Cod. Queen's man, eh! Oh! you don't do the pieman that way.

Geor. I don't want to enlist you.

Cod. Oh, then, give me the money, "if you like, but "not for drink. I've been in the business once, and I'm "afraid. Many and many a good fellow I've seen drop "off, through that same drink. First they'd come only "once a day, then two or three times, at last whole days; "and then came the crying wives, the ragged children, "and the man, who used to go neat and tidy, got shabbier

"and shabbier; and although (turning a deaf ear to the prayers of wife and children,) he has been turned into the streets, the next morning he has turned in again with the opening of the doors; all at once he has been missed—gone to some other house, perhaps; he has, his last—found dead in the streets. I have seen many an honest, industrious chap, clever at his business, led away like this. Drink's the beginning, and the undertaker is the finish; so I reflected, and said, if I must spend money, 'I'll do it another way.' I dar'n't enter a public house; the sight of a *till* would—La! bless me, I—well, I'll show you the way. Money, if you like, but no drink.

Geor. Here—[*Gives money,*—now, quick, for I'm all anxiety.

Cod. [*Taking it.*] A whole half-crown! Pies, perhaps, won't be out to-morrow; pies will probably see what's to be done in the betting way, and a shilling sweep is likely to come off, and a sixpenny Gravesend probable.

Geor. This way, did you say?

Cod. First to your left. How a man feels when he has money in his pocket! You won't try a mutton, will you! because to-morrow the juicy confectionary establishment will be closed. Last serenade—pies, all hot—this way.

[*George exits, followed by Coddles, l.*]

SCENE III.—*A neat but plain Apartment.—The Picture of the Village Churchyard, as in Act I, Scene I, hanging up.*

Enter ESTHER, (2d dress,) sewing.

Esther. This is weary work, hardly earned, badly paid, and wearily goes the time when there are none by to solace, to console. Poor George! I often think of him, and wonder if he ever bestows a thought upon her he once professed to love. Well, if he has forgotten me, I hope he may be happy. If he selects another, he will never get one to love him more fondly and truly than I did—never. [*Pausing in her work.*] But I must hasten on with my work. Weeks and weeks I have scarcely had any, and now it comes all at once—more than I can get through, and am now compelled to send for assistance. Work, work, work, and yet of no avail; it will not clear away

the poverty by which I am surrounded. . The dreadful threat of the few things I have got together being taken from me, the fear of being thrust forth homeless, checks every zealous intention, defies all industrial efforts. Well, well, I must try—still struggle on, still struggle on. [*She continues her work. A low gentle tap at the door.*] The landlady, perhaps? I must go and quiet her.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

D. in F. opens. Enter RUTH, timidly.

Ruth. I beg pardon, but I believe—no one here? This is the direction—yes. [*Looking at card.*] I hope they will not be long, for I left my poor child, sickly and ill. I fear—great powers! [*looking round the room*] what is here? [*Sees picture.*] That picture! Years have passed away since I gazed upon it, and the old, old scenes of joy and happiness, come back to me. Again I am wandering over the green turf—again I meet the companions of early days—again I see the old village church—the days that are past spring up again in all their brightness; but I do not meet *him* who led me there!—no—no—no! Why does it hang there, as if to remind me of the past, to tell me what I might have been? Why, why—

[*Staggers to chair, and weeps.*]

Re-enter ESTHER, R. H.

Esther. For the present I have quieted her. [*Ruth obs.*] What's this? A female here, and ill!

[*Hastens to her.*]

Ruth. I beg pardon, but I came to seek for work. I —[*Endeavouring to rise, falls back into chair.*] Oh!

Esther. You are very ill. [*Assisting her.*] That face! surely I know it; let me look once again. It cannot be! and yet the likeness—Ruth!

Ruth. [*Starts up.*] Who is it mentioned that name? It seems to conjure up all the bright and happy hours that are past, that never, never will return. [*Wildly.*] But I beg your pardon—I—I came to ask for work.

Esther. Ruth!

Ruth. Again! I have heard that voice before; I was sure of it; I know it now; let me look upon you; say, have we not met before?

Esther. Yes, in far happier days. I knew you when

your home was joyful. Many years have passed we have met, but I little thought, when I asked for a chance, that I should meet with you. Ah! Ruth, y much changed.

Ruth. I know—I know, all that you would say; a home once. You know what that home was myself I care nothing, but I have children; and I saw that picture, my heart warmed again, and I whisper hope. You spoke of happier days—the past.

Esther. Dear, dear Ruth, do not speak thus know not how glad I am to find that we meet once I never dreamt of seeing you again.

Ruth. Nor I, girl; I never dreamt that the sto adversity would fall so dark and heavily upon me; has come, it has. But that picture?

Esther. I bought it at a sale. I knew that it had been yours, and the recollection of the hours, the ones we had passed together, induced me to become purchaser; I bought it for your sake. Oh! Ruth, know not how it gladdens me to be enabled to render assistance. Here is some work, I can offer you. vens! how pale you look.

Ruth. Yes, I am ill, very ill, and the support we require will not be needed long; and then poor children, what will become of you?

Esther. Think for the best—take it.

Ruth. Bless you! bless you!

[Takes]

Enter SPIKE D. in F.

Spike. Stop, stop; I beg your pardon, but this n things off the premises ain't exactly what the law l

THE BOTTLE

that it's time for the broker to——Umph ! you understand.

Esther. If you allude to the trifle which I am indebted to you, I am now in possession of plenty of work, and in the course of a week——

Mrs. W. [*Crosses, c.*] Course of a fiddlestick ! Plenty of work, indeed ! there's no doubt of your getting it done, for it's going very fast. Money, marm, money ; that's what I want—that's what I will have. Why wasn't I told that you had plenty of work, as you term it, and that you intended to do the right thing ; but, oh no, such ladies as you must do as you like, and we poor landladies, of course, must suffer.

Spike. And to neglect a home, too, and such a home——every comfort !

Mrs. W. And getting out of one's bed, too, at five and six, and all hours, to call you ; running a risk of securing a cold for life, or, which might give one one's death ; it's too bad, it's shameful !

Spike. It's worse—it's base ingratitude ; but you can't do anything for poor people ; they will turn round and sting you. Shall I put the man in ?

Mrs. W. Yes ; and you put those things down. [*Crosses L. to Esther.*] Nice acquaintances you bring to genteel lodging-houses ; but you don't take that parcel with you, for all that.

Spike. Oh ! no ; linen at sevenpence a yard, at least, is not to be thrown away in that manner.

Esther. Speak as you will, she shall have it ; she has endured bitter misery, almost starvation ; she is an old, an early, but a valued friend, and she shall not suffer longer, if I can prevent it.

Mrs. W. What, threatened ! Do you hear ?

Spike. It's very fortunate that I just arrived in time.

Mrs. W. I can stand a good deal, but I can't stand this——insulted under my own roof. I've come to something ; however, this is the beginning and the end——can you pay ?

Esther. I have already told you. Do as you please, harsh and cruel as your proceedings will be, I fear not but that the same Providence who has so long watched over me, will not desert me now.

Ruth. And all this is through me ! Misery, misery,

wherever I go ; it has fallen heavily upon me. Why, oh ! why should I be doomed to bring it to others ?

Mrs. W. I don't want no tears, because that performance won't bring the money.

Spike. Of course not ; they always have the water-works ready in these cases. Ill just step across the street, and put a man in.

Enter KITTY, D. in F.

Kitty. Oh, Ruth ! Ruth ! I'm so glad I have found you.

Mrs. W. More early friends, I suppose. We shall have the whole parish here, directly.

Ruth. You are agitated—pale ; speak, speak !

Kitty. You're wanted at home immediately ; I cannot, I dare not tell you what for. I have been searching for you for two hours ; but, go, go—lose not a moment, or you may be too late.

Ruth. Too late ! those words imply—It is death.

Kitty. No, no ; let's hope for the best—go, go.

Ruth. I see, I know ; it is death. Oh ! would to heaven it had come here !

[Rushes out, D. in F.]

Kitty. And, now, who was it that said something about early friends, and the whole of the parish ? I like to make everybody happy.

Spike. Why, this lady observed—

Kitty. Oh ! pray what brings you here ?

Spike. What, me ? Oh, as for me, I'm going to put a man in.

Enter GEORGE GRAY, D. in F.

Geor. No, you are not ; it is more likely that I'm going to put one out. What is your demand ?

Mrs. W. Three pounds ten—a quarter's rent ; and, considering the accommodations, very cheap, too.

Geor. I will pay it.

All. You ?

Spike. I wish I had put the man in.

Esther. This kindness from a stranger !

Geor. Stranger no longer. Have a few years so changed me, that you do not recognise me ? *Esther,* have you forgotten me ?

Esther. Can it be ? What ! George Gray ?

Geor. The same George Gray, that ever said he loved you truly, and has now returned to prove it.

Kitty. Hurrah! And now, Mr. Spike, you may as well take yourself off the premises; instead of a man coming in, there's one to go out.

Mrs. W. Lor' bless me! Well, I do like to see people affectionate. Poor thing! well, I always pitied her.

Geor. She, thank Heaven, will not longer have need of pity; she has one who will protect her for the future, and shield her from all harm. Go, and learn this lesson: do as you would be done by; go, and repent.

[*He embraces her, and leads her off; Kitty exits, L., grinning.*]

Spike. I say, Mrs. Wolf, I shall look to you for my fees, because, thinking to get a broker out without his fees, is all damned nonsense. [*Exit, D. in F. Mrs. Wolf, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*A wretched Room.*

TABLEAU V.—“*The Dead Child.*”

Rich. Why do you take the glass from me!

Ruth. Look around. [*Points to coffin.*] There is my answer.

Rich. I know; but this is a time that one requires something. Taste a drop, Ruth.

Ruth. Why offer me that which has been our bane and curse? It has done its work well; it has brought death at last. Would it had come to me!

Rich. I must have some—I will; my dark thoughts are upon me again. If it was not for this, I'm sure I should go mad.

Ruth. Don't taste it; it has hurled you down to the direst poverty; it has brought starvation—death! Think what will be the end.

Rich. It is too late to think; my brain's on fire, so don't taunt me, don't, or I may do you a mischief. I must, I will have it! [*Drinks. A knocking.*] Who's there?

Enter DOGNOSE, D. in F.

Dog. It's only me. I'm sorry to see this trouble, but what must be, must. Better times will come.

Rich. To us—never!

Dog. Oh, yes, they will. Look here. [*Shows money.*

Rich. Ah! where got you that?

Dog. Oh, never mind where it came from; the sight of it does one's heart good, don't it? I say, haven't I kept my word?

Rich. You have, you have.

Dog. And the beauty of it is, there's plenty more of it to come from the same shop. I don't think your good lady will look quite so harshly upon me as she did, eh?

Rich. No, no; and to come at such a time, too, when we are penniless! Look up, Ruth. Children—yourself—all without food. He—he has brought assistance. Let the boy go and get something. You won't object to this being filled, just as it were to drink success to better times? [*Drawing out the bottle.*

Ruth. [*Rising.*] No, he shall not go; nor with my sanction shall this accursed poison ever enter here more. It has crushed and blighted every hope on earth, and now it bears grim Death in its progress. The children need food; I will go for their sakes, but I will not move one step for that. [*Points to bottle.*

Dog. Well, well, just as you like; of the two, I'd rather that you would go. Here's a five-shilling piece; now, get what you like. [*Gives it.*

Ruth. Promise me one thing, that on my return I shall find you both here.

Dog. Oh! I'm not going to take him away.

Ruth. There is another promise I would exact; but no, alas! it is too late. [*Exit with Girl, D. in F.*

Dog. That's well done, if she can only manage to change it; I think she will, for it is a prime counterfeit. I say, Ned, lad, how do you like the new game, and the new friends I've introduced you to, eh?

Ned. Oh, well! very well!

Dog. To be sure, and I've taken a fancy to you; I've brought you a new jacket, new trousers, and a pair of boots. Take this, and try your luck with it.

[*Ned crosses, R.*

Rich. Stop, stop! I've been thinking, and I don't exactly like—

Dog. Nonsense, there are no other means; besides, the bottle must be filled.

Rich. Right, right! and, over a glass, we'll talk about it. [*Exit Ned.*]

Dog. You see, out of evil comes good; you never thought my brain would turn to such advantage, eh?

Rich. No, no; but it would have been better if you had never thought of this.

Dog. Bah! there's nothing to fear; and it's better to risk everything than starve.

Thor. I don't know about that; I've got some strange fancies about me, and it seems as if I heard a warning voice.

Dog. Pooh! where should a warning voice come from, I should like to know.

Thor. From there. [*Points to coffin.*] Something seems to say, Repent, ere it be too late! That word rings in my ears, and seems to grow louder and louder every minute—now! now! Oh! there is something in this.

Dog. The something in this is, that you want the drink. The boy is slow; a few minutes, and—[*A hum of voices heard.*] What's that? eh! Damn it, the boy is pursued! It's all up, then, if he makes for here. No, he avoids it. Good lad! The mob follow—the police, too; will they take him? A woman hastens to his rescue—it is—

[*"Stop thief!" is heard.*]

Thor. What cry is that?

Dog. Nothing, nothing; "sit still."

Thor. If it be nothing, why do you turn so pale?

Dog. Another moment, and they will have him.

Thor. Him! who? Stand from the door. What's this? The boy is running! [*"Stop thief!"*] Ha! I see it all! Wretch, you have destroyed him!

Dog. You musn't interfere, or you will ruin all.

Thor. I will not see him dragged to gaol as a thief, if I can prevent it; lost, degraded as I am, I have still some portion of the father left within me. Stand from the door!

Dog. You shan't pass. [*Throws him from door.*]

Thor. Oh! for the strength of former days. I am enfeebled, helpless. The warning voice has not spoken in vain; but, oh! may my bitter curse—

Dog. It is too late; if you must curse, let it be upon the cause of all your miseries—the bottle.

[*Thoroly sinks into chair. Closes in.*]

SCENE V.—*A Front Street.**Enter CODDLES and KITTY, L.*

Cod. Oh I don't talk to me; go to your policeman. He'll be on his beat presently. It's no use 'sinivating with me. There's Gravesend and shrimps in the distance, for me—oysters, perhaps—a policeman for you.

Kitty. Don't you talk too fast, or else I shall really be compelled to comply with the anxious urgings of that active officer; but you have been the means of bringing two loving hearts together, and you don't go to the public-house so much, and I like you for that; and I am glad to see that you have taken to a new line of business.

Cod. Yes, but you have never bought any of the pies, and I do not like you for that.

Kitty. Then, you know, I always had a partiality for you.

Cod. Yes, and you show it by smiling at me, and walking arm-in-arm with the policeman.

Kitty. Well, that was only done because I like to make everybody happy. An old aunt of mine died lately.

Cod. Not the old lady with the private property?

Kitty. The very same; and I've been thinking. Sam, that a single life is very lonely.

Cod. Yes, and cold of nights.

Kitty. Marriage with loving hearts is pretty—a nice little business, now.

Cod. Yes, pastry, for instance—juicy confectionary.

Kitty. I can fancy myself behind the counter.

Cod. And my hand in the till. Damn those counters!

Kitty. A thriving business.

Cod. Yes, and thriving children; but since you've started the race, I want to know who is to come in the winner?

Kitty. Why, upon the promise of amendment, you—

Cod. Me! the sole proprietor of the little property! the penny pieman is lost to the inhabitants forever. Boys, your halfpenny friend is gone, never to return.

Kitty. Come, we'll talk it over as we go along.

Cod. You may, under existing circumstances, take my arm. [*Going, R.*] Stop a bit; if it's all the same to you, we'll go down the next street.

Kitty. Why?

Cod. Because I notice a little bit of blue with white buttons, crossing the square.

Kitty. Again jealous of the policeman?

Cod. No; but it's as well never to give a chance away.

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE VI.—*The Room as before.*

TABLEAU VI.

Ruth. Forbear, forbear; what would you do?

Joe. You sha'n't hurt my mother!

Rich. What! would you rise up against me? Recollect, I am your father.

Ned. Ah! ah! a pretty father you've been. Look at me, and see what you've done for me.

Mrs. G. Come, I say, good people, don't quarrel: waking one out of one's first sleep, it's shameful. You've had warning to go, and the sooner you do so the better.

[*Exit D. in FLAT.*

Rich. This is all your doing—all. You've ever the bitter word upon your lip, ever taunting; I can't stand it, even from you, and I won't.

Ruth. To-night, you have struck me a blow; years back you would have abhorred yourself for such an act—an act you would not then have dared to contemplate, but the career of misery is closing—thank heaven it is.

Rich. Be silent—there is a dreadful feeling upon me—I am not the man of years back, and, as you say, I am changed. Knowing it, beware of me.

Ruth. If it prove my last words, I must speak them: you have brought a deadly curse upon me and mine. But, oh! I pray, beseech you, ere it be too late, repent; for the day will come when you will need consolation—no friendly hand to grasp, and you will die regretting and alone.

Rich. I won't hear another word; be silent, or——

Enter DOGNOSE hastily, D. in F.

Dog. It's all up—away! They have got scent of the boy—of her—and have traced them to this house.

Rich. What do you mean?

Dog. The bad money; you all will suffer—in plain words, she has betrayed us.

Ruth. How could I do otherwise? I wanted bread for them, when the fraud was detected. I was innocent; what could I do but tell the truth.

Dog. And by so doing you have convicted your boy; his future home will be a gaol.

Ruth. No, no, no—not him—they will listen—will pity. 'Tis you, and you only are guilty; and 'tis you that shall be given up to justice.

Dog. They are entering the house.

Ruth. You shall not go. If the innocent are to suffer, so shall you. Help! help!

Dog. Take your hands off. Will you see this?

Thor. No—'tis not he has brought this ruin; your busy tongue has done all. Let him go

Ned. Father! father!

[*As Ruth frantically dragging her from him, Dognose rushes out. Thornly seizes the bottle from mantel-piece. Closed in.*]

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Garret.

Enter DOGNOSE, L.

Dog. Perhaps in some of these rooms I may conceal myself till all is over, for I am well known in my trade, and I have quite enough upon me to convict me. These women, they spoil everything; however, let but this storm pass over, and I get clean away, I shall take the liberty of carrying on my performance in quite another part of the town. [*Going.*]

Enter CODDLES, R. H. He seizes him.

Cod. No, you don't; I happen to have overheard all that you have said. How about that bad shilling I changed for the pies, eh?

Dog. Let me go, or I'll do you a mischief.

Cod. You can't do more than you have done; and as for hurting, cut away—I can stand it. Here, Mr. Binks; for the first time you are really wanted. [*Enter BINKS, R. H.*] There's the lot; and a very bad lot it is, too.

Dog. It's all up; but I ain't done nothing. Come, *Coddles*, confess it is all a lark.

Cod. Oh, is it? I hope you may find it so. You can try and persuade them to it at the Old Bailey; eh, Mr. Binks?

Binks. Two bad pieces of money were passed to-night; they have been traced to him.

Cod. Ah! then your two *bad pieces* have made a hit. He may be the author of a hundred pieces.

Binks. Come this way. [*Dragging him off.*]

[*A violent scream is heard, and a cry of "Murder."*]

Dog. What's that?

Both. A cry of murder!

Dog. By George, he has killed her!

Binks. Take care of him. [*Runs off, L. H.*]

Cod. You tremble, and look pale. So you know all about this, too. I don't envy you your feelings. Come along. Queer originally, I believe; bad generally, admitted. Transportation, certainly, without a doubt. Come along. Ah! would you? I can do it for you.

[*Drags him off, struggling, R. H.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Room, as before.*

TABLEAU.—“*The Bottle has done its Work.*”

RICHARD is seized.

Rich. Ruth! Ruth! What, don't you answer?

Binks. She will never speak again.

Rich. Never! What's here, then? Why these people? I've done nothing. What does it all mean?

Binks. Death—by this! [*Pointing to bottle.*]

[*Richard involuntarily shrinks, passes his hand wildly across his forehead, and with a mad laugh falls across the Policeman's arms.*]

Rich. Ha! ha! The bottle has done its work!

SCENE IX.—*A Room.*

Enter GEORGE and ESTHER, R.

Geor. Don't droop, Esther! tears are unavailing now, and what is past cannot be recalled.

Esther. I thought we should have rendered them so happy—talked of old times, of the days when their hearts were light, and the sun of prosperity shone around them.

She was one of my earliest friends, too, and so anxious ever for our welfare; and this to occur after our long, long parting! Oh, George! the return which brought joy to my heart is now deeply shadowed, and I cannot check these tears; for 'tis very hard to lose an old, old friend. And how deep the regret, when by sudden and violent means. Oh, George! do not think me unkind; but indeed I can't help it.

Geor. A deep and moral lesson may be learned from this, and I thank Heaven that I avoided the pernicious instrument which, years back, tempted me.

Esther. But the unhappy husband, he—

Geor. The landlady is coming this way; we may learn from her—

Enter MRS. GRUMP, L.

Mrs. G. Oh, dear! oh, dear! that such an event should occur in my place! Ah! sir, if you are friends, you come at a bad time.

Geor. Yes—I know, I know; but the unhappy man—he—

Mrs. G. What with the drink, which has led him to the fatal act, and the fearful deed, for him there is no hope.

Geor. Alas! no. I tremble when I think of his state! He must now feel deeply; for the years of misery he has endured will be nothing compared to the agony he now must feel.

Mrs. G. Feel! La, bless you! there is no feeling in him; his brain's turned—his senses fled—he is unconscious of everything around.

Geor. Then his last refuge is the madhouse. Oh! Esther, this—is this too painful to dwell upon; let us leave this place.

Esther. Yet I would see her once again—for the last, last time; only to press her hand—to drop a tear in memory of old, old times.

Mrs. G. See her! Ugh!

[*Shudders.*]

Geor. I guess your meaning; it is impossible now to comply with your wish. Come, Esther, you must strive to forget; you must—

Esther. Poor Ruth!

[*George sorrowfully leads her out, &c.*]

Mrs. G. Well, I did my best for her, poor soul. I never troubled her for money, if I could help it; and many's the bit of bread-and-butter the children have had from me: and I'm glad now that I never used any harshness; if I had, after this, I should never have been able to sleep; but, thank my stars, I've done my duty by the unfortunate, and now let my betters take a leaf out of my book.

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE X. AND LAST.—*The Madhouse.*

TABLEAU REALISED.

RICHARD *chained.* *The Boy and the Girl, and the KEEPER looking through the door.*

Ned. Don't you know me, father?

Rich. Know! what is there to know? Yes; it's warmer here, and better than the cold and muddy streets. I can't tell what has brought this change about, I can't; I've been puzzling my brain, but to no purpose. It don't beat now as it used to do. It's very strange why she don't come; I never knew her quit my side till now.—Why don't she come?

Ned. She will never come again. Don't you know?—Think!

Rich. I tell you that I don't know; and what have I got to think about? Who are you that ask it?

Ned. Your son.

Rich. What, my son! No, no; he is ragged, and in the streets. My son!—he's not such a fine gentleman as you, and yet—say it again.

Ned. Your son!

Thor. There is a mist before me, and I cannot distinguish your face; but the voice is very like, very. But, if you are my son, you can tell me where your mother is.—Ha! ha! you can tell me that.

Ned. She is dead!

Thor. Dead! who killed her? It must have been very sudden. Ah! I know; it was a blow—a heavy one; and her last words are now ringing in my ears: Live and repent! Ha! ha! but no one knows who dealt that blow, eh?

Ned. The hand I now grasp.

Thor. Me! Why, she has spoken a thousand times with pride, that I never raised my hand against her; the whole world knew that. Ah! [*With a sudden burst.*]—Oh! yes—I did. It was this hand, and it grasped the instrument of destruction—mine. Oh! what a scream, and what a horrid cry rings through the streets in the dark night. It is murder! Ha! ha! and they say the husband has killed his wife; and so he did—so he did. Look at the red stains around; look! it flows like a river; it creeps up to my feet: take me from it or I shall perish in that dark sea. Closer yet. And, oh! what a face is that glaring full upon me from the crimson pool! It is her's—Ruth's; I know it. She tells me I have murdered her, and a thousand voices echo it. And what is that by her side? It is the weapon of death; and a grinning fiend rises from the vapour, and mocks and points. It is the bottle! and the spirit of evil now madly laughs at its victim. Closer, and closer yet. Oh! take me out—take me—
[*Sinks exhausted on the ground.*]

Ned. Sister, go and take off your finery, I see the end of all this. I'll go back to my rags; honesty lasts, but these betray. Spurn all temptation, for here is a warning, a bitter lesson. I was half a thief, but this has changed me. Good bye, father.

Enter GEORGE, followed by KEEPER.

Keeper. You'll find him there. 'Tis nearly time for visitors to depart; take your farewell; for many days will elapse before you see him again. [*Retires.*]

Geor. Do you remember me? [*Advances to Richard.*]

Thor. I tell you, I know nothing; never had—Oh!—ah!—yes, I had a home, and there was a bright face there, ever beaming with smiles; children, too, who loved.—Where are they all? where is she? Gone! No more of the bitter scorn for her. I know where she is, that kind and loving mother; I'll tell you—there, there! Clouds open above me, and all is bright beyond. I see her sweet face looking faintly down upon me, but it is not the same smile of former days, for it is cold and angered; *but she is there.* Her spirit has fled to heaven; but the children—I left them last in rags; what, what will be their fate? No hope for them, none.

Geor. Yes, they shall be my care; I will find them a home—I will protect them.

Thor. You! Who are you that offers this?

Geor. A friend, who stretches forth a humble, but a willing hand, to snatch them from impending vice.

Thor. A friend—a friend to me! Why, who is this? The wretched have no friends—I found it so. Oh! I must know more of you—oh! oh! I must!

Keeper. His mad fit is coming on; you must part company now.

Thor. Part! who spoke of parting? No, no, don't part us; I must have company; I dare not be alone again; the red stream rises. What sudden burst of light was that? It was one momentary ray of reason—the truth. I killed her, and I am mad. The shroud of darkness is drawn aside. She is dead, and heeds not now my tears. Oh! friend—for I know you now—and you, my children, judge me not too sternly; I feel that I am fast dying; let me die here; but, oh! what hope is there for me?

[Clinging to children.]

Geor. Resignation. Pray for forgiveness there!

Thor. Your pitying face seems to say a contrite spirit may be remembered at the Throne of Mercy. Kneel, kneel with me; children; and may thy tears wash away a parent's sin!

Geor. *[Affected.]* Richard!

Thor. Hush! their lips are stirred in prayer—for me, for me! Fold your arms around me—closer yet. What mist is that which is falling? what bubbling is this next my heart? Pray on—pray on—the sound grows fainter—fainter—I die in prayer.

[Falls back.]

THE END.

1

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

1





BOX AND COX.

Cox Who are you, sir?

Box. If you come to that—who are you?

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXI.

BOX AND COX.

A Romance of Real Life

IN ONE ACT.

BY JOHN MADDISON MORTON, ESQ.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

DOUGLAS, NO. 11 SPRUCE ST

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Theatre, London, 1847. Olympic, 1848. Palmer's, 1848.
John Box, a Journeyman Printer, Mr. Buckstone. Mr. Holland. Mr. Povey.
James Cox, a Journeyman Hatter, " Harley. " Conover. " Chapman.
Mrs. Bouncer, Mrs. M'Namara. Mrs. Henry. Mrs. Vernon.

COSTUMES.

BOX.—Small swallow-tailed black coat, short buff waistcoat, light drab trousers short, turned up at bottom, black stockings, white canvass boots with black tips, cotton neckcloth, shabby black hat.

COX.—Brown Newmarket coat, long white waistcoat, dark plaid trousers, boots, white hat, black stock.

MRS. BOUNCER.—Coloured cotton gown, apron, cap, &c.

First produced at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, November 1st, 1847

Time in Representation—35 minutes.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; **L.** *Left*; **R. D.** *Right Door*; **L. D.** *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; **U. E.** *Upper Entrance*; **M. D.** *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; **L.**, *Left*; **C.**, *Centre*; **R. C.**, *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

BOX AND COX.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room, decently furnished. At c., a bed, with curtains closed, at l. c., a door, at l. 3d e., a door, at l. e. e., a chest of drawers, at back, r., a window, at r. 3d e., a door, at r. s. e., a fireplace, with mantel-piece, table and chairs, a few common ornaments on chimney-piece. Cox, dressed, with the exception of his coat, is looking at himself in a small looking-glass, which is in his hand.*

Cox. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again! [*His hair is very short.*] I look as if I had just been cropped for the militia! And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser, only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends! Never mind—I shan't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare! I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular, and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. [*Knock at l. d.*] Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter Mrs. BOUNCER, l.

Mrs. B. Good morning, Mr. Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Mr. Cox?

Cox. I can't say I did, Mrs. B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

Mrs. B. Anything to accommodate you, Mr. Cox.

Cox. Thank you. Then, perhaps, you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet.

Mrs. B. Certainly. [*Holding glass before Cox, who ties his cravat.*] Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut.

Cox. Cut? It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently con-

scious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. [*Puts on his coat.*] Now for my hat. [*Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.*] That's the effect of having one's hair cut. This hat fitted me quite tight before. Luckily I've got two or three more. [*Goes in at L., and returns, with three hats of different shapes, and puts them on, one after the other—all of which are too big for him.*] This is pleasant! Never mind. This one appears to me to wobble about rather less than the others—[*Puts on hat,*—and now I'm off! By the bye, Mrs. Bouncer, I wish to call your attention to a fact that has been evident to me for some time past—and that is, that my coals go remarkably fast—

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Cox!

Cox. It is not only the case with the coals, Mrs. Bouncer, but I've lately observed a gradual and steady increase of evaporation among my candles, wood, sugar, and lucifer matches.

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Cox! you surely don't suspect me!

Cox. I don't say I do, Mrs. B.; only I wish you distinctly to understand, that I don't believe it's the cat.

Mrs. B. Is there anything else you've got to grumble about, sir?

Cox. Grumble! Mrs. Bouncer, do you possess such a thing as a dictionary?

Mrs. B. No, sir.

Cox. Then I'll lend you one—and if you turn to the letter G, you'll find "Grumble, verb neuter—to complain without a cause." Now that's not my case, Mrs. B., and now that we are upon the subject, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose the chimney—

Cox. The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, Mrs. B. I hope, Mrs. Bouncer, you're not guilty of cheroots or Cubas?

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, Mr. Cox.

Cox. Nor partial to a pipe?

Mrs. B. No, sir.

Cox. Then, how is it that—

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose—yes—that must be it—

Cox. At present I am entirely of your opinion—because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.

Mrs. B. Why the gentleman who has got the attics, is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth—and there he sits, with his feet on the mantel-piece—

Cox. The mantel piece! That strikes me as being a considerable stretch, either of your imagination, Mrs. B., or the gentleman's legs. I presume you mean the fender or the hob.

Mrs. B. Sometimes one, sometimes t'other. Well, there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

Cox. Ah, then you mean to say, that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction?

Mrs. B. Why—

Cox. Then, I suppose, the gentleman you are speaking of, is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down stairs when I'm coming up!

Mrs. B. Why—yes—I—

Cox. From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir—and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

Cox. Well, good morning, Mrs. Bouncer!

Mrs. B. You'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir?

Cox. Yes—nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in futuro, Mrs. B.—I'll do it myself. Don't forget the holster! [*Going, stops.*] A halfpenny worth of milk, Mrs. Bouncer—and be good enough to let it stand—I wish the cream to accumulate. [*Exit at l. c.*]

Mrs. B. He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box would come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily, they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not very likely to do so; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's

because I'm only at home in the day time—and I bought this candle on the first of May—Chimney-sweepers' Day—calculating that it would last me three months, and here's one week not half over, and the candle three parts gone! [*Lights the fire—then takes down a gridiron, which is hanging over the fireplace, &c.*] Mrs. Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odour of red herrings! [*Places gridiron on fire, and then, with a fork, lays rasher of bacon on the gridiron.*] How sleepy I am, to be sure! I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon. [*Yawning again.*] Perhaps it will turn itself. I must lie down—so, here goes. [*Lies on the bed, closing the curtains round him—after a short pause—*

Enter Cox, hurriedly, L. C.

Cox. Well, wonders will never cease! Conscious of being eleven minutes and a half behind time, I was sneaking into the shop, in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his aged countenance, said to me—"Cox, I shan't want you to-day—you can have a holiday."—Thoughts of "Gravesend and back—fare, One Shilling," instantly suggested themselves, intermingled with visions of "Greenwich for Fourpence!" Then came the Twopenny Omnibuses, and the Halfpenny boats—in short, I'm quite bewildered! However, I must have my breakfast first—that'll give me time to reflect. I've bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner. [*Puts chop on table.*] Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Holloa! what's this? A roll, I declare! Come, that's lucky! Now, then, to light the fire. Holloa—[*Seeing the lucifer-box on table,*]—who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why, it's empty! I left one in it—I'll take my oath I did. Hey-dey! why, the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? On the fire, I declare! And what's that on it? Bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there is a quiet coolness about Mrs. Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. She takes my last lucifer—my coals, and my gridiron, to cook her breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that! [*Pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron.*

which he puts on the fire.] Now, then, for my breakfast things. [*Taking key, hung up, L. opens door L. and goes out, slamming the door after him, with a loud noise.*]

Box. [*Suddenly showing his head from behind the curtains.*] Come in! if it's you, Mrs. Bouncer—you needn't be afraid. I wonder how long I've been asleep? [*Suddenly recollecting.*] Goodness gracious—my bacon! [*Leaps off bed, and runs to the fireplace.*] Holloa! what's this? A chop! Whose chop? Mrs. Bouncer's, I'll be bound.—She thought to cook her breakfast while I was asleep—with my coals, too—and my gridiron! Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? [*Seeing it on table.*] Here it is. Well, 'pon my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! [*Digs the fork into the chop, opens window, and throws chop out—shuts window again.*] So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own! [*With the fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again.*] I may as well lay my breakfast things.—[*Goes to mantel-piece at R., takes key out of one of the ornaments, opens door at R. and exit, slamming door after him.*]

Cox. [*Putting his head in quickly at L.*] Come in—come in! [*Opens door L. C. Enters with a small tray, on which are tea things, &c., which he places on drawers, L. and suddenly recollects.*] Oh, goodness! my chop! [*Running to fireplace.*] Holloa—what's this? The bacon again! Oh, pooh! Zounds—confound it—dash it—damn it—I can't stand this! [*Pokes fork into bacon, opens window, and flings it out, shuts window again, returns to drawers for tea things, and encounters Box coming from his cupboard with his tea things—they walk down C. of stage together.*] Who are you, sir?

Box. If you come to that—who are you?

Cox. What do you want here, sir?

Box. If you come to that—what do you want?

Cox. [*Aside.*] It's the printer! [*Puts tea things on the drawers.*]

Box. [*Aside.*] It's the hatter! [*Puts tea things on table.*]

Cox. Go to your attic, sir—

Box. My attic, sir? Your attic, sir!

Cox. Printer, I shall do you a frightful injury, if you don't instantly leave my apartment.

Box. Your apartment? You mean my apartment, you contemptible hatter, you!

Cox. Your apartment? Ha! ha!—come, I like that! Look here, sir—[*Produces a paper out of his pocket.*] Mrs. Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent, sir—

Box. [*Produces a paper, and holds it close to Cox's face.*] Ditto, sir!

Cox. [*Suddenly shouting.*] Thieves!

Box. Murder!

Both. Mrs. Bouncer! [*Each runs to door, L. c., calling.*]

Mrs. BOUNCER runs in at door, L. c.

Mrs. B. What is the matter? [*Cox and Box seize Mrs. Bouncer by the arm, and drag her forward.*]

Box. Instantly remove that hatter!

Cox. Immediately turn out that printer!

Mrs. B. Well—but, gentlemen—

Cox. Explain! [*Pulling her round to him.*]

Box. Explain! [*Pulling her round to him.*] Whose room is this?

Cox. Yes, woman—whose room is this?

Box. Doesn't it belong to me?

Mrs. B. No!

Cox. There! You hear, sir—it belongs to me!

Mrs. B. No—it belongs to both of you! [*Sobbing.*]

Cox. & Box. Both of us?

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, gentlemen, don't be angry—but you see, this gentleman—[*Pointing to Box,*]—only being at home in the day time, and that gentleman—[*Pointing to Cox,*]—at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—

Cox & Box. [*Eagerly.*] When will your little back second floor room be ready?

Mrs. B. Why, to-morrow—

Cox. I'll take it!

Box. So will I!

Mrs. B. Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

Cox & Box. True.

Cox. I spoke first, sir—

Box. With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir—now, go—

Cox. Go? Pooh—pooh!

Mrs. B. Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see, there used to be a partition here—

Cox & Box. Then put it up!

Mrs. B. Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now do keep your tempers. [*Exit, L.*]

Cox. What a disgusting position!

[*Walking rapidly round stage.*]

Box. [*Sitting down on chair, at one side of table, and following Cox's movements.*] Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you'd better go out and take it.

Cox. I shall not do anything of the sort, sir.

[*Seating himself at the table opposite Box.*]

Box. Very well, sir.

Cox. Very well, sir! However, don't let me prevent you from going out.

Box. Don't flatter yourself, sir. [*Cox is about to break a piece of the roll off.*] Holloa! that's my roll, sir—[*Snatches it away—puts a pipe in his mouth, lights it with a piece of tinder—and puffs smoke across to Cox.*]

Cox. Holloa! What are you about, sir?

Box. What am I about? I'm about to smoke.

Cox. Wheugh! [*Goes and opens window at Box's back.*]

Box. Hollo! [*Turns round.*] Put down that window, sir!

Cox. Then put your pipe out, sir!

Box. There!

[*Puts pipe on table.*]

Cox. There! [*Slams down window, and re-seats himself.*]

Box. I shall retire to my pillow. [*Goes up, takes off his jacket, then goes towards bed, and sits upon it, L. C.*]

Cox. [*Jumps up, goes to bed, and sits down on R. of Box.*] I beg your pardon, sir—I cannot allow any one to rumple my bed. [*Both rising.*]

Box. Your bed? Hark ye, sir—can you fight?

Cox. No, sir.

Box. No? Then come on—[*Sparring at Cox.*]

Cox. Sit down, sir—or I'll instantly vociferate "Police!"

Box. [*Seats himself—Cox does the same.*] I say, sir—

Cox. Well, sir?

Box. Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throats, sir.

Cox. Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

Box. And, after all, I've no violent animosity to you, sir.

Cox. Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir.

Box. Besides, it was all Mrs. Bouncer's fault, sir.

Cox. Entirely, sir. [*Gradually approaching chairs.*]

Box. Very well, sir !

Cox. Very well, sir ! [*Pause.*]

Box. Take a bit of roll, sir ?

Cox. Thank ye, sir. [*Breaking a bit off. Pause.*]

Box. Do you sing, sir ?

Cox. I sometimes join in a chorus.

Box. Then give us a chorus. [*Pause.*] Have you seen the Bosjemans, sir ?

Cox. No, sir—my wife wouldn't let me.

Box. Your wife !

Cox. That is—my *intended* wife.

Box. Well, that's the same thing ! I congratulate you ! [*Shaking hands.*]

Cox. [*With a deep sigh.*] Thank ye. [*Seeing Box about to get up.*] You needn't disturb yourself, sir. She won't come here.

Box. Oh ! I understand. You've got a snug little establishment of your own *here*—on the sly—cunning dog—[*Nudging Cox.*]

Cox. [*Drawing himself up.*] No such thing, sir—I repeat, sir—no such thing, sir, but my wife—I mean, my *intended* wife—happens to be the proprietor of a considerable number of bathing machines—

Box. [*Suddenly.*] Ha ! Where ? [*Grasping Cox's arm.*]

Cox. At a favorite watering-place. How curious you are !

Box. Not at all. Well ?

Cox. Consequently, in the bathing season—which luckily is rather a long one—we see but little of each other ; but as that is now over, I am daily indulging in the expectation of being blessed with the sight of *my* beloved. [*Very seriously.*] Are *you* married ?

Box. Me ? Why—not exactly !

Cox. Ah—a happy bachelor ?

Box. Why—not—precisely !

Cox. Oh ! a—widower ?

Box. No—not absolutely !

Cox. You'll excuse me, sir—but, at present, I don't exactly understand how you can help being one of the three.

Box. Not help it ?

Cox. No, sir—not you, nor any other man alive !

Box. Ah, that may be—but I'm not alive !

Cox. [*Pushing back his chair.*] You'll excuse me, sir—but I don't like joking upon such subjects.

Box. I'm perfectly serious, sir. I've been defunct for the last three years !

Cox. [*Shouting.*] Will you be quiet, sir ?

Box. If you won't believe me, I'll refer you to a very large, numerous, and respectable circle of disconsolate friends.

Cox. My dear sir—my *very* dear sir—if there does exist any ingenious contrivance whereby a man on the eve of committing matrimony can leave this world, and yet stop in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know it.

Box. Oh ! then I presume I'm not to set you down as being frantically attached to your intended ?

Cox. Why, not exactly ; and yet, at present, I'm only aware of one obstacle to my doating upon her, and that is, that I can't abide her !

Box. Then there's nothing more easy. Do as I did.

Cox. [*Eagerly.*] I will ! What was it ?

Box. Drown yourself !

Cox. [*Shouting again.*] Will you be quiet, sir ?

Box. Listen to me. Three years ago it was my misfortune to captivate the affections of a still blooming, though somewhat middle-aged widow, at Ramsgate.

Cox. [*Aside.*] Singular enough ! Just my case three months ago at Margate.

Box. Well, sir, to escape her importunities, I came to the determination of enlisting into the Blues, or Life Guards.

Cox. [*Aside.*] So did I. How very odd !

Box. But they wouldn't have me—they actually had the effrontery to say that I was too short—

Cox. [*Aside.*] And I wasn't tall enough !

Box. So I was obliged to content myself with a marching regiment—I enlisted !

Cox. [*Aside.*] So did I. Singular coincidence !

Box. I'd no sooner done so, than I was sorry for it.

Cox. [*Aside.*] So was I.

Box. My infatuated widow offered to purchase my discharge, on condition that I'd lead her to the altar.

Cox. [*Aside.*] Just my case !

Box. I hesitated—at last I consented.

Cox. [*Aside.*] I consented at once !

Box. Well, sir—the day fixed for the happy ceremony at length drew near—in fact, too near to be pleasant—so I suddenly discovered that I wasn't worthy to possess her, and I told her so—when, instead of being flattered by the compliment, she flew upon me like a tiger of the female gender—I rejoined—when suddenly something whizzed past me, within an inch of my ear, and shivered into a thousand fragments against the mantel-piece—it was the slop-basin. I retaliated with a tea-cup—we parted, and the next morning I was served with a notice of action for breach of promise.

Cox. Well, sir?

Box. Well, sir—ruin stared me in the face—the action proceeded against me with gigantic strides—I took a desperate resolution—I left my home early one morning, with one suit of clothes on my back, and another tied up in a bundle, under my arm—I arrived on the cliffs—opened my bundle—deposited the suit of clothes on the very verge of the precipice—took one look down into the yawning gulph beneath me, and walked off in the opposite direction.

Cox. Dear me! I think I begin to have some slight perception of your meaning. Ingenious creature! You disappeared—the suit of clothes were found—

Box. Exactly—and in one of the pockets of the coat, or the waistcoat, or the pantaloons—I forget which—there was also found a piece of paper, with these affecting farewell words: “This is thy work, oh, Penelope Ann!”

Cox. Penelope Ann! [*Starts up, takes Box by the arm, and leads him slowly to front of stage.*] Penelope Ann?

Box. Penelope Ann!

Cox. Originally widow of William Wiggins?

Box. Widow of William Wiggins!

Cox. Proprietor of bathing machines?

Box. Proprietor of bathing machines!

Cox. At Margate?

Box. And Ramsgate!

Cox. It must be she! And you, sir—you are Box—the lamented, long lost Box!

Box. I am!

Cox. And I was about to marry the interesting creature you so cruelly deceived.

Box. Ha! then you are Cox?

Cox. I am!

Box. I heard of it. I congratulate you—I give you joy! And now, I think I'll go and take a stroll. [*Going.*

Cox. No you don't! [*Stopping him.*] I'll not lose sight of you till I've restored you to the arms of your intended.

Box. *My* intended? You mean *your* intended.

Cox. No, sir—yours!

Box. How can she be *my* intended, now that I'm drowned?

Cox. You're no such thing, sir! and I prefer presenting you to Penelope Ann.

Box. I've no wish to be introduced to your intended.

Cox. *My* intended? How can that be, sir? You proposed to her first!

Box. What of that, sir? I came to an untimely end, and you popped the question afterwards.

Cox. Very well, sir!

Box. Very well, sir!

Cox. You are much more worthy of her than I am, sir. Permit me, then, to follow the generous impulse of my nature—I give her up to you.

Box. Benevolent being! I wouldn't rob you for the world! [*Going.*] Good morning, sir!

Cox. [*Seizing him.*] Stop!

Box. Unhand me, hatter! or I shall cast off the lamb and assume the lion!

Cox. Pooh! [*Snapping his fingers close to Box's face.*

Box. An insult! to my very face—under my very nose! [*Rubbing it.*] You know the consequences, sir—instant satisfaction, sir!

Cox. With all my heart, sir! [*They go to fire-place, R., and begin ringing bells violently, and pull down bell-pulls.*

Both. Mrs. Bouncer! Mrs. Bouncer!

Mrs. BOUNCER runs in, L. C.

Mrs. B. What is it, gentlemen?

Box. Pistols for two!

Mrs. B. Yes, sir. [*Going.*

Cox. Stop! You don't mean to say, thoughtless and imprudent woman, that you keep loaded fire-arms in the house?

Mrs. B. Oh, no—they're not loaded.

Cox. Then produce the murderous weapons instantly!

[*Exit Mrs. Bouncer, L. C.*

Box. I say, sir!

Cox. Well, sir?

Box. What's your opinion of duelling, sir?

Cox. I think it's a barbarous practice, sir.

Box. So do I, sir. To be sure, I don't so much object to it when the pistols are not loaded.

Cox. No: I dare say that *does* make some difference.

Box. And yet, sir—on the other hand—doesn't it strike you as rather a waste of time, for two people to keep firing pistols at one another, with nothing in 'em?

Cox. No, sir—not more than any other harmless recreation.

Box. Hark ye! Why do you object to marry Penelope Ann?

Cox. Because, as I've observed already, I can't abide her. You'll be very happy with her.

Box. Happy! Me! With the consciousness that I have deprived *you* of such a treasure? No, no, Cox!

Cox. Don't think of me, Box—I shall be sufficiently rewarded by the knowledge of my Box's happiness.

Box. Don't be absurd, sir!

Cox. Then don't you be ridiculous, sir!

Box. I won't have her!

Cox. I won't have her!

Box. I have it! Suppose we draw lots for the lady—eh, Mr. Cox?

Cox. That's fair enough, Mr. Box.

Box. Or, what say you to dice?

Cox. With all my heart! Dice, by all means—[*Eagerly.*]

Box. [*Aside.*] That's lucky! Mrs. Bouncer's nephew left a pair here yesterday. He sometimes persuades me to have a throw for a trifle, and as he always throws sixes, I suspect they are good ones. [*Goes to the cupboard at R., and brings out the dice-box.*]

Cox. [*Aside.*] I've no objection at all to dice. I lost one pound, seventeen and sixpence, at last Barnet Races, to a very gentlemanly looking man, who had a most peculiar knack of throwing sixes; I suspected they were loaded, so I gave him another half-crown, and he gave me the dice. [*Takes dice out of his pocket—uses lucifer box as substitute for dice-box, which is on table.*]

Box. Now then, sir!

Cox. I'm ready, sir! [*They seat themselves at opposite sides of the table.*] Will you lead off, sir?

Box. As you please, sir. The lowest throw, of course, wins Penelope Ann?

Cox. Of course, sir.

Box. Very well, sir!

Cox. Very well, sir!

Box. [*Rattling dice and throwing.*] Sixes!

Cox. That's not a bad throw of yours, sir. [*Rattling dice—throws.*] Sixes!

Box. That's a pretty good one of your's, sir. [*Throws.*] Sixes!

Cox. [*Throws.*] Sixes!

Box. Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. Those are not bad dice of yours, sir.

Cox. Your's seem pretty good ones, sir.

Box. Suppose we change?

Cox. Very well, sir. [*They change dice.*]

Box. [*Throwing.*] Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. [*Flings down the dice.*] Pooh! It's perfectly absurd, your going on throwing sixes in this sort of way, sir.

Cox. I shall go on till my luck changes, sir!

Box. Let's try something else. I have it! Suppose we toss for Penelope Ann?

Cox. The very thing I was going to propose!

[*They each turn aside and take out a handful of money.*]

Box. [*Aside, examining money.*] Where's my tossing shilling? Here it is!

[*Selecting coin.*]

Cox. [*Aside, examining money.*] Where's my lucky sixpence? I've got it!

Box. Now then, sir,—heads win?

Cox. Or tails lose—whichever you prefer.

Box. It's the same to me, sir.

Cox. Very well, sir. Heads, I win,—tails, you lose.

Box. Yes—[*Suddenly*—no. Heads win, sir.

Cox. Very well—go on!

[*They are standing opposite to each other.*]

Box. [*Tossing.*] Heads !

Cox. [*Tossing.*] Heads !

Box. [*Tossing.*] Heads !

Cox. [*Tossing.*] Heads !

Box. Ain't you rather tired of turning up heads, sir ?

Cox. Couldn't you vary the monotony of our proceedings by an occasional tail, sir ?

Box. [*Tossing.*] Heads !

Cox. [*Tossing.*] Heads !

Box. Heads ? Stop, sir ! Will you permit me— [*Taking Cox's sixpence.*] Holloa ! your sixpence has got no tail, sir !

Cox. [*Seizing Box's shilling.*] And your shilling has got two heads, sir !

Box. Cheat !

Cox. Swindler ! [*They are about to rush upon each other, then retreat to some distance, and commence sparring, and striking fiercely at one another.*]

Enter MRS. BOUNCER, L. H. C.

Box & Cox. Is the little back second floor room ready ?

Mrs. B. Not quite, gentlemen. I can't find the pistols, but I have brought you a letter—it came by the General Post yesterday. I'm sure I don't know how I forgot it, for I put it carefully in my pocket.

Cox. And you've kept it carefully in your pocket ever since ?

Mrs. B. Yes, sir. I hope you'll forgive me, sir. [*Going.*] By the bye, I paid twopence for it.

Cox. Did you ? Then I do forgive you. [*Exit Mrs. B. Looking at letter.*] "Margate." The post-mark decidedly says "Margate."

Box. Oh, doubtless a tender epistle from Penelope Ann.

Cox. Then read it, sir. [*Handing letter to Box.*]

Box. Me, sir ?

Cox. Of course. You don't suppose I'm going to read a letter from your intended ?

Box. My intended ? Pooh ! It's addressed to you—
C. O. X. !

Cox. Do you think that's a C. ? It loo's to me like a B.

Box. Nonsense ! Fracture the seal !

Cox. [*Opens letter—starts.*] Goodness gracious !

Box. [*Snatching letter—starts.*] Gracious goodness !

Cox. [*Taking letter again.*] “Margate—May the 4th. Sir,—I hasten to convey to you the intelligence of a melancholy accident, which has bereft you of your intended wife.” He means *your* intended !

Box. No, *yours* ! However, it’s perfectly immaterial—but she unquestionably was yours.

Cox. How can that be ? You proposd to her first !

Box. Yes, but then you—now don’t let us begin again—Go on.

Cox. [*Resuming letter.*] “Poor Mrs. Wiggins went out for a short excursion in a sailing boat—a sudden and violent squall soon after took place, which, it is supposed, upset her, as she was found, two days afterwards, keel upwards.”

Box. Poor woman !

Cox. The boat, sir ! [*Reading.*] “As her man of business, I immediately proceeded to examine her papers, amongst which I soon discovered her will ; the following extract from which will, I have no doubt, be satisfactory to you. ‘I hereby bequeath my entire property to my intended husband.’” Excellent, but unhappy creature ! [*Affected.*]

Box. Generous, ill-fated being ! [*Affected.*]

Cox. And to think that I tossed up for such a woman !

Box. When I remember that I staked such a treasure on the hazard of a die !

Cox. I’m sure, Mr. Box, I can’t sufficiently thank you for your sympathy.

Box. And I’m sure, Mr. Cox, you couldn’t feel more, if she had been your own intended !

Cox. If she’d been *my own* intended ? She *was* my own intended !

Box. *Your* intended ? Come, I like that ! Didn’t you very properly observe just now, sir, that I proposed to her first ?

Cox. To which you very sensibly replied, that you’d come to an untimely end.

Box. I deny it !

Cox. I say you have !

Box. The fortune’s mine !

Cox. Mine !

Box. I’ll have it !

Cox. So will I !

Box. I'll go to law !

Cox. So will I !

Box. Stop—a thought strikes me. Instead of going to law about the property, suppose we divide it.

Cox. Equally ?

Box. Equally. I'll take two thirds.

Cox. That's fair enough—and I'll take three fourths.

Box. That won't do. Half and half !

Cox. Agreed ! There's my hand upon it—

Box. And mine. [*About to shake hands—a Postman's knock heard at street door.*]

Cox. Holloa ! Postman again !

Box. Postman yesterday—postman to-day.—

Enter MRS. BOUNCER.

Mrs. B. Another letter, Mr. Cox—twopence more !

Cox. I forgive you again ! [*Taking letter.*] Another trifle from Margate. [*Opens the letter—starts.*] Goodness gracious !

Box. [*Snatching letter—starts.*] Gracious goodness !

Cox. [*Snatching letter again—reads.*] “Happy to inform you—false alarm”—

Box. [*Overlooking.*] “Sudden squall—boat upset—Mrs. Wiggins, your intended”—

Cox. “Picked up by a steamboat”—

Box. “Carried into Boulogne”—

Cox. “Returned here this morning”—

Box. “Will start by early train, to-morrow”—

Cox. “And be with you at ten o'clock, exact.”

[*Both simultaneously pull out their watches.*]

Box. Cox, I congratulate you—

Cox. Box, I give you joy !

Box. I'm sorry that most important business of the Colonial Office will prevent my witnessing the truly happy meeting between you and your intended. Good morning ! [*Going.*]

Cox. [*Stopping him.*] It's obviously for me to retire.—Not for worlds would I disturb the rapturous meeting between you and your intended. Good morning !

Box. You'll excuse me, sir—but our last arrangement was, that she was your intended.

Cox. No, yours !

Box. Yours !

Together. Yours !

[*Ten o'clock strikes—noise of an omnibus.*]

Box. Ha ! What's that ? A cab's drawn up at the door ! [*Running to window.*] No—it's a twopenny omnibus !

Cox. [*Leaning over Box's shoulder.*] A lady's got out—

Box. There's no mistaking that majestic person—it's Penelope Ann !

Cox. Your intended !

Box. Yours !

Cox. [*Both run to door, l. c., and eagerly listen.*]

Box. Hark—she's coming up stairs !

Cox. Shut the door !

[*They slam the door, and both lean up against it with their backs.*]

Mrs. B. [*Without, and knocking.*] Mr.*Cox ! Mr. Cox !

Cox. [*Shouting.*] I've just stepped out !

Box. So have I !

Mrs. B. Mr. Cox ! [*Pushing at the door—Cox and Box redouble their efforts to keep the door shut.*] Open the door ! It's only me—Mrs. Bouncer !

Cox. Only you ? Then where's the lady ?

Mrs. B. Gone !

Cox. Upon your honour ?

Box. As a gentleman ?

Mrs. B. Yes, and she's left a note for Mr. Cox.

Cox. Give it to me !

Mrs. B. Then open the door !

Cox. Put it under ! [*A letter is put under the door ; Cox picks up the letter, and opens it.*] Goodness Gracious !

Box. [*Snatching letter.*] Gracious Goodness ! [*Cox snatches the letter, and runs forward, followed by Box.*]

Cox. [*Reading.*] " Dear Mr. Cox, pardon my candor"—

Box. [*Looking over, and reading.*] " But being convinced that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate"—

Cox. " I hasten to apprise you of my immediate union"—

Box. " With Mr. Knox."

Cox. Huzza !

Box. Three cheers for Knox ! Ha, ha, ha !

[*Tosses the letter in the air, and begins dancing. Cox does the same.*]

Mrs. B. [*Putting her head in at door.*] The little second floor back room is quite ready!

Cox. I don't want it!

Box. No more do I!

Cox. What shall part us?

Box. What shall tear us asunder?

Cox. Box!

Box. Cox! [*About to embrace—Box stops, seizes Cox's hand, and looks eagerly in his face.*] You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long lost brother.

Cox. The very observation I was going to make to you!

Box. Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?

Cox. No!

Box. Then it is he! [*They rush into each other's arms.*]

Cox. Of course we stop where we are?

Box. Of course!

Cox. For, between you and me, I'm rather partial to this house.

Box. So am I—I begin to feel quite at home in it.

Cox. Everything so clean and comfortable—

Box. And I'm sure the mistress of it, from what I have seen of her, is very anxious to please.

Cox. So she is—and I vote, Box, that we stick by her.

Box. Agreed! There's my hand upon it—join but your's—agree that the house is big enough to hold us both, then Box—

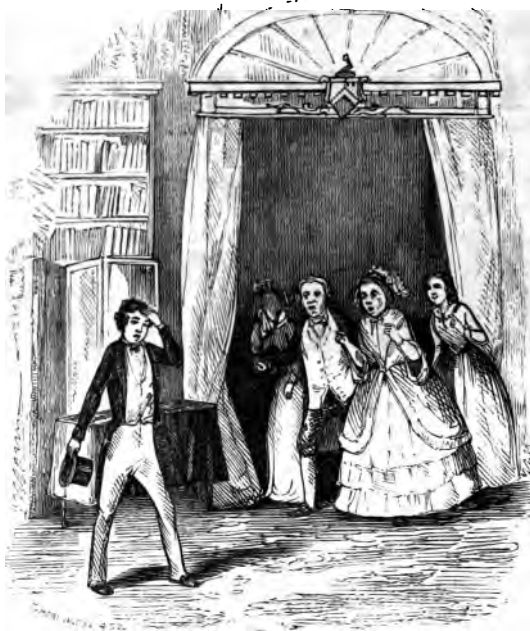
Cox. And Cox—

Both. Are satisfied!

[*The Curtain Falls.*]

THE END.





BAMBOOZLING.

Sophy. Oh, you deceitful man!

Lady M. Oh, you barbarian!

Emily. Oh, you—you—Bamboozle!

Act I. Scene I.

©

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXII.

BAMBOOZLING.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

BY THOMAS EGERTON WILKS.

Author of One Hundred and Fifty-Nine Successful Dramas.

**ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.**

NEW YORK:

DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE ST

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.



EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE frontispiece of this trifle bears the astounding announcement, "that it is from the pen of a gentleman, who claims to be the author of *one hundred and fifty new and successful dramas!*" The reader will be deceived if he pictures to himself a Dramatic Methuselah, for *Mr. Egerton Wilks* is a remarkably young-looking man, even for a young man—he has been a most successful theatrical scribe—possessing sufficient good sense to confine himself to the treatment of such subjects as would create a laugh, and afford an hour's pleasant entertainment.

Among this class of farces *Bamboozling* may fairly be placed. There is nothing original, or even "new," or "startling" in the plot; but the materials, though old, are very pleasantly put together, and the smartness of the dialogue compensates for the somewhat unnatural and forced situations of the dramatic personæ. Well played, "*Bamboozling*" must be well received. We have seen it at the Park and Palmo's. Mrs. Hunt was the *Emily* at the former, Miss Mary Taylor at the latter theatre, and both were excellent. Among the gentlemen we have seen as *Captain Bamboozle*, we prefer Mr. J. H. Hall; his appearance is much in his favour, and his acting was in good keeping throughout.

As *Sir Marmaduke Meadows*, Mr. Chippendale stands alone.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Sir Marmaduke Meadows</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. A Younge.
<i>Captain Frank Bamboozle</i>	-	-	-	-	-	" J. S. Balla.
<i>Frank Tiverton</i>	-	-	-	-	-	" Dean.
<i>Humphrey Sims</i>	-	-	-	-	-	" Cockrill.
<i>Doiley</i>	-	-	-	-	-	" Romer.
<i>Waiter</i>	-	-	-	-	-	" Simma.
<i>Lady Meadows</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Cooke.
<i>Emily</i>	-	-	-	-	-	" Daly.
<i>Sophy Weston</i>	-	-	-	-	-	" Lee.

First produced at the Olympic Theatre, London, May 16th, 1842

Time of Representation, 45 minutes.

PERIOD—Fine Summer's Afternoon, the present time.

PLACE—Country Hotel.

COSTUMES.

SIR MARMADUKE MEADOWS.—Lavender breeches and gaiters, figured vest, morning gown, white wig, spectacles. *Second dress:* Brown dress coat.

CAPTAIN BAMBOOZLE.—Green frock coat, light drab trousers, figured velvet waistcoat, blue stock.

FRANK TIVERTON.—Modern suit.

DOILEY.—Modern suit.

HUMPHREY.—Breeches, top boots, postboy's jacket.

WAITER.—Modern suit.

LADY MEADOWS.—Green silk dress, black velvet hat, white feathers.

EMILY.—Modern travelling dress.

SOPHY.—Pink satin, trimmed with black lace.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*, L. C., *Left of Centre*.

BAMBOOZLING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An elegant Apartment in a country hotel—opening upon gardens, tastefully arranged.*

Enter WAITER showing in SIR MARMADUKE R.

Sir M. Oh, these are the gardens, are they? Very well—that will do. [*Exit Waiter, R.*] They look very pretty, really. I am a slave to first impressions, and I can see that I shall like them. How odd! Here have I been staying two whole days, and did not know of their existence. But then, I'm a new married man, and I have to attend to my new married wife, and new duties—and that will easily account for my ignorance upon such matters. [*Bell rings, R.*] How the bell rings in this house, to be sure! Ah, well! since my marriage I have discovered they are not the only *belles* that have confounded noisy clappers. I'm a slave to first impressions, and if I had heard my wife's clapper before marriage, instead of after, I think it is very likely she would never have been Lady Meadows. [*Exit, C.*]

Doi. [*Without, L.*] This way—this way, my lady, if you please—take care of the step—this is the door.

Enter DOILEY, showing in EMILY, L.

Emily. Is this a public room?

Doi. Yes, my lady—opening, as you see, upon gardens, which, I trust you will excuse my saying, are delightful. But you will, of course, prefer private apartments my lady?

Emily. Oh, certainly—but do not let me be detained long. I must have post horses as soon as possible.

Doi. You may rely upon me, my lady—I will now give orders for a sitting room to be prepared for you, and then arrange about the horses. In the mean time, madam, you will not be intruded upon here. [*Exit, L.*]

Emily. [*Sits.*] Heigho! I almost regret, now, that I consented so hastily to this marriage with Frank. To my uncle, Sir Marmaduke Meadows, I look for everything beyond the mere pittance I now possess. Frank is poor—nay, poorer than myself, and greatly do I fear that when my uncle finds I have wedded his nephew, his only sister's only child—whom he has so long and so pertinaciously discarded, that his wrath will overcome the love he has so long professed for me. So much for family feuds! Poor Frank! much and dearly as I love him, I cannot help fancying that it would have been better for us both, had we never met. [*Looks at watch.*] Gracious heaven! [*Starts up.*] Three o'clock, and I was to have joined Frank by two at the latest. Why, the packet sails at five—and I have yet another stage to go. [*Rings bell.*] Yes, we must cross the water—land on the continent—and there remain until the anger of our inhuman uncle shall abate. If he sees us in the first fit of his fury, we are disinherited, that's certain. Heavens! how impatient Frank will be at my non-arrival. [*Rings bell.*]

Enter DOILEY with book, R.

Now, sir, I am most impatient about the horses. I am going to Havre to-night, and shall, I fear, be too late for the packet, if detained.

Doi. The horses will be ready, my lady, precisely in half an hour.

Emily. Half an hour?

Doi. Am sorry to say, you cannot possibly have them before.

Emily. Well, sir—but then?

Doi. But then, my lady, you may depend on them. I beg pardon, madam, but I have brought a list of the ladies and gentlemen at present staying here. [*Giving her book.*] Perhaps you will do me the honour of permitting me to enter your name?

Emily. Never mind that. [*Looks over book, carelessly.*] It is very unlikely that any one I know is stopping here

[*Aside.*] Nor, indeed, do I desire to see any person, until my uncle has decided what my fate, and that of Frank, is to be. Ah! what do I see? Sir Marmaduke Meadows here?

Doi. Yes, my lady, Sir Marmaduke has been staying here for several days past.

Emily. [*Aside.*] Oh, Heavens! how particularly unfortunate, to think that my uncle should be staying here. The very person, to avoid whom I am now about to quit England! [*Partly aside.*] When I entered this house, I ran into the very lion's mouth.

Doi. Oh, dear, no—I beg your ladyship's pardon—when you ran into this house, you ran, not into the lion's mouth, but the "Bull's Head."

Emily. Psha! Shew me to my private room immediately—quick, sir.

Doi. But, my lady, it is not quite ready yet.

Emily. Ready or not, I must go.

Sir M. [*Without.*] Thank you, thank you—that will do.

Doi. That is Sir Marmaduke, my lady.

Emily. I know it.—[*Aside.*] What shall I do?—[*Aloud.*] Come, come, lead me, sir, directly to my chamber.

[*Trying to hurry him off.*]

Doi. Wouldn't you like to have a peep at the old gentleman, my lady?

Emily. Oh, no!

Doi. Sir Marmaduke is here, my lady. [*Exit, L.*]

SIR MARMADUKE appears at back, and enters.

Emily. [*Aside.*] How shall I avoid him?

Sir M. Pretty gardens—decidedly pretty. Ha! a young lady. Good day, madam.

Emily. [*Aside.*] He sees me—I cannot escape! I must risk the disobedience. Oh, love, love! assist me.

Sir M. Good day, ma'am—a very fine morn—Why, bless me—is it—it is—it's my niece, Emily!

Emily. What must be, must be! [*Affects suddenly to see him.*] Eh? oh, dear—what do I see? Oh, my dear, dear, dearest uncle! [*Embraces him.*] How delighted I am to see you.—[*Aside.*] I wish you were a thousand miles off! How unlucky!

Sir M. Oho! Why, you little puss—prettier than ever, I declare. How pleased I am to see you.—[*Aside.*] I wish she was at Jericho.—[*Aloud.*] I'm a victim to first impressions, and it's my belief you are handsomer than ever. Give me a kiss. [They embrace.]

Emily. Oh, my dear uncle!

Sir M. Oh, my charming niece!—[*Aside.*] Considering that she *was* to have been my heiress, I'm afraid she won't be pleased at hearing of my marriage.

Emily. [*Aside.*] I heartily wish this interview was over!

Sir M. [*Aside.*] How I wish this interview was over!

Emily. [*Aside.*] I quite dread to tell him of my marriage.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] I quite dread to tell her of my marriage.

Emily. [*Aside.*] And yet he must be told, for of course he'll hear of it.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] And yet she must be told, for of course she'll hear of it.

Emily. [*Aside.*] So, the sooner it is done the better!

Sir M. [*Aside.*] So, the sooner it is done the better!

Emily. Ahem! uncle—

Sir M. Ahem! niece—

Emily. Matrimony is an awful thing.

Sir M. Very!

Emily. It should be well considered before adopted.

Sir M. I believe you.

Emily. But when the heart is fairly entangled in Love's web, we are warranted in adopting it.

Sir M. True.

Emily. Then you think so, uncle?

Sir M. Oh, most certainly.

Emily. I am glad to hear that. Then, again, before we take so important a step, we ought to consult those who are interested in our happiness.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] Can she suspect? [*Aloud.*] True, true, my girl. But there are cases wherein people are justified in acting for themselves.

Emily. [*Aside.*] Can he suspect? At least, I am glad to hear him say so.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] I'll come to the point at once. [*Aloud.*]

The fact is, Emmy, since I saw you last—[*Aside.*—now to screw up my courage!

Emily. Yes, uncle—and the fact is, since I saw you last—[*Aside.*—now for determination!

Sir M. I've—F've got married!

Emily. And so have I.

Sir M. The devil you have! I didn't expect that, though. Well, there, Emmy, don't blush—I don't blush, you see. It's what we must all come to.

Emily. But, my dear uncle, are you really married?

Sir M. Why, yes, I believe I am. I'm hooked—I may say, hooked, at last. The old dowager, Mrs. Singley, did my business. I'm a victim to first impressions, and the moment I saw her I liked her, and—

Emily. And so you married her to prove it? Well, my dear uncle, I believe the lady you have married to be a very amiable woman, although her temper is a little violent—[*Sir Marmaduke groans.*—and I most heartily wish you may be happy.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] She has taken the news of my marriage better than I expected.

Emily. [*Aside.*] He has received the news of my marriage better than I expected.

Sir M. Rely upon it, my dear niece, my marriage shall make no difference to your pecuniary prospects—that shall be my care. Yet, stay—how came you to marry without my consent?

Emily. Why, I must own it was very wrong.

Sir M. Wrong? indeed it was very, very wrong—unpardonable!

[*Crosses to R.*

Emily. Oh, no, no—not unpardonable, because you know well, my dear uncle, "there are cases wherein people are justified in acting for themselves."

Sir M. Oh, you little baggage! Well, I suppose I must forgive you. And now let me know *whom* you have married.

Emily. [*Aside.*] How furious he would become if he knew that my bridegroom was his own discarded nephew

Sir M. Now, then, tell me his name. If I like the match, I'll give you the Belton estate—if I don't, you shan't have a penny.

Emily. But, my dear uncle, what qualities do you ex-

pect my husband to possess ?

Sir M. Qualities, girl ? Those that women never think of looking for in a husband, but which fathers, uncles, and guardians, always do. As long as the fellow is young, good-looking, well made, light-hearted, and loving, the lady is tolerably content. But I require rank, family, station, principle, respectability, and wealth. Now, Emmy, has your husband these qualifications ?

Emily. Why, I should think—that is—I mean to say, that—that—that—

Sir M. What the devil do you mean by all this stammering ? I mean, that—that—that ! Say yes, or no. Is he of good family ?

Emily. Oh, dear, yes—as good as yours.—[*Aside.*] Your own nephew !

Sir M. So far, so good. What's his name ?

Emily. His name ?

Sir M. Yes. Why, hasn't the fellow got a name ?

Emily. Of course he has—his name is Frank.

Sir M. Frank ? I don't much like that name—it reminds me of that Frank, who—Ah, well—no matter. Is he good looking ?

Emily. [*Eagerly.*] Oh, very—very good looking !

Sir M. I thought I should have an answer to that question soon enough. Where were you married ?

Emily. At St. George's, Hanover Square ; and as soon as the ceremony was over, we left town in a chaise drawn by four beautiful black horses.

Sir M. Black horses ! I'm a victim to first impressions, and I don't like black horses.

Emily. [*Aside.*] Indeed ! if I had known that, I would have changed their colour.

Sir M. After all, Emily, I scarcely know how to forgive your wedding without my consent.

Emily. Nay, nay, you must do so, dear uncle, and I'll promise most faithfully—

Sir M. What ?

Emily. Never to do so any more.

Sir M. Psha ! Well, if I like the fellow, I will forgive you. And now introduce him to me.

Emily. Introduce him—[*Aside.*] Oh, dear, dear !—
Why, uncle the fact is, he's not with me.

Sir M. Not with you ? Why, do you mean to say the fellow allows his young, beautiful, and newly-wedded wife, to be rambling about the country alone, and unprotected ? I am a victim to first impressions, and I feel that I shall hate him.

Emily. [Aside.] Oh, that dislike will never do.—But, my dear uncle, peculiar circumstances—

Sir M. Peculiar circumstances ! none could justify such conduct—at least, nothing but illness. And newly married men have no business to be ill without their wives' consent. *[Walks up stage, and back.]*

Emily. [Aside.] I must change my plan, or Frank's case is hopeless ! How true it is, that when once we begin to attempt deception, every step leads us further from the truth ! My dear uncle, you mistake me—when I said that my husband was not *with me*, I meant that he was not *here*, here in the *room* with me.

Sir M. Well, my own eyesight tells me that—

Emily. But of course he *travels* with me—in fact, he cannot bear to lose sight of me, even for an hour.

Sir M. Ha ! that's better ; and where is he now ?

Emily. He's—he's—*[Aside.]* I wonder where he is ! —He's strolling through the gardens—

Sir M. I am most impatient to see him, and if he be half as amiable and excellent as I perceive you *think* him to be, you shall find that I know how to reward affection. So, go—bring him hither—I'll just slip off my morning gown, and put on my coat, and come back directly, and most likely bring your new aunt with me. Oh, Emmy, Emmy, this said matrimony makes sad havoc with one's old habits. *[Exit, R.]*

Emily. What a distressing situation is this of mine ? I want a husband ! Nay, must find one—and that directly ! This meeting with my uncle is most peculiarly unfortunate ! If I dare tell him—but that's impossible ! If I could slip off without seeing him again ? No, that won't do—oh, dear—dear, what am I to do for a husband ?

[Retires up, R.]

Captain Bamboozle. [Without.] There, there, you may leave the baggage in the hall. I shall not be here long—and as to you, Humphrey—

Enter BAMBOOZLE, followed by Humphrey, L.

as to you—you may go to the Tap, and get something to eat.

Hum. Eat? mayn't I have something to drink as well as to eat?

Bam. Why, of course you may—eating includes drinking.

Hum. Eating includes drinking, does it? then does bread include beer?

Bam. Get out of my sight, you matter-of-fact scoundrel—get out, I say. [*Exit Humphrey, L.*] That fellow plagues my very life out—he takes everything literally, and has no more idea of making a figure of speech, than he has of making a figure of marble. Now, let me consider—what is to be my next route? The year of probation that was to elapse before my marriage with Sophy Weston is almost expired, and one month's more travelling will bring the happy moment. Happy? Did I say happy? Yes, I said happy—hem! I mustn't be rash! I have heard people say that happiness doesn't always attend weddings.

Emily. A fresh arrival.

Bam. Yet I love Sophy Weston dearly—better than anything else in the world—stop, that's almost going too far!

Emily. [*Observing him.*] Looks like a gentleman.

Bam. Then she's got a nice little fortune, besides which, marrying, as in that case I shall, with my aunt's permission—I shall become entitled to the handsome property left me upon that condition—yes, all things considered, I certainly do love Sophy Weston better than anything else in the world.

Emily. I've a great mind to speak to him.

Bam. Egad! the sooner I'm married, the better—I wish I was married now.

Emily. He wishes he was married now! So much the better for me! What an embarrassing situation—but I have no alternative—my uncle will be back directly, and unless I devise some scheme to continue the deception, Frank and I are ruined!—Sir—sir!

Bam. Ma'am! a lady here! Your most obedient.—
[*Aside.*] A pretty woman!

Emily. Pray, sir, do you—do you—

Bam. [*Aside.*] She seems embarrassed—I'll help her out.—Yes, ma'am, I do, sometimes.

Emily. Do you think—

Bam. Think? yes, occasionally—but not very often. My greatest enemies can't accuse me of thinking much

Emily. That is not exactly what I mean.

Bam. Isn't it really? Then, perhaps, you'll have the goodness to say what it really is that you do mean—for, hang me, if I can tell.

Emily. Do you—[*Aside.*] I cannot utter the words.—Do you think it will rain?

Bam. Rain? why, that depends upon *whether* the weather continues dry. If it does continue dry, we shall have no rain—but if it turns out wet, it will not continue dry—[*Aside.*] What the deuce is she driving at?

Emily. The truth is, sir, I—I have something I wish to name to you.

Bam. To me?—[*Aside.*] What can she have to name to me?—Pray proceed, ma'am.

Emily. I have that to say, which at first will very greatly surprise you.

Bam. Indeed!—[*Aside.*] Never saw her before. Quite an adventure! What can it mean? her bashfulness—her blushes—her confusion—I've made an impression—love at first sight—tender-hearted creature!—Surprise me, will it? Oh, dear, no, nothing surprises me, now-a-days—it's a very common case, I assure you.

Emily. [*Sighs.*] Not mine, sir.

Bam. No!—[*Aside.*] She's regularly caught, poor thing.

Emily. I scarcely know how to utter what I have to say.

Bam. Banish your scruples, ma'am—look upon me as a friend, as a—[*Aside.*]—shall I say admirer? no, I won't be rash.

Emily. [*Aside.*] A little courage, and it is done.—I'll be candid, then, sir—I want—I want—

Bam. Yes, ma'am, you want—

Emily. I wish—I wish—

Bam. Yes, ma'am,—that's the point.—[*Aside.*] Tender lamb! She's certainly smitten!

Emily. I want a—a—

Bam. A what ?

Emily. A husband !

[*Curtseying low.*

Bam. A husband ? of course you do—I know a great many young ladies in the same predicament. But where are the husbands to be met with ? that's the point.

Emily. But in my case, the affair to which I allude, namely—matrimony—

Bam. Matrimony ?—[*Aside.*] Egad ! she speaks plain enough—she's determined there shall be no mistake about the matter.

Emily. The matrimony to which I allude, is only a joke.

Bam. Matrimony only a joke ?—[*Aside.*] 'Pon my soul ! a very singular person, this ! calls matrimony a joke ! Well, ma'am, all I can say is, that though the matrimony to which *you* allude may be a joke—the matrimony of people in general, is decidedly no joke at all.

Emily. And the request I have to make of you is simply this—will you—will you be—my—my—

Bam. Yes, ma'am, your—your what ?

Emily. My husband !

Bam. Your husband ? That's a poser ! I mustn't be rash—rash ! I have been rash—very much so. It was very rash of me to converse with one so susceptible.

Emily. Pray do not misunderstand me.

Bam. Misunderstand you ? Why, no, after what you have said, it's impossible.

Emily. I am married already.

Bam. Married already ? The devil you are ! and want another husband ?

Emily. Exactly so !

Bam. Bigamy, avaunt.

Emily. Observe me, sir, I merely wish you to *pass* for my husband for half an hour.

Bam. Pass for your husband for half an hour ?

Emily. That is all—only for half an hour.

Bam. [*Aside.*] How odd ! I musn't be rash ! Pass for her husband for half an hour ? She's a very pretty woman ! 'Pon my honour, it's a great temptation—there isn't one man out of a dozen could resist it.

Emily. The facts are simply these : I have just now, within this very house, encountered a gentleman, to whom

it is absolutely necessary I should introduce my husband—to prevent misfortune falling upon that husband—he is, unfortunately, not here. I therefore wish some person—you, sir, if you please, to personate him—in half an hour my horses will be here to convey me on the road, and then the deception may cease.

Bam. [*Aside.*] She wishes me to personate her husband! I wonder how the real husband would like it? I've a great mind to oblige her. [*Looks at watch.*] Just half-past three, married man at five-and-twenty minutes to four—five minutes after four, bachelor again!—Well, ma'am, I consent—I'll surrender my liberty for thirty minutes—for half an hour, from this moment, I'll be your husband.

Emily. A thousand thanks!

Bam. A thousand thanks for thirty minutes!

Emily. But remember, sir, you must give me your solemn promise, that until the half hour has elapsed, you will not fail to sustain the character you have assumed.

Bam. Madam, I promise, faithfully promise, and when was a Bamboozle known to break his word?

Emily. A what?

Bam. A Bamboozle! That's me—I'm a Bamboozle Captain Frank Bamboozle, very much at your service.—[*Aside.*] She doesn't seem struck with the name, though!—Madam, I promise to keep my word—nay, I swear it, for one half hour, I'll be your husband.

Emily. Enough, sir, I am satisfied.

Bam. And so am I—and so I ought to be, with such a pretty wife. Give me your arm. [*They walk arm in arm about the stage.*] Here we are, my spouse and I! It isn't every body that picks up wives as fast as I do—or gets rid of them as quickly.—[*Aside.*] She's very pretty—ahem!—you'll excuse me. [*Offers to kiss her.*] Nay, don't start away—consider my delicate privileges—now just one kiss to seal the bargain.

Emily. Sir, you will not surely distress me?

Bam. Certainly not! beg pardon, but as I am only to be your husband for half an hour, why, you see, there's no time to be lost.

Emily. Sir, you take advantage of my unfortunate situation.

Bam. Oh, if it's disagreeable, I'll say no more about it at present—but still a husband ought to be a husband, or else a husband is no husband at all.

Emily. Here comes Sir Marmaduke.

Bam. What, that elderly gentleman?

Emily. Yes, yes! pray be cautious.

Bam. Trust to me—I'll puzzle the old fellow, never fear.

Enter SIR MARMADUKE, R.

Sir M. Now, my girl, I'm ready, and I hope to find your husband ready, too. I have told my lady that you and your husband are here. Where is he! I quite long to see him. Ah! is this the gentleman?

Emily. It is, sir—this is my husband.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Well! my wife can tell a fib with a good grace, and a good face, anyhow.

Sir M. I am very glad to see him—[*Aside.*] I'm a victim to first impressions, and I am almost certain I shall like him.—Sir, I am glad to make your acquaintance.

Bam. (c.) Sir, I am glad to make yours.

Sir M. (r.) Our meeting is certainly very unexpected.

Bam. Unexpected? why, yes, I rather think it is.

Sir M. Particularly so by me.

Bam. Yes, and particularly so by me.

Sir M. But it will, I hope, turn out fortunate.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Can't say how it will turn out yet—perhaps end in my being turned out.

Sir M. But, sir, I think I shall like you.

Bam. Not a doubt in life about that.—[*Aside.*] I ought to say something—I must say something about my wife—ahem! Here goes—hit or miss—sink or swim—ahem!—I think you know my wife, don't you, sir?

Sir M. Know her? Why, of course I do! She's my niece!

Bam. Your niece? to be sure she is! You look as though you thought I didn't know that—but it was a joke of mine, that's all.

Sir M. I don't see much fun in the joke.

Bam. No? well, now, I think it's very funny—ahem! —[*Aside.*] He looks grave—I must change the subject “from grave to gay.” I suppose, sir, you were surprised when you heard of our marriage?

Sir M. Very much, indeed, sir. I thought I ought to have been consulted—

Bam. And so I thought, too—and so I told—[*Aside.*] What's my wife's name, I wonder? I'll chance it. Mary is the most common English female name. Polly answers to others, too.—As I was saying, sir, and so I told my wife, Polly—

Sir M. Polly? and who the devil is Polly? That lady's name is Emily.

Bam. Emily? of course it is—we all know that very well—but it's all the same. Emily, one way—Polly, another—a kind of anagram, don't you see?—[*Aside.*] He doesn't!—The truth is, I call her Polly for shortness.

Sir M. Why, Polly is just the same length as Emily.

Bam. Exactly so—right again! But Polly sounds shorter than Emily—and besides, my wife requested me to call her Polly—didn't you, Polly?

Emily. I believe I did.

Bam. I'm sure of it. I recollect you said you had a particular aversion to the name of Emily.

Sir M. Then I must say, that I am very far from being pleased with that remark. Emily was her mother's name, and therefore ought to be respected.

Bam. Ahem! I musn't be rash here!

Sir M. But be that as it may, I must say it sounds very odd, to hear Emily called Polly.

Bam. Don't it? But people who see much of the world, always see strange things. Now, for instance, the church at which we were married, is dedicated to St. Basil, and there, once upon a time—

Sir M. St. Basil? why, your wife, Emily—I mean Polly, told me you were married at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Bam. And so we were. You may always credit what my wife says. I never knew her to tell a fib!—[*Aside.*] That was found out!—But the truth is—[*Aside.*] let me see, what is the truth?—The truth is, we were first of all married in France.

Sir M. In France? Well, I never heard of that before.

Emily. No! I dare say not.

Bam. I'll be bound he didn't. Yes, sir, we were mar-

ried in France—and upon our return to this kingdom, the ceremony was repeated, at the express request of my wife Polly's father.

Sir M. Your wife Polly's father! Why he's been dead these seventeen years.

Bam. More—more—nearly eighteen—full seventeen and a half! but he directed in his will, that if his daughter married in a foreign land, the ceremony should be repeated upon her return to England.

Sir M. Very prudent, indeed. I can assure you it is quite new to me.

Bam. New?—[*Aside.*] No doubt about that—new as imported!

Sir M. And now, respecting your wedding. My niece, Emily—I mean, Polly—tells me it was a stylish affair.

Bam. Oh, very—very stylish affair—especially the first—I mean the one in France. Lots of the nobility was there—and, in fact, it was more than once rumoured that the king himself would attend.

Sir M. What, the King of France?

Bam. No, the King of Otaheite. And then, after the ceremony we bowled away—

Emily. [*Interrupting.*] In a new travelling carriage.

Bam. As I was about to say, in a new travelling carriage—

Emily. Drawn by beautiful horses.

Bam. True—drawn by a pair of beautiful horses—

Sir M. A pair! Why, Emily—I mean, Polly—said four horses!

Bam. Four! Well, she was right, as she always is—Polly is never wrong. When I said a pair of horses, I meant a pair first, and another pair behind *them*. Perhaps it would have been more correct had I said *two* pair of horses; because, here, a *pair* is understood to mean *two*—but in the part of the country where I have been residing, a *pair* always means four, two and two.—[*Aside.*] He seems surprised—talk about something else.—But the great beauty of the horses of which I am speaking, was their colour—white—white as the driven snow!

Sir M. White! why Emily—I mean, Polly—said they were black.

Bam. Black? Did she say black?—[*Aside.*] Then it

wasn't a white lie.—Then for once she was wrong. Yes, my wife, Polly, is decidedly wrong for once. The horses were white—white as milk.

Sir M. It's very strange she should have made such a mistake!

Bam. Very! very strange! and yet, no—now I come to think of it, it is not strange at all—I recollect the horses had particularly *black eyes*. Don't you recollect remarking the exceeding blackness of the white horses' eyes?

Emily. I think I do—

Bam. Oh, I remember it perfectly well. You see, Polly has confounded the blackness of the horses' eyes, with the colour of their coats.

Sir M. I suppose that was it!

Bam. Can't be the possibility of a doubt about it.

Sir M. [*Aside.*] A very agreeable talkative fellow! Romances a little, I think, but not disagreeably. I'm a victim to first impressions, and I know I shall like him.—Harkye, sir! I always said that if I liked my niece's husband, he should have the family gold snuff-box set with diamonds. I *do* like you, so pray accept it. [*Offers it.*]

Bam. My dear sir, you're too good; I really do not deserve so valuable a gift. [*Takes it.*] You'll regret giving it to me—I am sure you will. Pray take it back. You won't? oh, then the affront must be pocketed. [*Pockets box. Aside.*] Everything is going on right. Hadn't you better let me kiss you, just to keep up appearances?

Emily. Certainly not.

Bam. Don't say no. [*Looks at watch.*] There's nearly a quarter gone out of the half hour, and nothing con-nubial! I must—I will. [*Struggles with her.*]

Emily. Sir, forbear. Uncle!

Sir M. Oh, never mind me—kiss away—I shan't look.

Bam. There, he says you're to kiss me. Now you really must. [*Kisses her.*] You'll excuse us, sir, but we have not been married long, I may say, comparatively speaking, not a quarter of an hour, so it's pardonable.—[*Aside.*] That kiss was uncommonly sweet—I'll have another. Give me another kiss, Polly.

Emily. This is unbearable! [*Loudly.*] Forbear, sir, or I must retire.

Sir M. Hallo! Emily—I mean Polly—refuse to kiss your husband? Fie, girl! kiss him this moment, I insist.

Bam. That's right, old boy—kiss your husband this moment, Polly. [*Kisses her. Aside.*] If the real husband could see us, how pleased he would be!

Emily. This is unpardonable, sir.

Bam. Don't be angry, Polly.

Sir M. No, don't be angry, Emily—I mean, Polly—I like to witness such affection. [*Aside.*] How devotedly fond they are of each other.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Well, everything's smooth at present—I think we had better manage to get out of the room.—Come, Polly, we'll go and have lunch.

Sir M. Stay, stay—yonder comes my wife, so I'll introduce you before you go.

Emily. We shall be discovered now.

[*Turns back to Bamboozle.*]

Bam. Never fear! not a bit of it! I'm sure we look like man and wife.

Emily. Mind how you act, the old lady is very keen sighted.

Bam. Don't be alarmed—the deuce is in it, if I can't gammon an old woman.

Sir M. Did my niece mention to you, sir, that I was married?

Bam. No, sir, I think not—did you, Polly? No, I'm sure not.

Sir M. Then such being the case, you will be surprised to hear that I have recently married Mrs. Singly—

Bam. Mrs. Singly? I'm obfuscated! Mrs. Singly, of—

Sir M. Of Singly Lodge! Yes—

Bam. The devil!

[*Crosses, r.*]

Sir M. Hallo! Pray, sir, what do you mean by calling my wife the devil? Don't you know that truth is a libel?

[*Goes up.*]

Bam. So, so!—Mrs. Singly is your aunt, is she?

Emily. Yes, by marriage.

Bam. Yes, and she's my aunt, but not by marriage. I had that aunt in the natural way.

Emily. Mrs. Singly your aunt?

Bam. It's too true. I must be off—the climate here is too hot to hold me!

Lady Meadows. [Without.] Come along, Sophy.

Sir M. That was her voice—I ought to know it.

Bam. Besides which, she is the guardian of my dear Sophy Weston. Let me go—I must depart.

Emily. No, no—you must keep your promise to me.

Sir M. Surely I saw her coming.

Bam. [Aside.] I wish you saw her going!

Sir M. Yes, and as good luck will have it, here she comes, and our pretty little ward, Sophy Weston, is with her. [Exit, &c.]

Bam. This marriage will be the death of me!

Emily. It is certainly very unfortunate.

Bam. Unfortunate? It's not to be borne. Madam, you'll excuse me, but I must be off—I'm quite tired of being your husband—so, if you please, we'll have a divorce without troubling Doctors' Commons.

Emily. No, sir, you have promised to pass for my husband for half an hour—

Bam. So I have. Fatal remembrance! [Takes out watch.] Ten minutes to four. Oh, laud, how tired I am of matrimony!

Lady M. [As she enters, L.] Come along, Sophy.

Enter LADY MEADOWS, followed by SOPHY and SIR MARMADUKE. Bamboozle and Emily stand back to back, L.

Now, my dear Sir Marmaduke, where's your niece and her bridegroom? I quite long to see them. [Crosses to c.] Ah, there you are, you sly puss! So you've stolen a march upon us.

Bam. [Aside.] I should like to march off.

Emily. Why, really, my dear madam, I believe I am not the only one, who—

Lady M. Spare my blushes!

Bam. [Aside.] Her blushes! She means her rouge, and that she doesn't spare herself.

Lady M. Let me introduce my ward, Miss Weston. [They curtsey.] This young lady is betrothed to my nephew, Captain Frank Bamboozle. [Emily coughs. Bamboozle imitates her.] You don't know him?

Bam. [Aside.] Don't she? that's all you know about it.

Lady M. Poor fellow! he is many miles away from us at this moment.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Is he? he wishes he was.

Lady M. I quite long to see him.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Do you? then your longing will soon be gratified.

Sophy. And I'm sure I may say the same—dear Frank, how joyous will be our meeting.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Will it? I wish it may.

Sophy. But oh, if he should prove inconstant?

Lady M. I'd tear his eyes out.

Bam. [*Aside.*] I've got a pain in my optics.

Sir M. (a.) Inconstant? I'd run him through the body.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Bless me! I've got a pain in my side.

Lady M. Some time or other, I'll introduce you.

Emily. Thank you, ma'am, I shall be most happy.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Happy! then you'll have all the happiness to yourself.

Lady M. But your bridegroom, my dear?

Bam. [*Aside.*] Ah! that's the settler.

Sir M. This is the gentleman, my dear. What, Frank, shamming modesty? Ha, ha! that's a good joke.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Is it? I'm glad you like it.

Sir M. Talk to him, Emily—I mean, Polly. Tell him not to be shamefaced.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Polly be hanged, for getting me into this scrape!

Lady M. Polly! Why, what do you mean? Our niece's name is Emily.

Sir M. Don't be violent, my dear. Her husband is a very curious man—always calls her Polly.

Lady M. Mercy on us!

Sir M. Fact. There's lots of things you've got to learn yet. They've been married twice.

Lady M. Twice?

Sir M. Yes—at the wish of her father, although the old fellow has been dead these seventeen years. And what's still more strange, is, that they drove away from church with four white horses with black eyes.

Lady M. Gracious me!

Sophy. Surely I know that figure—and yet it cannot be!

Bam. Sophy's eyeing me—this won't do! I tell you, you must let me off from my promise. [*Takes out watch.*] Seven minutes to four! I've been your husband for twenty-three minutes, and that's long enough.

Emily. [*Aside.*] I insist upon your promise being kept.

Bam. [*Aside.*] Oh, that promise! I have been rash, after all!

Lady M. Sir, I beg to make your acquaintance.

Emily. [*Aside.*] Say something.

Bam. Yes, ma'am—I am delighted—

Emily. Don't croak so.

Bam. Croak, ma'am? I've got the tooth-ache!

Emily. Nonsense! Speak.

Bam. You cruel wife!—Madam, I am particularly proud—[*Aside.*] It's all over with me!

Lady M. That voice—why, Sophy!

Sophy. That voice—why, my lady!

Sir M. Well, ladies, and what's the matter with the voice?

Bam. [*Aside.*] You are not in that secret yet!

Sir M. I think the voice is a very nice voice.

Bam. [*Aside.*] So do I—but that isn't the point!

Lady M. Sir Marmaduke, I demand to know the name of this gentleman to whom your niece is married.

Bam. [*Aside.*] That's more than he can tell!

Sir M. His name? Hang me if I can tell you—except that his first name is Frank.

Bam. Frank confession!

Lady M. & Sophy. Frank!

Sir M. Why, zounds! what's in the wind now?

Bam. [*Aside.*] A storm—and I shall get pelted. Will you release me from my rash oath?

Emily. No!

Bam. Six minutes to four! You won't?

Emily. No!

Bam. Oh, then take the consequences—or, rather, I shall take the consequences. Further disguise is useless. [*Shows himself.*] Behold!

Lady M. & Sophy. Bamboozle!

Bam. Bamboozle it is.

Sir M. Bamboozle! who's he?

Lady M. I will tell you, sir. Don't cry, Sophy—

[Crosses to her.] he is not worth a single tear. That man is my worthless nephew, and has been betrothed to this young lady, yet now basely deserts her, and weds another.

Sir M. Then give me leave, sir, to tell you that you are a villain! [Retires up.]

Bam. That's pleasant!

Lady M. But I'll punish him! You have wedded, sir, without my permission, and I will take care that the legacy which you have thus forfeited, shall never be touched by you. [Retires up.]

Bam. That's pleasant again! [To Emily.] See what you've done, by forcing me into a marriage!

Sophy. And as to me, sir, know that in my heart love is at once changed to contempt! [Retires up.]

Bam. That's particularly pleasant!

Emily. [Aside.] I must join in the cry! [To Bamboozle.] Oh, you deceitful man! To pretend to love me, when you knew so well you were betrothed to another. Oh! [Retires up.]

Sir M. Don't cry, Emmy—we pity you!

Lady M. Don't cry, Sophy—we pity you!

Bam. Don't cry, Bamboozle—there's nobody to pity you. I can't stand this. I shall do something desperate—something desperately desperate! I feel I shall! [Looks at his watch.] Five minutes and a half to four!—Ladies and gentlemen, hear me. That is a female who has inveigled unsuspecting innocence—that's me—into a marriage with falsehood—that's she! I'm a sacrificed lamb—a lamb.—[Looks at his watch.] Five minutes exactly!

Sir M. I don't believe a word of that!

Lady M. Nor I.

Sir M. Venture to speak against my niece, sir, and though you are her husband, I shall call you out.

Bam. I wish I had been called out before!

Sir M. No jesting, sir—I shall demand—

Bam. You may demand whatever you please—not a farthing will you get from me.

Sir M. But I insist—

Emily. [With mock fear.] Hold! Remember this wretched man—

Bam. Bamboozle's a wretched man!

Emily. Is still my husband.
Bam. [*Aside.—Looking at his watch.*] For three minutes and a quarter, and no more!
Lady M. Oh, you monster!
Sophy. Oh, you deceitful man!
Lady M. Oh, you barbarian!
Emily. Oh, you—you—Bamboozle! [*They all retire into the garden and walk about—the young ladies weeping—Sir M. and Lady M. consoling.*]
Bam. Delightful—exquisite! [*Looks at his watch.*] 'Two minutes and a half to four! I shan't survive it—I shall certainly perish. Sudden death—coroner's inquest—verdict, "Died in a fit of Matrimony!"
[*Falls into a chair.*]
Frank. [*Without, L.*] That will do—I shall find her, I dare say.

Enter FRANK, L.

What can have detained Emily? My impatience has induced me to retrace my steps, for the purpose of informing her of the happy events which have occurred. From the description of the innkeeper, she, no doubt, is here. Ha—why, Bamboozle!

Bam. What, my friend, Frank Tiverton?

Frank. Why, is it really you, Bamboozle?

Bam. It's all that's left of me. Ill fortune and a bad wife have worn me to a skeleton.

Frank. What, my gay friend married?

Bam. Yes—no—yes—[*Aside,*]—for a minute and a half, and no more!

Frank. And your wife—

Bam. Is there!

Frank. Where?

Bam. There—leaning against that vase.

Frank. That?—[*Aside.*] Fire and furies—that's my wife!—Which did you say was your wife?

Bam. She is leaning against the vase.

Frank. Indeed?

Bam. Yes—that's my victimizer!

Sir M. Why, as I live, there's my nephew, Frank!

Emily. Frank? where?—[*Aside.*] My husband! His impetuosity will ruin all.

Frank. I shall go mad! [*Loudly.*] What does all this mean? [*They come down.*] In the presence of all of ye, I claim my wife! [*Clock chimes four quarters.*]

Bam. Hold—stop—stay! Don't let a mouse run across the room! [*Clock strikes four.*] It is—it is! Hurrah! I've got rid of my wife Polly!

Sir M. Zounds! what does all this mean?

Emily. It means, my dear uncle, that, fearing to excite your anger, if the truth was told, I persuaded this gentleman to personate my husband for half an hour—but further deception is needless, and I now avow myself the faithful wife of Frank Tiverton.

Bam. Yes, and I avow myself the faithful lover of my dear Sophy Weston. [*Crosses to her.*]

Sir M. I'm glad it is so, for now that all our unhappy differences are settled—which you, Emily, was not aware of—I am glad to find you the wife of my nephew, Frank.

Emily. What do I hear? Unhappy differences arranged? Oh, joyful news!

Lady M. Mercy on us—what strange things there are in the world!

Sir M. Then the King of Otaheite—

Bam. [*Affects to blush.*] I confess to the King of Otaheite!

Sir M. And the double wedding—and the father's will—and the white horses with black eyes—

Bam. Were all trifling mistakes, for which I have to seek your forgiveness, and that of my dear aunt.

Lady M. I will not refuse it!

Bam. Then I have secured my legacy! And you—

Sir M. I shall not refuse it!

Bam. Then I have secured my snuff-box! And you, Sophy—

Sophy. I cannot refuse it!

Bam. Then I have secured my sweetheart. [*Crosses with her to c. To Emily and Frank.*] To you I look for gratitude.

Emily. I cannot refuse it!

Frank. I cannot refuse it, provided—

Bam. What?

Frank. You promise not to steal my wife again.

Bam. And I cannot refuse my promise to that. Half

an hour of such matrimony as mine has been, is quite sufficient to satisfy a moderate man like me, for a lifetime. And now, released from my troubles as a new married man—restored to the good opinion of my friends and my sweetheart—all that remains to plead for is—that without which all else is useless and unprofitable—favour and forgiveness from kind friends, for myself, and—[*Pointing to Emily.*—my wife Polly. [*The Curtain falls*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

LADY M. SIR M. SOPHY. BAN. EMILY. FRANK
R.] [L

THE END.





WIDOW'S VICTIM.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXIII.



THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

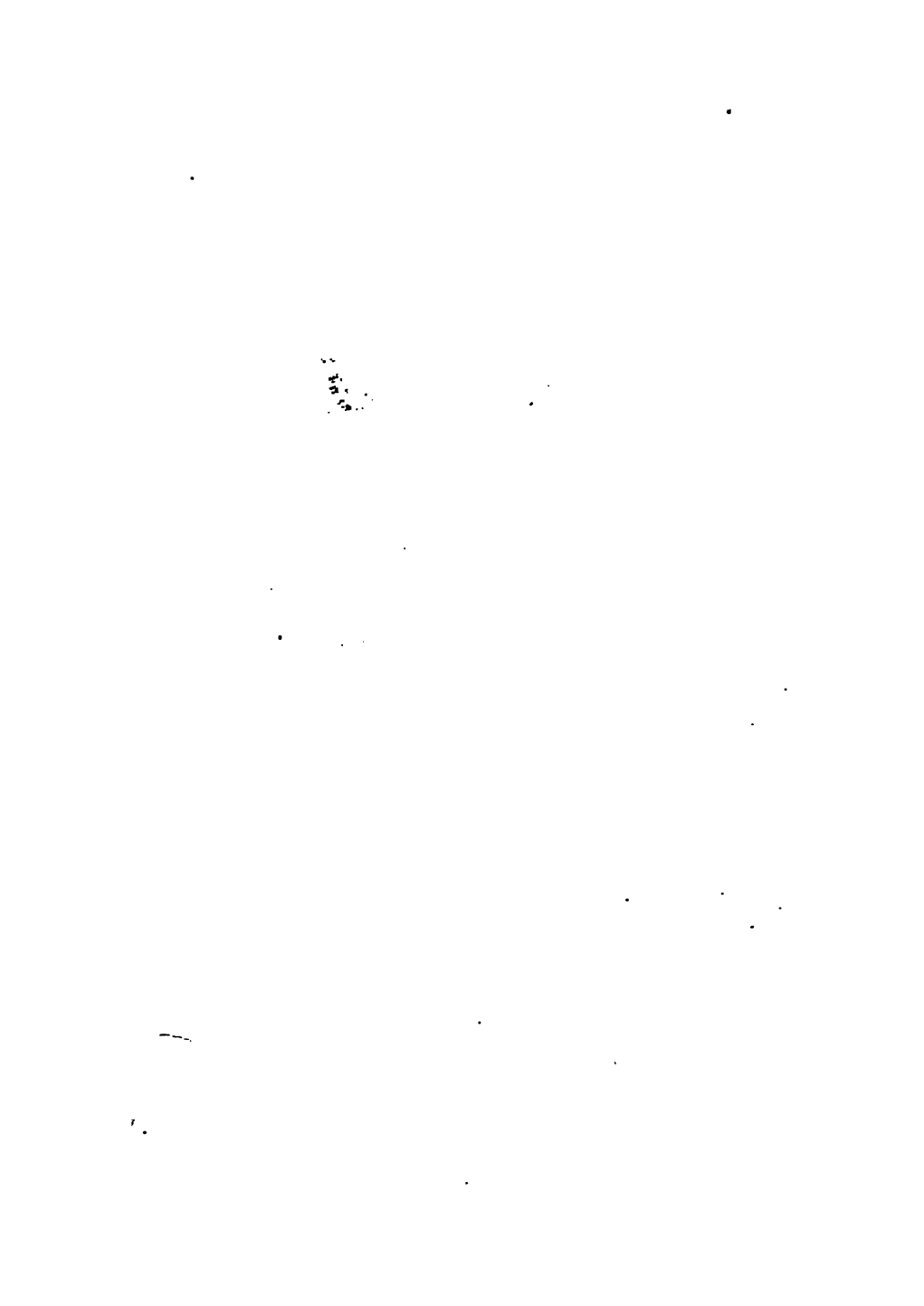


NEW YORK:

DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE ST

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.



EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

MR. CHARLES SELBY, the prolific author of this and many other very favourite farces, may thank his peculiar talents for hitting off characters which gave full scope for the display of the accomplishments of some of the most popular actresses of the day—for the great success of his amusing trifles, and the passing of the "Dramatic Authors' Bill," for the handsome income they yield. Mrs. Nisbeth, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Sterling, the late beautiful Mrs. Honey, and accomplished Miss Murray, were the "originals" of the heroines in many of Mr. Selby's productions. The success of pieces, boasting their names, and otherwise well sustained, was certain.

Mr. Mitchell, of the Olympic theatre, is indebted to Mr. Selby for many and many a full house; and though the author, under existing circumstances, can claim no recompense, it may be a pleasant thing for him to know, that *Jane Chatterly*, in the hands of Mrs. Timm, *Jeremiah Clip*, as rendered by Mr. Chanfrau, and the *Podge* of Holland, nightly receive most hearty and well-deserved applause, and are performances in every way equal to those of the talented originals, Miss Murray and poor Wrench, who have both alas! passed from the stage of life.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Arch-st., Phil., 1842.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1842.</i>	<i>Palmo's, 1847.</i>	
<i>Mr. Twitter, (a married gentleman—extremely irritable, extremely imaginative, and extremely jealous).....</i>	<i>Mr. Myers.</i>	<i>Mr. Arnold.</i>	<i>Mr. Vache.</i>
<i>Mr. Byron Tremaine Pelham Podge, (a single gentleman, extremely polite, extremely fashionable, and extremely nervous.).....</i>	<i>" Mestayer.</i>	<i>" Holland.</i>	<i>" T. Plack.</i>
<i>Jeremiah Clip, (a Barber's Clerk, and Amateur Actor, extremely imitative, extremely useful, and extremely impudent).....</i>	<i>" Burton.</i>	<i>" Chanfrau.</i>	<i>" John Sehon.</i>
<i>Tinsel John, (a livery Servant, extremely intrusive, extremely familiar, and extremely annoying).....</i>	<i>" Burton.</i>	<i>" Chanfrau.</i>	<i>" John Sehon.</i>
<i>Moustache Strappado, (a mysterious foreigner, extremely ferocious, extremely melo-dramatic, and extremely pantomimical).....</i>	<i>" Burton.</i>	<i>" Chanfrau.</i>	<i>" John Sehon.</i>
<i>Mrs. Rattleton. (a young Widow, extremely handsome, extremely accomplished, and extremely irresistible).....</i>	<i>Mrs. Burke.</i>	<i>Mrs. Isherwood.</i>	<i>Mrs. Watta.</i>
<i>Mrs. Twitter, (a married lady, extremely amiable, extremely forgiving, and extremely affectionate).....</i>	<i>" Myers.</i>	<i>Miss Roberts.</i>	<i>" Henry.</i>
<i>Jane Chatterley, (a lady's maid, and companion, extremely sensitive, extremely literary, and extremely affectionate).....</i>	<i>" Mestayer.</i>	<i>Mrs. Timm.</i>	<i>Miss Mary Taylor.</i>
	<i>Servants, &c.</i>		
<i>Scene—London.</i>	<i>Time—Present day.</i>		

COSTUMES.

TWITTER.—Fashionable morning frock, &c. Small white hat in pocket
PODGE.—Broad plaid fashionable trowsers, short drab frock coat, buttoned up to the throat, blue fashionable pea jacket with large velvet collar and facings, black silk stock, with very large bow, large black hat, full curled red wig, and large whiskers.
JEREMIAH CLIP.—Black pantaloons, striped stockings, fancy waistcoat, with white sleeves, coloured neckcloth, white barber's apron, with pocket, small white hat, very full black wig.—*Second dress:* Light green dress coat with red collar and cuffs, trimmed with a profusion of tinsel lace, red waistcoat, trimmed like the coat, very large white neckcloth, powdered wig with a bag, black pantaloons.—*Third dress:*—Blue or white huzzar jacket, broad leather belt, russet boots, large blue cloak and forage cap, large black whiskers and moustachios, wig and ringlets.
MRS. RATTLETON.—Fashionable white silk.
MRS. TWITTER.—Fashionable pink pelisse and bonnet.
JANE CHATTERLY.—White muslin dress, black apron.

THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing Room, handsomely furnished, with sofa, chairs, table, &c. Entrance from the centre. Doors, R. and L.*

Enter JANE CHATTERLY, C.

Jane. At last I've got a minute to myself—now I'll sit down and try to finish the “Beaux Stratagem.” [*Sitting down on a sofa, near the table.*] Oh! how I do love reading play books—some are so funny—and some are so touching. Oh, that dear “Wife, a Tale of Mantua,” it's always running in my head. *Julian saint Pierre*—*Duke Ferreraddedo*, and *Leonardo de Gonzoggio*—it is so deep in some parts; it's enough to make even a *Policeman* cry—poor *Marianne*, what she went through is *unknown*. [*Sighing.*] Ah! it's beautiful! Now, let me see where did I leave off? I stuck a pin in the leaf—ah! here it is—[*Opens book, takes out pin, and places it in her dress.*]—now for it—[*Settling herself comfortably on the sofa—she reads.*] “Enter *Gibbet*, with a dark lanthorn in one hand, and a pistol in the other.” Ah! that's the way they come on in the *Nautical Drammers* at the *Surrey*—let's see what he says—[*Reads.*] Ah, ah! *this is the chamber, and the lady alone.*

Mrs. Rattleton. [*Without, R.*] Jane!

Jane. [*Reading.*] Who are you—what do you want?

Mrs. R. [*Without.*] Jane, where are you?

Jane. [*Reading.*] Do you come to rob me?

Enter MRS. RATTLETON, from Room, R.

Jane. [Reading.] If you make a noise I'll shoot you through the head. [Taking an Eau de Cologne bottle from the table, and presenting it at Mrs. Rattleton—Tableau—Jane rises in confusion, and endeavours to conceal her book.

Mrs. R. Shoot me through the head, will you, Jane? I wonder what you'll do next?

Jane. La! ma'am, I didn't mean it—I was only reading—

Mrs. R. Some silly romance, no doubt. Where did you get it?

Jane. From my young man, ma'am, he lent it to me—it's not a silly romance, ma'am, but a funny play—my young man's a little in that line, you know, ma'am.

Mrs. R. I thought you told me he was a hair-dresser?

Jane. Yes, ma'am, so he is: but he's a little in the play line as well, he's a *hammerture*, ma'am.

Mrs. R. A hammerture? ha, ha, ha! what's that?

Jane. La! don't you know, ma'am, it's a gentleman *as* plays in private theatres.

Mrs. R. Indeed! a very profitable employment, no doubt.

Jane. La, ma'am, it's a great deal more t'other—it costs oceans of money for dresses and characters.

Mrs. R. What! does your young man pay to act?

Jane. To be sure he does, ma'am, they won't let him play Richard the Third under a guinea, or Richmond under ten and sixpence.

Mrs. R. How very expensive!

Jane. Yes, ma'am, then there's paint and wigs, and all sorts of things—my Jerry, (his name's Jeremiah Clip, I call him Jerry for short,) he had half a guinea's worth, last Thursday, he *did* Richmond—oh! so beautiful, and looked so nice: his armour was spic and span new, for he made it himself, out of little bits of tin—it did glitter and rattle so *impressively*.

Mrs. R. He was "every inch a king," no doubt.

Jane. He was indeed, ma'am—I wish you could have seen him—he looked and acted the best among them—he beat King Richard all to pieces: particularly in the fight, for he cut his head open—didn't they applaud then?

I believe they did, indeed—twenty-four rounds, for I counted them.

Mrs. R. Wonderful!

Jane. Yes, ma'am, and what's more, when the play was over, Jerry was called for.

Mrs. R. Still more wonderful!

Jane. Yes, ma'am, I think I see him now, with his dear face all in a heat—with fighting and killing Richard, you know, ma'am—holding his pasteboard helmet in his left hand, and pressing his right hand pathetically on his heart—bowing, and scraping, and talking about his feelings—oh, he looked like a *landscape*, ma'am; nobody could ever have supposed he was a journeyman barber.

Mrs. R. So, then, 'twas to witness this extraordinary performance that you asked permission to visit your aunt in the Borough—very well, mistress Jane.

Jane. La, ma'am, I'm sure I did nothing wrong, except telling you a story about my aunt—I won't deceive you again.

Mrs. R. Well, well, I forgive you.

Jane. Thank you, ma'am, I'm so much obliged.

[*Curtseying.*]

Mrs. R. Now, then, to my affair—have I had any visitors this morning?

Jane. No one particular, ma'am, except—oh, yes, ma'am, that mysterious young man who followed you home yesterday, (that queer-looking little fellow with the *ourang outang* whiskers,) he has been here.

Mrs. R. Indeed! had he the impertinence to ask for me?

Jane. Yes, ma'am, and when I said you were out, (for I knew you wouldn't be at home to *him*,) he left a letter—here it is, ma'am—[*Gives a letter, which Mrs. Rattleton opens and reads.*]—he was as mysterious and as awful as a villain in a domestic melodrama—[*Imitating.*] “Give that to your mistress, 'tis of the utmost consequence—good morning, young woman, good morning.”

Mrs. R. [*Laughing.*] This is indeed a heroic epistle—[*Reading.*] “Splendid and adorable widow, you are my sun”—

Jane. His son! la, ma'am, that's impossible, you can't



WIDOW'S VICTIM.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXIII.



THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.



NEW YORK:

DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE ST

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

Twit. My dear Mrs. Rattleton, I—[*Seeing Jane.*] What is the reason you don't go, Jane?

Jane. I'm waiting for missis's orders, sir—you are not my manager.

Mrs. R. Do as Mr. Twitter desired you—leave the room.

Jane. Yes, ma'am—[*Aside.*] I'll know what's the matter, I'm determined! He's in one of his old tantarums—jealous as Old Nick. He looks just as my Jerry does in Othello, when Iago has been touching him up. [*Exit, a. c.* *Twitter walks up and down with long strides, beating his head, buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, &c.*

Mrs. R. Now, Mr. Twitter, we are alone. What is the matter? What are you walking about in that furious way, and playing all those curious antics for?

Twit. [*Pretending to be calm.*] Nothing—nothing—nothing. A trifle—a trifle—a mere trifle—an every day occurrence. [*Trying to laugh.*] Ha, ha, ha! I've lost my wife—lost Mrs. Twitter—nothing more—nothing more—damnation!

Mrs. R. Lost your wife! you are jesting.

Twit. No, madam—'tis too serious a business to jest upon. She's gone! she's gone!

Mrs. R. Where!

Twit. I don't know.

Mrs. R. You alarm me! Explain—explain.

Twit. I will. You know how affectionately I behaved to her, how I renounced my follies and flirtations, and became a sober, steady, domestic man—in fact, a *pattern* of a husband.

Mrs. R. Yes, yes—since last week, I know—go on.

Twit. Yes—last week—since then our felicity has been perfect. We were inseparable—went every where together—never had the slightest dispute—lived but for each other: in short, we were too happy to continue so long. This morning—I shall never forget it!—having occasion to call at my banker's, I left Mrs. T. comfortably seated on the sofa in the drawing-room, looking over the Landscape Annual—which I had just presented to her. I promised to return in half an hour. Oh, Mrs. Rattleton! during that short period—that infernal half hour—an event took place which reduced me from the summit of happiness to the lowest depth of misery.

Mrs. R. You alarm me—proceed, proceed.

Twit. I despatched my business in less time than I expected, and returned home—"on the wings of love"—(as fast as my horse could trot): the street door was open—I jumped out of my cab, and ran up stairs in high spirits, thinking of domestic happiness and the Landscape Annual—I opened the door, danced into the room with a gallopade step, and looking round, I saw—my dear Mrs Rattleton—I saw—

Mrs. R. What—what did you see?

Twit. A man! a man on his knees to my wife!

Mrs. R. Good heavens!

Twit. My sudden entrance alarmed him; he started up in great confusion, made a dart at the door, tripped up my heels, laid me sprawling on the carpet, jumped over me, ran down stairs, and made his escape!

Mrs. R. Did you follow him?

Twit. 'Twas no use—he was clear off before I could get up.

Mrs. R. What said your wife?—didn't she explain?

Twit. Explain! Oh, yes—she tried to impose upon my credulity, of course; said she had never seen the man before—that he had introduced himself as a friend of yours—that he was mad—and invented a thousand other equally shallow falsehoods to make me disbelieve the evidence of my senses—but 'twould not do; I was not to be convinced. We had a dreadful quarrel—she endeavoured to carry the affair with a high hand, laughed at my suspicions, called me a jealous fool, and vowed that if I did not immediately ask pardon for my outrageous conduct, she would leave my house and never see me more.

Mrs. R. You pacified her, of course—you *did* ask pardon?

Twit. No, madam: her cool impudence enraged me—I told her she might go as soon as she pleased—that I had no wish to see her again—that she was a false, deceitful vixen, and might go to the devil.

Mrs. R. Shocking!

Twit. Would you believe it! She took me at my word—threw the Landscape Annual at my head, flounced out of the room, got into a hackney coach and went away—went away, Mrs. Rattleton—went away, and left her kind,

gentle, and affectionate husband! Left me, madam—left me—actually left me, and for what? merely because I called her a few hard names, and said she might go to the devil! Now, I appeal to you, Mrs. Rattleton—you have been married, and of course know everything—now I only ask you, if your husband had called you a false, deceitful vixen, would you have thrown a book at his head? No. If he had told you to go to the devil, would you have gone? No, no, no—[*Crossing.*]—you would have known better; you would have thrown your arms round his neck, and said, “Don’t be angry, love—I’ll go *no where* without you.”

Mrs. R. In *that* case, perhaps, I might. But have you no idea of what has become of your wife?

Twit. Not the slightest. She’s not at her mother’s—she’s not here?

Mrs. R. No. Really this is a most unfortunate affair. Yet you may have been deceived—

Twit. I *have* been deceived, madam—cruelly, shamefully deceived. But I’ll find the villain! fortunately, I know his name.

Mrs. R. Indeed! how did you discover it?

Twit. I found his hat, which he left behind him when he escaped—here it is. [*Takes from his pocket a low-crowned eccentric white hat, thumps it with his fist, puts it on his head, and walks about.*] The man who could wear a hat like this must be a blackguard—no gentleman would put on such a Tom fool’s thing. [*Puts on hat and walks about.*] He *must* be a blackguard!

Mrs. R. Very likely—but how did you learn his name?

Twit. [*Taking off hat.*] ’Tis here—*here*, written in German text, on the lining of his disreputable beaver—“Byron Tremaine Pelham Podge!” [*Thumping hat.*]

Mrs. R. Byron Tremaine Pelham Podge! let me see—[*Snatching hat—aside, laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! my unfortunate youth, poor Podgy! ha, ha, ha!—Do you think you would know him again?

Twit. Know him? aye, among a thousand. He has red hair, and a tremendous pair of whiskers.

Mrs. R. Very well. Now, my dear friend, I think it is in my power to throw a light upon this mysterious affair, and prove your suspicions of your wife to be totally unfounded.

Twit. Impossible! you can never make me disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes. I saw the fellow on his knees to her.

Mrs. R. Never mind—you are mistaken.

Enter JANE, hastily, R. C.

Jane. Mrs. Twitter, ma'am. [*Pretending not to have observed Twitter.*] Oh, dear, sir—I forgot you.—[*Aside.*] Here'll be a pretty *frisquacas*—the Stranger and Mrs. Haller. [*Imitating.*]

Twit. I'll be off! [*Putting on hat, and hastily going up to exit.*]

Mrs. R. No, no, remain; 'tis necessary everything should be explained at once. [*Twitter retires, L.*]

Enter MRS. TWITTER, R. C.

Mrs. T. (c.) My dear friend, I'm in the greatest distress! my jealous brute of a husband has—

Twit. [*L.—Walking quietly down.*] Hem! how *de do*, my dear?

Mrs. T. [*Seeing him.*] Ah! you here, sir? Good morning, Mrs. Rattleton. [*Going.*]

Mrs. R. [*Bringing her back.*] Stay, stay, Eliza—I know all, and hope to be the means—[*Taking their hands.*]—of restoring happiness to two of my dearest friends. Listen to me.

Jane. [*R.—Who has been anxiously listening to every word.*] Yes, ma'am, we are all attention.

Mrs. R. Leave the room, Jane. When you are wanted, I'll send for you.

Jane. I might as well live in a quaker's *synnagoggie*.

[*Exit, in a rage, R. C.*]

Mrs. R. Now, Twitter, are you *sure* you saw a man at the feet of your wife?

Twit. Quite sure—particularly, positively sure.

Mrs. R. Very well—now you are equally sure he was making love to her?

Twit. Why, it looked very like it.

Mrs. R. That's not an answer to my question. Are you sure he was making love to her—yes, or no?

Twit. No—I'm not *quite* sure, but I think—

Mrs. R. Ah, you only think—you only imagine—that's

enough—you are not *sure*. Now, sir, how dare you, on such *slight* grounds—such *very* slight grounds, as the mere fact of finding a man on his knees to your wife (without being *sure* he was making love to her)—how dare you, in a civilized country, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven, presume to call her a false, deceitful vixen, and recommend her to go to a—*person*, whose name I won't mention? Is not your conduct shameful in the last degree? is it not unpardonable?

Twit. [*Greatly astonished.*] Really, Mrs. Rattleton, you astonish me! I think—

Mrs. R. Think, again! You have no right to think, sir—I'll not allow you to have a single thought! I'm ashamed of you, sir—I blush for you! you ought to have known better. It's a fortunate thing for you that I am not your wife. Oh, dear! wouldn't I have—[*Giving letter.*] Read that letter.

Twit. [*Reading.*] “Splendid and adorable widow—sun—light—world—silver moon—bright star—bleeding heart—lightning—transported—call again in half an hour. Byron Tremaine Pelham Podge.” Eh? [*Hastily.—Comparing the letter with the hat.*] Can it be possible? in love with you?

Mrs. R. Can you doubt it? is not this proof positive? doesn't he call me his “sun, his light, and his world?” The gentleman has been making love to me by proxy—nothing more. Is it not so, Eliza? Was he not entreating you to intercede for him?

Mrs. T. He was.

Mrs. R. Now, I hope you are perfectly satisfied. Eliza, forgive him this once; but if ever he is jealous again, come to me and I'll tell you what to do with him. There, there, [*Puts them across.*] I know you long to hug each other.

Mrs. T. Frederick!

Twit. Eliza! my dear Eliza! [*They embrace.*]

Mrs. T. You'll never be jealous again, dear?

Twit. Never—never! You'll never throw books at my head, love?

Mrs. T. Never—never! You'll never call me a vixen, Freddy?

Twit. Never—never! You'll never call me a jealous brute, Lizzy?

Mrs. T. Never—never! You'll never tell me to go to the—

Twit. Never—never! I am ashamed of myself.

Mrs. T. So am I.

Mrs. R. Now, my dear friends, is the affair settled? have you made it up?

Twit. Yes, madam. Eliza has forgiven me—I have forgiven her, and we never mean to quarrel again.

Mrs. R. I am glad to hear it—mind you don't forget your wise determination—

Enter JANE, R. C.—She coughs to draw attention—remains at door, and seems afraid to enter.

Well, Jane, what do you want?

Jane. [*Modestly.*] Please, ma'am, may I come in?

Mrs. R. Certainly.

Jane. [*Curtseying.*] Thank you, ma'am. [*Walks down mysteriously, looking at Mr. and Mrs. T.*]

Twit. [*Aside.*] What the deuce is going on now?

Mrs. R. What is the matter?

Jane. [*Mysteriously beckoning Mrs. R. aside.*] If you please, ma'am, you are wanted—hush!

[*Pointing to Twitter.*]

Twit. [*Aside.*] It's something about me. I'm in for it again!

Mrs. R. Wanted! by whom?

Jane. A gentleman, ma'am—hush!

[*Pointing to Mrs. T.*]

Twit. A gentleman! I thought so! I'm a victim, sure of it.

Mrs. R. Don't be so mysterious, Jane—speak out, what gentleman?

Jane. [*Aloud.*] Your mysterious meteor gentlemen, Mr. Byron, Remain, Peckham, Podge.

Twit. & Mrs. T. [*Laughing.*] Peckham Podge—ha, ha, ha!

Twit. The proprietor of the red hair, extensive whiskers, and this fascinating hat. [*Putting it on.*]

Mrs. R. Admit him, show him up—Peckham Podge—ha, ha, ha!

Jane. Show him up! La, ma'am, you are joking, you get how he "salted and battered Mr. Twitter." La,

ma'am, there'll be murder or *embellishment* at least, they'll be sure to introduce a combat.

Mrs. R. Admit him.

Jane. Yes, ma'am.—[*Aside.*] There will be a *pug-i listic* fight, I know there will. [Running off, R. c.]

Mrs. R. Jane—stop, say I'm not at home; ask the gentleman to sit down and wait a few minutes, then come to me in the next room.

Jane. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. R. Stay—if he asks any questions, give evasive answers, pretend you know nothing about him.

Jane. Yes, ma'am, I understand, I'll be invasive and *pertend* to be ignorant. [Runs off, R. c.]

Mrs. R. Now, Twitter, if you've a mind for a frolic, Mr. Byron Tremaine *Peckham* Podge is very much at your service: his impertinence requires punishment.

Twit. It does; I'll pull his nose, and thump him.

Mrs. R. No, no, I have a scheme to involve him in all kind of scrapes and dangers, frighten him out of his wits (if he has any), and teach him to beware of making love by proxy, or attempting the heart of the most formidable object in creation—a teasing, tormenting, *knowing* young widow. [Exit with Mrs. Twitter, R.]

Twit. And I'll try if I can't teach him to beware knocking down *another* of the most formidable objects in creation—a strong-armed, hard-fisted, *knowing* young married gentleman. [Exit, R.]

[*Jeremiah Clip* sings without, R. c.,—"Farewell to the Mountains," accompanying himself on the *Harmonicon*.

Enter JANE, R. c.

Jane. Ah! it's my dear *Jerry* come at last!—here, *Jerry*, here.

Clip. [Without.] Lead me—lead me, my virgins, to that kind voice.

Enter JEREMIAH CLIP, R. c., dressed in tight black pantaloons, striped stockings, white apron, striped waistcoat, with white sleeves, a white hat with a very narrow brim, a full curled brown or black wig.

My Belvidera!—[Embracing Jane in a tragedy style.]—

how *de do*, Jenny? "Angels are painted fair to look like you." You've got a smudge of black on your face,—my love, my life, my Violante, have you any eatables in the cupboard?

Jane. Yes, some cold goose.

Clip. [*Starting with extravagant horror.*] Ill omened bird! Oh, name it not again, or I shall go into *hiss-terics*! [*Reciting.*] "Have you no flesh of mutt^{ons}, beefs, or goats? Have you no bread and cheese?" I am as hungry as the sea, and can digest as much—give me a pickled elephant, sweet Molly Duster—[*Kissing Jane.*] strawberries and cream.

[*Sings, accompanying himself on the Harmonicon.*

"My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane, ah, never look so sly,
But meet me, meet me in the clover, when the bloom is on the rye."

Jane. Stuff and nonsense, I shan't do any such thing. What a queer piece of music you've got there—what is it?

Clip. The mouse-trap, marry how tropically; it's a deluder. I bought it to go serenading the *gals*, like the gallant troubadours; only imagine the effect of this under a window at two o'clock in the morning. [*Blows furiously.*] Isn't it like the music of the *spears*? [*Blowing.*

Jane. Yes, very,—[*Putting her fingers in her ears.*]—it runs me through and through. But, I say, Jerry, why are you here in this uncouth disguise? why didn't you put on a coat?

Clip. I couldn't, my old one's trimmed up with a red collar and tinsel lace for my lord-duke, the other is detained by a relative. "Oh! my prophetic soul, my uncle!" 'Tis two to one I shall never see it again. But what's the news on the Rialto—what's up?

Jane. Why, missis wants you to assist her in some scheme.

Clip. I hope it's not a sharing scheme: those things never friz—*hair* built castles—horrible shadows! nothing a week and find your own jewellery.

Jane. No—no, she wants you to personate something.

Clip. Oh, I'm fly: she wants me to get up a play. I'll do Macbeth.—[*Starting.*]—"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"—[*Running from side to side, and pointing.*]—There—there—there! no, it's *there*!—

ous start and attitude.] That's a new reading—an't it good! much better than the old way of seeing it in *one* place.—[*Imitating the usual way of seeing the dagger.*]—Isn't mine much better?

Jane. Oh, beats it all to pieces; it's more *unclassical*, more *extenuating*.

Clip. Certainly, more *mythological*. After the tragedy I'll give imitations.—[*Giving a burlesque imitation of Kean.*] "Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge had stomach for them all." Who's that?

Jane. Bradley and Blanchard.

Clip. No, it's Kean. Who's this?—[*Burlesque imitation of Macready.*] "My boy, my boy, my own brave boy!"

Jane. That's John Reeve.

Clip. No, no, it's Macready.

Jane. So it is, but they're so very much alike, it's hard to tell which is which.

Clip. After the imitations, I'll sing the "Sea," in character, and dance a hornpipe *in it*, then—

Jane. Hush! here's missus; don't play any of your monkey tricks before her. "Keep your madness in the back-ground."

Enter MRS. RATTLETON, from room, R.—Jane introduces Jerry, who makes a number of extravagant bows.

Jane. My young man, ma'am, Jerry Clip.

Clip. Shall be happy to serve you, ma'am, in any way, professionally or otherwise;—just got a nice lot of tortoiseshell combs, and genuine bear's grease, killed a *live* bear last week—hem!—[*Aside.*]—I'm in the shop—I'm very much at your service, madam.

Mrs. R. I understand you are fond of personating characters at private theatres.

Clip. Yes, ma'am, I played Richmond last Thursday, with unbounded applause: I created a most paralyzing sensation, I *hit* them hard.

Mrs. R. Particularly *poor Richard*, I understand.

Clip. Oh, ma'am, that was an accident, he didn't understand the *double flourish*. [Imitating.]

Mrs. R. I want you to give me a specimen of your *histrionic* talent, by trying your protean powers on a per-

son whom I wish to annoy. Are you willing to undertake the task? I'll pay you handsomely.

Clip. Pay me, madam, pay me for acting—I ought to pay you. I'll do anything you please, from Hamlet to “the carriage waits.”—[*Reciting.*]—“To be or not to be,”—[*Crossing his arms, shaking and thumping his head.*]—“that's the confounded question!”—[*Altering his manner, and reciting from Romeo and Juliet.*]—“She speaks, yet she says nothing!”—what of that, her eye discourses, —[*Pointing to his left eye.*]—my eye shall answer it”—[*Pointing to right eye—altering manner, and reciting from Raising the Wind.*]—“You haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you: I only asked for information.”—[*Singing.*]—“I love her, &c.” “All round my hat.”—“A letter for your lordship.” I can give the Farm Yard, if you want it—[*Imitating pigs, &c.*]—or Punch—[*Imitating.*]—Michael Boai—[*Imitating.*]—Harlequin, or anything. [Imitating.]

Mrs. R. No doubt I shall find you very useful; go into that room, and wait till I send for you.

Clip. Yes, madam; but hadn't I better step over for one or two of my dresses—I may want them?

Mrs. R. Yes, 'twould be as well; go, and return immediately.

Clip. Yes, I'll fly, madam. Good bye, Jane.

I'll skim the air on eagle's wings,
And bring my wigs and all my things.

[*Exit. R. c., with a Harlequin's jump.*]

Mrs. R. Do you, Jane, introduce Mr. Peckham Podge, then come to me. [Exit into room, L.]

Jane. Yes, ma'am.

[Imitating Jerry.]

I'll skim the air on eagle's wings,
And do all sorts of other things.

[*Exit, R. c., with a jump.*]

Podge. [Without.] Really, young woman, I'm sorry to trouble you, but I've been waiting half an hour in the passage.

Jane. [Without.] I'm very sorry, sir, very sorry, indeed. Have the kindness to step this way—this way, if you please.

Podge. [Without.] Thank you, young woman, thank

Enter PODGE, R. C., *bowing, &c.*

Infinitely obliged, sorry to give you so much trouble, I am, indeed: believe me sincere. [*Bowing.*]

Jane. [*Curtseying.*] Oh, don't mention trouble, sir, you are so *excruciatingly* perlitte, it is a pleasure. Missis ain't at home—[*Giving a chair.*—]but if you'll sit down, and “*assay ay vouts*” for a few minutes, I dare say she won't keep you long. Sit down, sir—[*Curtseying. Reciting.*—] “Sit down, old man, and rest your wearied limbs.”

Podge. You are very polite. [*Bowing.*]

Jane. I know it, sit down.—[*Curtseying. Reciting.*—] “Stand not on the *order* of sitting, but *sit at once.*”

Podge. Upon my honour, I— [*Bowing.*]

Jane. [*Forcing him to sit down.*] Sit down, don't be so *astronomical.*

Podge. [*Rising to bow.*] Really, I must say—

Jane. [*Holding him down.*] Sit down.

Podge. You are very kind, I am infinitely obliged, you are *too* kind, you are, indeed: believe me veracious.

[*Bowing.*]

Jane. Don't mention it, I dare say you are very *vora-*
cious.—[*Aside.*] He looks half starved.

Podge. Hem!—[*Looks at Jane, and twists his thumbs*
—*Jane looks at him, and does the same.*] Do you know me, my dear?

Jane. Yes, sir, “excellent well, you are a fishmonger.” I beg pardon, I mean no, sir—[*Aside.*] I forgot I was to be *invasive.* No, sir, I know nothing about you.

Podge. That's a pity. [*Rising and bowing.*] I hope I am not detaining you from more important duties.

Jane. [*Curtseying.*] No, sir.

Podge. [*Bowing.*] I beg you will not stand upon ceremony.

Jane. [*Curtseying.*] I never do, I'd just as soon think of standing on my head.

Podge. [*Bowing.*] If you have any stockings to mend, or caps to wash—

Jane. [*Drawing herself up indignantly.*] Mend stockings, and wash caps! No, sir, you are mistaken; I'm a lady's own maid, and never do such *plebbliclean* things.—
[*Aside.*] Where was he brought up, I wonder? I won't

talk to him any more.—Good bye, sir, missis won't be long.

Podge. Delighted to hear it. Good bye, pretty one.

Jane. Good bye, ug—[*Hastily checking herself.*] Sir, I'm sorry I can't return the compliment, and call you pretty one; but you are very ornary. Never mind, it's not your fault, you know we can't all be handsome. Good bye, sir, I wish you a good day. [*Curtseying.*] "Oh, River! Oh, River!" [*Exit, r. c., kissing her hand.*]

Podge. [*Bowing.*] Good day, my dear, good day.—[*Laughing.*] "Oh, River!" that young woman has a very odd way of expressing herself. I wish the widow would come; I wonder how she will receive me: I begin to feel quite nervous and uncomfortable, my courage is getting uncommonly *shaky*, I've a great mind to go home, yet, "*faint heart*" never won a fair widow, I'm certain. Cheer up, Podgy, be bold and resolute. I will—she's mine, I'm sure of her—she can't resist me—my letter must have prepared her to meet an extraordinary man; I think my fascinating manners and fashionable appearance must do the rest. [*Puts on a black hat, which is a great deal too large for him; it falls over his face.*]—This confounded hat will smother me; what a fool I was to leave my own at Mr. Twitter's, and run off with his! it's big enough for half-a-dozen respectable heads.

JANE enters, c., she looks mysteriously round, walks down to Podge, looks at him from top to toe, seems about to speak, then turns suddenly round and runs off.

Very odd! what was she going to say?

Enter JEREMIAH CLIP, c., pushed on by Jane, who exits hastily. He is disguised in a livery coat, a powdered wig, large white neckcloth, &c., tight pantaloons as before—Under pretence of dusting the furniture he walks round Podge, from r. to l., looking at him suspiciously, snatches a watch from the table, l., and hastily conceals it—Podge seems greatly astonished and alarmed. Jeremiah walks back again to r., stares him in the face, winks, nods, shakes head, gives a low whistle, and goes off, c., snatching up a pair of candlesticks, books, &c., and putting the table cover in his pocket.

Podge. Still more odd. I'm getting *horribly* nervous. I'm afraid something is going to happen to me! What did that fellow take those things away for? I'm very uncomfortable—I've a great mind to go—

Enter JEREMIAH CLIP, C., whispering to JANE, and pointing to Podge.

There's that impudent footman again, and the girl, too! What are they whispering about?—what do they point at me for? [*Jeremiah and Jane walk down mysteriously—Jeremiah points to a newspaper, (the Police Gazette,) then to Podge, whispers mysteriously several times to Jane, then sends her off—She walks up the stage on tip toe, when near the door makes a bolt, and exits, R. C.*] What the devil is the matter?—what have I to do with that newspaper?—what is the cause of all this mystery?—[*Catches Jerry's eye.*]—What is that rascal staring at? [*Jeremiah, swaggering up to Podge, with a knowing wink, after looking at him from head to foot several times.*

Clip. How *de* do?

Podge. [*Aside.*] Excessively familiar.—How do you do?

[*Bowing formally.*

Clip. Hem! any news in the world—hem!

[*Staring impudently,*

Podge. News!—[*Aside.*] Impudent rascal—news!

Clip. Yes, anything new in the world—in *your* world, I mean?

Podge. *My* world! I don't understand.

Clip. Why, the travelling world—the *inns*. [*Winking.*

Podge. The inns! what inns?

Clip. The coffee houses and hotels; the *Hummmms*, you know. [*Winking.*

Podge. Hum—hums!

Clip. Yes, the Blue Boar, the Bull and Mouth—ha, ha, ha! you've touched them up pretty well lately.

Podge. Touched them up!—what do you mean?

Clip. Why, you've *done business*—victimized the victuallers.

Podge. Victimized the victuallers! I never victimized anybody. What the devil do you mean?

Clip. Come, come, Mr. Fitzherbert Moonshine, it's of no use trying to deceive me, I'm up to your manoeuvres,

Captain Jenkins—where's your carpet bag?—ha, ha, ha!

Podge. Carpet bag!

Clip. Yes, the *cabbage net*—ha, ha, ha! Had any soup lately?—ha, ha, ha!

Podge. [*Aside*.] What does he mean?

Clip. How are you off for *spoons*?—ha, ha, ha! You see I know you, *Major Green*—ha, ha, ha! been to any *mills* lately?—ha, ha, ha! how do you like riding in the *king's carriage*?—ha, ha, ha! you must be a brave soldier, you are so often in the *van*. [*Exit, laughing*.]

Podge. The *van*! *conviction* flashes upon me—he thinks I am a thief, imagines I want to steal something! Excessively pleasant, a gentleman of my appearance to be taken for a thief. I must tell them who I am, or I shall be sent to the station house. [*Rings bell—Jane bolts on, &c.*]

Jane. Well, sir, what do you want!

[*Pretending alarm*.]

Podge. Come here—what are you afraid of? I won't hurt you; come here.

Jane. Yes, sir, I ain't afraid, I'm only a little *timbersome*.

Podge. What do you take me for?

Jane. I don't know.

Podge. Am I a gentleman?

Jane. I don't know.

Podge. Am I a thief?

Jane. Yes; John says you are a *swell mob*!

[*Tries to run away*.]

Podge. [*Bringing her back*.] A *swell mob*! I won't let you go. [*Struggles with her*.]

Jane. Help—help! murder, thieves, and all sorts of things. John, Thomas, Betty, Sally, the *swell mob's* *misleading* me!

Enter JEREMIAH, still in disguise, armed with a bootjack, also COOK, HOUSEMAID, &c., armed with pokers, &c.

Clip. Hollo! hollo! hollo! how dare you *mislead* that young woman?

[*Forming a tableau, and threatening with bootjack*.]

Cook. Aye, how dare you *mislead* her?

[*Threatening with Poker*.]

Housemaid. Aye, how dare you?

[*Threatening with warming pan*.]

Podge. Here's a scrape! what the devil shall I do, my good friends?

Clip. We won't hear a word. Knock him down, cook—knock him down.

Podge. I shall be murdered! [*Runs away round stage, pursued by Jerry, Jane, and Servants, who catch him, and bring him down.*] I'm a gentleman, I am, indeed, upon my soul, I am! Let me go—[*Struggling.*—my name's Byron.

Clip. & Serv. Baron!—ha, ha, ha! [*Laughing in derision, and pushing him from one to the other.*

Podge. Tremaine.

Clip. & Serv. Tremaine—ha, ha, ha!

Podge. Pelham.

Clip. & Serv. Pelham—ha, ha, ha!

Podge. Podge.

Clip. & Serv. Podge—ha, ha, ha!—Podge!

Clip. Bravo, captain! four more alias's. It's a clear case, let's take him to the station house, he's an old offender—come along! [*Knocks his hat over his eyes, and, assisted by Servants, endeavour to force him off, R. C.*

Podge. You are mistaken, I am a gentleman; take me away at your peril! Where is Mrs. Rattleton? send for her, I am a gentleman. Let me go—let me go!

Enter MRS. RATTLETON, from room, L.

Mrs. R. Heyday! what is the matter?—what are you doing to that little gentleman? let him go. [*Taking Podge by the collar, and throwing him round with such violence that he falls into L. corner.*] Stand back! [*Standing in a melo-dramatic attitude.*] Stand back, or I'll knock some of you down!

Podge. She has knocked me down, at all events.

Mrs. R. Leave the room! [*Exeunt Jerry, Jane, and Servants—Mrs. R. turns round, and pretends to look for Podge.*] Where are you, sir?

Podge. [*On the ground.*] Here, madam! where you were kind enough to throw me.

Mrs. R. Rise, sir! [*Podge rises.*] I cannot be mistaken, your name is—

Podge. Byron Tremaine Pelham Podge, the most devoted of—

Mrs. R. [*Interrupting him.*] Pshaw! nonsense! don't trouble yourself to make a passionate speech, I know all you would say.

Podge. [*Aside.*] Clever creature! what a deal of trouble she has saved me.

Mrs. R. [*Abruptly.*] Mr. Podge!—

Podge. [*Starting.*] Madam!

Mrs. R. Under existing circumstances, the usage of society demands that I should faint, or go into hysterics I prefer the former, as it requires the least exertion. Will you catch me in your arms, or shall I fall into a chair?

Podge. Which ever you please, madam, make it agreeable to yourself—here is a chair, and—[*Holding out his hands, and standing in attitude.*] I am ready for a catch.

Mrs. R. Thank you. Never mind, as we are alone, we will suppose the faint to be over, and proceed at once to the *business* you allude to in your letter.

Podge. [*Aside.*] Business! what a mercantile creature! Certainly, madam. [*Looking at her affectionately.*] Believe me, dearest object—

Mrs. R. [*Interrupting.*] I'm *not* an object; sit down, and don't make a fool of yourself.

Podge. Fascinating creature, how kind and affectionate. [*Sits.*]

Mrs. R. I presume you wrote that letter.

Podge. I did, fair charmer. [*Mrs. R. looks at him.*] I beg pardon, I did, *madam*; you condescended to read it?

Mrs. R. I did, and laughed at it very heartily, I assure you.

Podge. Indeed!—ha, ha, ha,—[*Endeavouring to laugh.*] Flattering, upon my life! you laughed at it, madam—ha, ha! ha! [*Dolefully.*]

Mrs. R. Yes, what an idiot you must be to write such a string of absurdities about the silver moon, the lightning and the stars—ha, ha, ha! I never read anything so ridiculous in my life, ha, ha, ha!

Podge. Indeed, madam!—[*Endeavouring to laugh.*]—Ha, ha, ha! yes, madam, no doubt, very ridiculous, very—very! I *am* an idiot—I *know* I am!

Mrs. R. To come to the point. Without another word, what are your intentions—do you propose?

Podge. Why, I—

Mrs. R. [*Sharply.*] Do you propose?

Podge. I do.

Mrs. R. Very well, that's business like. How are you off for the ready?

Podge. The ready!

Mrs. R. Yes, the *stumpy*. Are you rich?

Podge. I've three hundred a-year, and good expectations.

Mrs. R. Very well, so far so good. Now, let me look at you.

Podge. [*Aside.*] She's determined not to be taken in.

Mrs. R. Ah, you're a queer sort of a guy: red hair, is it your own? [*Takes off his wig—he appears in a bald scalp, and puts on his hat in great confusion.*] Beg pardon, you should fasten it on better.

Podge. [*Putting it on—Aside.*] I shall expire with shame and confusion.

Mrs. R. Don't be ashamed; I'd wear a wig myself if I required it—never be bashful, man. Now, can you sing?

Podge. No, madam.

Mrs. R. Not sing! then you won't do for me—good morning.

Podge. Stay, stay, madam. [*Aside.*] I mustn't lose her for a song.—I beg your pardon, I can sing a little.

Mrs. R. Oh, that's another affair; your voice wants cultivation, I suppose.

Podge. Yes, madam.—[*Aside.*] It's confoundedly wild at present.

Mrs. R. Have you a good compass?

Podge. [*Aside.*] I'll say yes to everything. Yes, madam, astonishingly good.

Mrs. R. Can you sing at sight?

Podge. Yes, madam.—[*Aside.*] If I know the songs.

Mrs. R. Do you like the Italian style?

Podge. I prefer it to all others.—[*Aside.*] I'll not be particular to any style.

Mrs. R. I suppose you are always at the opera?

Podge. Yes, madam.—[*Aside.*] Never was there in all my life.—Always, every night.

Mrs. R. Indeed! then, of course, you know the music of *Il Pirata*, *La Sonnambula*, *Anna Bolena*, and *Il Puritani*.

Podge. Yes, madam. [*Aside.*] Nothing like impudence.—I know every note.

Mrs. R. Delightful! What do you think of the finale to the first act of Puritani?—It's delicious, isn't it?

Podge. Splendid, astonishing!—[*Aside.*] It's horrible, for anything I know.

Mrs. R. How does it go?—Let me see—pshaw! How does it begin?

Podge. [*Aside.*] Devil take me if I know; never mind, impudence again. Let me see—dear, dear—pshaw! why, it's—[*Trying to whistle.*] no, it's—no—

Mrs. R. How very odd you should forget it.

Podge. Very.—[*Aside.*] 'Twould be still more odd if I remembered it.

Mrs. R. I have it. [*Hums.*] "The King of the Cannibal Islands."

Podge. Yes, that's it, you are right.—[*Aside.*] It's "Hokey Pokey." I learnt it from the organs. I'll show off a little.—How could I be so stupid as to forget it. [*Sings.*] "Hokee Pokée, Wankey Fum, King of the Cannibal Islands." Tol lol, &c.

Mrs. R. No, no—stop, stop, stop, you are wrong.

Podge. [*Aside.*] Am I?

Mrs. R. Yes, it is this!

[*Hums the Duke of Darmstadt's waltz.*]

Podge. So it is.—[*Aside.*] I know that too; how fortunate, nothing like an organ for music.—Yes, madam, you are right, it is. [*Sings.*] Tol de rol lol, &c.

Mrs. R. No, no, you are wrong again; that's the Duke of Darmstadt's waltz.

Podge. So it is.

Mrs. R. Never mind. Now, suppose we try a duet.

Podge. [*Aside.*] I'm done for.—Yes, madam, with the greatest pleasure, but I've a very bad cold, I'm dreadfully hoarse. [*Coughs.*]

Mrs. R. Never mind, I'll take no excuse; sing you must, and shall!

Podge. [*Aside.*] There is no hope, I can't escape.—Very well, madam, I'm at your service.—[*Aside.*] I shall frighten her into fits.

Mrs. R. What shall we sing? [*Looking over Music.*] Do you know this?

Podge. No, I do not.

Mrs. R. [*Shews him several Songs, and asks,—Do you know this? he replies—No, I do not.*] What do you know? "My pretty Page." Every body knows *that*—do you?

Podge. Yes. [*Aside.*] My sister plays it, I'll take courage and have a try. [*Boldly.*] Yes, madam, we'll sing that.

Mrs. R. Very well. [*They sing "My Pretty Page"—Podge makes a number of mistakes, sings out of tune, &c.—Mrs. R. laughs aside, and leaves him singing alone.*]

Podge. Eh! I'm singing by myself. [*Aside.*] I knew I should frighten her.

Mrs. R. That's enough—ha, ha, ha! [*Laughing.*] I can't say much for your voice or your style. Now, can you dance?

Podge. I flatter myself I can. I've had six lessons for a guinea.

Mrs. R. Oh, then, we'll dance a pas de deux.

Podge. [*Aside.*] I'm caught again. Really, madam, I can't do it, I have a particular objection.

Mrs. R. Never mind, you must dance, I'm determined; don't try to excuse yourself, dance you shall, so go to your place.

Podge. [*Aside.*] She'll kill me in a week. I know I shall make some horrible mistake, but she's determined. I don't want to lose her, so here goes. [*Mrs. R. and Podge dance a burlesque Pas de Deux, in imitation of Taghioni and Perrot.*]

Mrs. R. Very well—very well, indeed, grace and agility, combined; you are a perfect Vestris! I'm satisfied, I'll accept you for my husband.

Podge. Will you, indeed? Splendid and adorable widow, you——

Mrs. R. I'll marry you on one condition.

Podge. Name it, bright angel! I'll consent to anything; I'll do anything within the power of man; I'll even shave off my whiskers to oblige you!

Mrs. R. You are very kind; the condition is simply this. You—[*Mysteriously.*]—must dispose of two gentlemen, who, like yourself, are suitors for my hand.

Podge. Dispose of two gentlemen! [*Aside.*] She doesn't wish me to murder them, I hope.—Dispose of *them*, madam—in what way?

Mrs. R. In the usual way : you must call them out and fight them.

Podge. Fight them ! fight them !

Mrs. R. Yes, if you could manage to kill them, so much the better ; though I'm afraid you'll have some trouble, as they are both determined fire-eaters. However, you must stand your chance ; if you are hit, and it's ten to one you will be, take it coolly, prove yourself a hero, and I'll marry you ! Show the white feather, and I'll horsewhip you ! none but the brave deserve the fair. Good bye, Podgey dear.

[Exit into R. H. room.]

Podge. Kind and affectionate creature ! I'm in a dreadful predicament ; I can't, and I won't fight, so I'll make my escape from this den of horrors. *[Going up meets Jeremiah, disguised in a Spanish Cloak and foraging cap, large black whiskers and moustachios.]* Here's one of the gentlemen fire-eaters ; it's all over with me ! *[Jeremiah walks him to the front with a tragedy step, twirls his moustachios, and exclaims,—“ Ha, ha !” in a startling tone.]* Oh, yes, I'm a dead man : there's a voice ! *[Jeremiah walks him into the R. H. corner, he slips down—Jeremiah seizes him by the collar, and drags him to the front.]* What is he going to do to me now ? *[Jeremiah expresses in extravagant pantomime that Podge has presumed to be his rival, and wishes to marry the widow—asks him if it be true or not.]* Oh, yes ; you are quite right—I did ask her to marry me. He'll double me up, I'm sure of it. *[Jeremiah expresses in pantomime that he loves the widow, and has sworn to kill every one who rivals him.]* Oh, yes—I know you'll kill me ! *[Jeremiah assents—throws off his cloak and appears in russet boots, pantaloons as before, blue or white hussar's jacket, broad black leather belt and brass buckle, with a fighting sword on each side (Same as Strapado, in the “Dumb Girl of Genoa.”)]* He throws a sword to Podge, takes the stage, à la Blanchard, and strikes a fighting attitude. He's a foreigner, and can't speak English, I suppose, but he has a very forcible way of making himself understood ! *[Jeremiah grows impatient, and points to sword.]* I'll try and gain time. No, no—no fighty with swords—jamais, never ; pistols—toujours pistols ! *[Jeremiah draws a brace of pistols from his jacket, and presents them at Podge with a melo-dramatic stamp.]*

Eh! I'm settled now—there's not a chance left! No, no, no—to-morrow! [*Runs up to exit. Jeremiah follows him round the stage—he gets under the sofa—Jeremiah drags him out.*] Help! murder! help! [*Jeremiah holds him with one hand, presents pistol at his head with the other, and is dragging him off c. when JANE enters.*]

Jane. Hold! for your lives! [*Advancing between them.*]
Fie! fie, for shame! put by this barber's broil.

Podge. What an escape!

Jane. [*To Jerry.*] "To bed! to bed!" there's knocking at the gate! [*Jeremiah looks at Podge, strikes the hilt of his sword, motions to him to follow, then makes a furious melo-dramatic exit, r. c., followed by Jane.*]

Podge. Thank Heaven, I'm safe! I'm off!

[*Going up, meets Jane.*]

Jane. [*Standing in doorway.*] "You stir not hence with life!"

Podge. What! do you want to fight me?

Jane. No. Oh, you unfeeling little villain! you cruel assassin!

Podge. Assassin?

Jane. Yes—you've got poor Mrs. Twitter turned out of doors, because her husband *atched* you kneeling to her. She's coming up stairs, in a state of distracting distraction, vowing vengeance upon you.

Podge. Then I'm done for, indeed. Keep her away, young woman—keep her away, and let me go!

Mrs. T. [*Without.*] Where is he? where is he! the destroyer of my peace?

MRS. TWITTEL enters c., her hair loose.

Oh, there he is! [*Podge starts away, Mrs. T. follows him and kneels—pathetically.*] Give me my husband!

Podge. Upon my soul, ma'am, I haven't got him.

Mrs. T. [*Furiously.*] You have, sir! give him to me! [*Pathetically.*] Give me my Freddy!

Jane. You'll be assassinated!

Mrs. T. [*Furiously.*] Give him to me.

Podge. I would, madam, if I could find him.

Mrs. T. Then do find him! you caused him to leave me—restore him to me, or— [*Feeling for dagger.*]

Podge. She's feeling for a dagger! Hold her, young

woman. [*Jane holds Mrs. T.*] Don't let her touch me! Be calm, madam, be calm—I'll find him; I will, I assure you.

Mrs. T. Swear you will, and I'll spare your life. Kneel down, and swear!

Podge. I'll do anything to get away. [*He kneels.*] I swear!

Enter TWITTER, C., with a brace of pistols.

Twit. Do you, indeed, sir? [*Podge jumps up in alarm.*]

Podge. I'm caught in a trap—dead as mutton!

Twit. Take your choice of these, sir—take your choice, or I'll blow your brains out!

Podge. You can't—you can't be serious.

Twit. I am, sir. This is the second time to-day, I've caught you kneeling at the feet of my wife. *Mrs. Twitter* and *Jane*, leave the room!

Podge. Oh, don't—don't! [*They go off, R.*]

Twit. [*Forcing him to take a pistol.*] Now, sir, take your ground over there. When I say, one, two, three, fire!

Podge. No, no—I can't!

Twit. One, two—

Enter MRS. RATTLETON, JANE, and MRS. TWITTER, R.

Mrs. R. Hold! hold! don't fight here, you'll spoil the furniture. Settle it in the morning.

Twit. Very well—meet me in the morning, sir.

Podge. Yes, sir—what a reprieve!—with all my heart, sir—[*Blustering.*]—to-morrow morning, sir—damme, to-morrow morning! [*Going up to exit.*] I'm off for Dover! [*Meets Jeremiah Clip, still disguised.*] Oh, lord! I'm caught again—fighty to-morrow—fighty to-morrow! [*Trying to exit—Jeremiah seizes him by the collar, and drags him to the front—all laugh.*] Ah, it's fine fun for you, I dare say, but it's death to me. *Mrs. Rattleton*, *Mr. Twitter*, and you—you mysterious foreigner—I am sorry I have offended you; let me go this once, and you shall never see or hear of me again.

Mrs. R. What! won't you marry me, *Podgey*, dear?

Podge. No, madam—I'd as soon marry the—

[*Going up in a rage.*]

Mrs. R. Stay, sir—

Clip. "A word or two before you go." When, in your letters, you these unhappy deeds relate—

Podge. [Astonished.] What! can you *speak*?

Clip. To be sure I can, and act, too. [Laughing.] Had any soup lately? How are you off for spoons?

Podge. Have I been imposed upon

Clip. Yes; regularly victimized.

Mrs. R. 'Tis true. I contrived the plot to punish you for your impertinent letter, and still more impertinent intrusion into my friend's house. I think the fright we have given you will make you beware of offending again.

Podge. Yes, ma'am, it will, indeed. I'll never trouble you any more.

Mrs. R. On that condition I forgive you—there is my hand. [Crossing to c.] Twitter, love your wife, and don't be jealous. Jeremiah, marry Jane, and be happy.

Clip. "Conclude it done, my lord"—I mean, I will, madam.

Mrs. R. [To audience.] And if you will allow the *Widow's Victim* to depart in peace, our joy will be—

Clip. "Prodigious!" [Bowing—advancing to audience

Custom exacts, and who'll deny her sway—

Jane. [Pulling him back.]

Be quiet, Jerry—you've no more to say.

Clip. [Aside to her.]

I know it; but I want to speak the tag.

Jane. [Holding him.]

You shan't—

Clip. [Getting away.]

I will—for I've had all the tag.

[Advancing a la Ellis'son.

Ladies and Gentlemen, of a liberal nation,

We hope to meet—

Jane. [Interrupting—surtseying.]

Your approbation.

Clip. We all have tried your smiles to gain,

And trust—

Mrs. R. [Interrupting.] We have not tried in vain.

Let, then, your hands decide our cause,

And crown our efforts with applause.

[The Curtain Falls.]





ROBERT MACAIRE.
ACT II. SCENE I.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXIV. .

ROBERT MACAIRE:

OR,

THE TWO MURDERERS.

A Melo-Drama

IN TWO ACTS.

BY CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE ST

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

ROBERT MACAIRE is one of Mr. Charles Selby's most successful translations. Its adaptation to the English stage is effective and highly dramatic. Few melo-dramas have been more frequently performed, or gained more public favour. The author himself, a gentlemanly and accomplished actor, is entirely conversant with "stage business," "situations," and "effects," and has used his knowledge to the best advantage.

Frederick Lemaitre, the great French actor, was the first, and, with the exception of J. Brown, perhaps, we may say only *finished* representative of the dashing, impudent, but still *gentlemanly* thief. Lemaitre was seconded by Vizantini as his nervous companion, in a manner that has never been equalled. Upon Lemaitre's ~~first~~ appearance at the back of the stage, he looked like an extraordinarily well-dressed man, each garment fitting him admirably, and it was not till he approached the foot-lights that the audience discovered the coat and pantaloons to be one mass of patches, but these were so neatly inserted that the character of the once dashing *Chevalier d'Industrie* was manifested by the attention to appearance he preserved amid all vicissitudes. Vizantini's costume was neat and clean, though much more dilapidated than his imperative companion. The way these parts are dressed and acted at most of our theatres is an insult to the audience, and an outrage on the common sense of the author. Would ~~such~~ unmitigated ruffians as the would-be *Roberts*, and disgusting bundles of rags and filth as the contemptible *Jacques Strops*, be allowed to share in the festivities given on the occasion of the betrothal of persons of affluence and respectability? The thing is preposterous, and ought to be scouted from the stage. The first artists who avoid these fooleries will be as much entitled to the approbation of *thinking people*, as he who relieved the grave-digger from the long endured and senseless buffoonery of taking off a score of waistcoats.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Oscent Garden, 1843.</i>	<i>Osce., Phil., 1847.</i>	<i>Bowery, 1847.</i>
<i>Germeuil, (a wealthy farmer).....</i>	Mr. Tilbury.	Mr. Charles.
<i>Dumont (an Innkeeper).....</i>	" Griffith.	" Watson.
<i>Robert Macaire, (under the assumed name of Redmond).....</i>	" H. Wallack.	" J. Browns.
<i>Jacques Strop (under the assumed name of Bertrand).....</i>	" Vale.	" Burton.
<i>Charles, (the adopted son of Dumont).....</i>	" F. Webster.	" Roberts.
<i>Pierre, (head waiter).....</i>	" Rogers.	" Owens.
<i>Sergeant Loupy.....</i>	" Harris.	" Howard.
<i>Louis.....</i>	" Bannister.	" Colvin.
<i>Francois.....</i>	" Collett.	" Oakley.
<i>Marie.....</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Clementine.....</i>	Miss Cross.	Miss Collighan.
		Miss Kirby.
		Mrs. Forest.

Gendarmes, Itinerant Musicians, &c.

COSTUMES.

ROBERT MACAIRE.—Patched green modern body with very long tails, short shabby, red trowsers, dirty white gaiters, old shoes, striped waistcoat, ragged shirt, very large silk pocket handkerchief, shabby white hat with black crape round it. Old dressing gown for second dress.

JACQUES STROP.—Patched drab coat, dark waistcoat, striped trowsers, old Wellington boots, shabby black hat. Short white bed gown with frills, and close white night-cap for second dress.

DUMONT.—Modern black coat, black breeches, white waistcoat, white cotton stockings.

GERMEUIL.—Dove coloured old man's suit, flowered waistcoat, white stockings, drab beaver hat.

PIERRE.—French blue smock frock, tricoloured belt, white trowsers, blue night-cap.

WAITERS & PEASANTS.—Coats and breeches.

LOUPY & GENDARMES.—Blue uniforms faced with white, cross belts, swords, carbines, and cocked hats—all exactly alike.

MARIE.—Blue linsey-woolsey petticoat, large French apron of small check, brown cotton jacket with long sleeves, red cotton handkerchief over the jacket, white Norman cap, covered with a dark blue and white cotton handkerchief, dark blue worsted stockings, thick shoes.

CLEMENTINE.—White muslin dress, and hat.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*, L. C., *Left of Centre*.

ROBERT MACAIRE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Exterior of an Auberge—a wall, or railing, with gates in the centre, across the stage—over the gates a Sign Board, on which is painted, “Auberge des Adrets,”—on the s. and l. 3d E., the House, with a bush over the door, and a board, on which is painted, “Ici on vend la Bonne Bierre et l’Eau de Vie.” “Bon Logement, a Pied et a Cheval.” On the l. E. F. a door leading to a cellar—a table and benches under a tree, R. U. E.—a plank on two boards, R. E. F. The high road is seen in the back ground, the whole extent of stage, winding over a bridge, platforms, &c. Curtain rises to lively music.*

LOUIS and WAITERS discovered arranging the table, &c.—*Louis has a basket with some bottles of wine—he takes the cork from one of them, and is drinking, as PIERRE enters from the house.*

Pierre. Holloa! holloa! what are you about there?

Louis. [In confusion, hiding the bottle.] Nothing.

Pierre. Nothing! Do you think I did not see you?

Louis. Well, if you did, I’m sure I—

Pierre. [Blustering.] Come, come, sir, hold your tongue—don’t try to excommunicate yourself; didn’t I see you take this bottle out of the basket in this way? [Taking it out.] Didn’t you pull out the cork in this way—and then didn’t you put it to your mouth in this way; [Taking a long draught.] I’m ashamed of you: see, [Turning down the bottle,] you’ve emptied it; oh, you thief! I’ll tell master to stop it out of your wages. Now, away with you into the house, and get every thing ready before Mr. Germeuil and his daughter arrive; don’t stand gaping at me

with your mouth open, and your hands in your pockets, but go. [*Exeunt Waiters into house.*] Idle rascals! [*Sitting on the table, R., and eating an apple, which he picks out from a plateful, which has been placed there by the Waiters.*] They think of nothing but eating and drinking. [*Taking a cake from another plate.*] Always stealing things that don't belong to them, and feasting at master's expense.

Enter DUMONT and CHARLES from the house. Pierre jumps up from the table, puts the cake and apple into his pocket, and pretends to be very busy, arranging the cloth, dishes, &c.

Dumont. Well, Pierre, how go on our preparations for the wedding fete? I see you are all in a bustle.

Pierre. Yes, sir, I'm obliged to do every thing myself—can't trust Louis and the other waiters; I'm here, there, and every where, in a dozen places at once.

Dumont. That's right—see that nothing is wanting for the entertainment of our friends—I wish every one to be as happy as eating, drinking, and dancing can make them.

Charles. You are very kind, sir

Pierre. Why, Mr. Charles, what's the matter? one wouldn't think you were going to be married, you look so sorrowful and so melancholy.

Charles. Oh, no, you are mistaken, I am quite merry.

[*Sighing.*]

Pierre. Are you? Well, you've a very odd way of showing your mirth. Now, master, doesn't Mr. Charles look very unhappy?

Dumont. He does; but I attribute his seriousness to the importance of the engagement he is about to contract.

Pierre. Ah, true—matrimony is a very serious thing, and requires a deal of consideration—a man ought to be sure of what he is about—for my part, I think—

Dumont. You are gossiping here when you ought to be attending to your work.

Pierre. You are right—I've a great deal to do—I musn't idle my time hearing you tell long stories—I'll go and blow up the waiters. Here, Louis! Jacques! Francois! I'm coming, you rascals. [*Exit into house.*]

Dumont. You see, Charles, I am not the only one who has perceived your melancholy. Clementine will soon be here; you mustn't let her see you look so miserable on this joyful occasion.

Charles. Ah, sir, when Mr. Germeuil knows the fatal secret you have revealed to me, will he then consent to my marriage with his daughter?

Dumont. Hope for the best; he is too good and kind a man to be the slave of prejudice; he will never find a better son-in-law; and I am sure is too anxious for the happiness of his daughter, to be an obstacle to your union.

Charles. Oh, that I could think so.

[*Noise of a carriage without, &c.*]

Dumont. Hark! Germeuil and Clementine have arrived. Hollo! Pierre! Louis! Francois! quick, quick!

PIERRE, LOUIS, and Waiters enter from house, go off, &c., through gates, and return with bundles, band-boxes, &c.

Charles. A few moments will decide my fate.

Enter GERMEUIL and CLEMENTINE, &c.—Germeuil advances to the front—shakes hands with Dumont—Charles goes up to Clementine, who remains with him at the back, Pierre runs about, loaded with bundles and band-boxes, which he lets fall, &c.

Ger. Welcome, old friend—you didn't expect me so soon, I dare say—but, you know, I'm an impatient old fool—I like to settle things off-hand. Clementine, my love, when you have finished the disembarkment of your band-boxes, perhaps you will notice your future father-in-law.

Cl. With pleasure. How do you do, sir?

[*Shaking hands with Dumont.*]

Ger. What are you about there, Mr. Charles—are you waiting for permission to kiss your wife?

Charles. [*Coming down, L.*] Mr. Germeuil, the title of Clementine's husband is the most precious to which my heart aspires—but honour imperatively forbids I should accept of it, before you have had an understanding with my father. You will then decide, if you think me still worthy to possess the hand of your daughter.

Ger. [*Astonished.*] What does this mean?

Dumont. I will inform you while Charles assists Clementine to arrange her band-boxes.

Cle. That is to say, I must not hear your conversation

Dumont. Go, my love, you shall soon know all.

Cle. Come, Charles, give me your arm. Papa, don't let Mr. Dumont detain you long. Do you know, Charles, I've such a beautiful new lace dress, and such a "love" of a bonnet. [*Exit Charles and Clementine into the house.*]

Ger. Now, friend Dumont, we are alone, what is this secret to which Charles seemed to attach so much importance?

Dumont. One on which his happiness or misery depends. The disclosure I am about to make will decide his fate.

Ger. You alarm me. Explain.

Dumont. Learn, then, my friend, that Charles—is not my son!

Ger. What say you—not your son?

Dumont. Nor any relation. Listen. Between eighteen and nineteen years ago, seeing a crowd collected round the door of an inn, a few miles on the road to Grenoble, I inquired the cause, and found that a poor woman had left a new-born infant in the charge of the Innkeeper, and had not returned to claim it. I looked upon the unhappy child, (which every body repulsed,) and, overcome with pity for its helplessness, determined to adopt it.

Ger. 'Twas kind—'twas noble!

Dumont. From the report of some soldiers, who were in pursuit of the mother, I learned that she had been imprisoned at Grenoble (no doubt for some bad action), but had found means to elude the vigilance of her keepers, and escape.

Ger. What became of her?

Dumont. I know not—her retreat was never discovered.

Ger. And you had no trace—no clue?

Dumont. None. I brought up Charles as my own child—and have never regretted an act of charity, by which I have gained the best of sons, and, perhaps, rescued a fellow-creature from crime and misery.

Ger. Does any one know this secret?

Dumont. No one but yourself.

Ger. 'Tis well—give me your hand.

Dumont. What! you consent, then, to Charles's happiness?

Ger. He is still the son of my old friend. What! shall I punish an unfortunate youth for the faults of his mother? Shall I make his birth a crime? No! Charles is virtuous and honest: and I value such qualities too much to refuse to acknowledge and esteem their possessor, be his parents ever so vile or worthless.

Dumont. Generous man! I never doubted the goodness of your heart; but this last act of kindness—Pshaw! it has brought the tears into my eyes.

Enter CLEMENTINE and CHARLES from the house.

Cle. All is safe, father-in-law—every thing is in order—my bonnets have not been crushed, or my dresses tumbled, have they, Charles?

Ger. [*To Charles.*] Well, young gentleman, what say you now?

Chas. Say, sir?

Ger. Yes, sir—will you kiss your wife?

Chas. Is it possible? Am I to be so happy?

Ger. To be sure. Kiss your wife, or I'll take her away from you.

Chas. Clementine! [*Embracing her.*] Oh, sir, my gratitude shall equal my happiness.

Ger. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] Say no more; you are a good lad, and I am proud to call you my son.

Dumont. Now, then, let us think of our little fete. Charles, go ask your friends, and bring them here immediately.

Cle. For what?

Dumont. To celebrate your marriage.

Ger. Indeed! then we had better retire and arrange our dresses, Clementine. [*To Charles.*] I wish your wife and father-in-law to do you honour.

Cle. Don't be absent long, Charles.

Chas. I'll return immediately, dear Clementine.

[*Exit, through gates, R.*]

Ger. Come, old friend, show me to my chamber. Clementine, my love, this is the happiest day I have known for twenty years. Your old father will dance at your wedding as nimbly as he did at his own. La, la, la!

tion.] Yes, bring us some refreshment, and something to eat!

Pierre. Refreshment!—something to eat!

Ber. Yes—bring us some peck.

Pierre. Peck! What does the gentleman mean, sir!

{*To Redmond.*}

Red. My noble friend, means refreshment. *Peck* is the fashionable word made use of in the high society we have been accustomed to associate with.

Pierre. Indeed! [*Pulling up his collar and swaggering. Aside.*] They are a pair of beauties for high society.—What will you take, gentlemen?

Red. What have you in the house?

Pierre. Every thing.

Red. Then bring us—

Ber. Some bread and cheese?

Pierre. Bread and cheese?

Ber. Yes, and an *ingun*.

Red. [*Flourishing his stick.*] Don't you hear, fellow, some bread and cheese, an *ingun* for my noble friend; the latter is a vegetable *I* never patronize, for the ladies have an objection to it.

Pierre. Beg pardon—but we are very busy within, preparing for a wedding; so, if you have no objection, I'll serve you your refreshment under that tree; you'll be very comfortable, and enjoy the fresh air.

Ber. So we can—and it won't do us any harm, for it's a long time since we have tasted it.

[*Redmond strikes him on the legs with his stick, and then crosses, flourishing it to Pierre, who looks astonished. Bertrand seats himself at table.*]

Red. What the devil are you staring at? Bring the refreshment.

Pierre. Directly, sir.—[*Aside.*] These are the queerest customers we've had for a long time. [*Exit into house.*]

Red. [*Looking round.*] I see the place is arranged for a fete; so much the better—'twill enliven us; I'm very fond of marriages.

Ber. [*At the table.*] Then why don't you get married?

Red. I am married.

Ber. Indeed! why you never told me that. [*Coming down.*] Where is your wife?

Red. I don't know! 'tis eighteen or nineteen years since I left her, to avoid the pursuit of certain gentlemen with cocked hats and long swords.

Ber. Ah! gendarmes. Don't you know what became of her?

Red. Eh? [*Lost for a moment in thought.*] No, I never inquired.

PIERRE enters—removes the apples and cakes—then returns with the bread and cheese, and a bottle of wine, looks at Bertrand's bundle, which he has left on the table—takes it up with the tops of his finger and thumb, and puts it on the ground.

Ber. Perhaps she has made her way in the world in the same manner as yourself; by involuntary contributions.

Ber. No, I think not; she was one of those persons who had, what prejudiced people would call, good principles and honesty.

Ber. Ah, those things we know nothing about.

Red. Scrupulous on the points of virtue and respectability.

Ber. I never heard of such nonsense.

Red. Preferring hard work and misery to employing our little methods of making money; in fact, she was a poor, weak-minded, moral, industrious, virtuous individual.

Ber. My dear friend, what bad company you must have been in to meet with such a woman. Where could you have picked her up?

Pierre. [*Coming behind Bertrand, and slapping him on the shoulder.*] Your peck is ready, sir.

Ber. [*Starting across, in great alarm, to L.*] Eh? oh, lord! I'm not the man!

Pierre. What's the matter, sir?

Ber. Devil take him—how he frightened me. Oh, my poor nerves! I thought it was a gendarme.

Red. [*Aside.*] You fool, you'll ruin us.

[*Kicks him, then goes up, flourishing his stick—he seats himself at the table, takes off his hat, places it on the top of his stick—it goes through the crown—rustic music is heard without—Redmond takes a comb from his pocket, and arranges his hair and whiskers.*

Pierre. [*Looking out.*] Ah, here they come! [*Bertrand, alarmed, tries to rise—Redmond prevents him.*] Here's Mr. Charles and the Villagers. [*Calling at house.*] Mr. Germeuil! master! Miss Clementine! make haste—here is Mr. Charles and his friends. [*Music.*]

Enter CHARLES and VILLAGERS through gates—DUMONT, GERMEUIL, and CLEMENTINE, from house.

Dumont. Welcome, welcome, friends—you see we expected you. Come into the house—you'll find plenty to eat and drink, and then we'll finish the fete with a dance. Come, friends.

Chas. Stay, stay! a poor woman has fallen down in the road there; come, some of you, and help me to assist her. [*Music.—Exeunt Charles, Pierre, &c.*]

Ger. Poor creature! how wretched and miserable she seems. [*Charles, Pierre, and Villagers bring on Marie, and place her in a chair.*]

Cle. Let me assist her.

Dumont. Pierre, some wine—some wine. [*They give Marie wine—she slowly recovers, and looks around—Redmond, who has mingled with the Villagers, on seeing her face, starts, takes Bertrand by the arm, and goes off with him, R. 3d E.*]

Chas. How do you feel now?

Marie. Better, much better; thanks, kind friends, thanks—your assistance was very needful, for I have not tasted food since yesterday morning.

Cle. Poor creature!

Dumont. You are not of this country?

Marie. No, sir.

Dumont. You have come from some distance?

Marie. Yes, sir, from Italy; I am going to Mount Melian, to seek employment.

Dumont. You have friends or family there?

Marie. Alas, I have no family; I have no friends either—for I am poor and miserable. Yet I once had children—husband—parents, and friends. I was once affluent and happy; but misfortune's withering breath has blown upon me, and I am left a poor, lone woman—worn down with sorrow, want, and sickness, without a roof to shelter me, or the means of buying bread.

Ger. This poor woman interests me.

Pierre. [*Crying.*] And me too.

Marie. [*Rising.*] Pardon me, kind friends, I perceive my presence throws a damp on your pleasures. I am better now; I will continue my journey.

Ger. No, no, impossible; in your weak state 'twould be dangerous—you shall sleep here to-night; that is, if my friend Dumont has no objection.

Dumont. Objection! How could you think of such a thing? You shall stay, my good woman, and have a comfortable supper, and breakfast, too. *Pierre*, take her in, and see that she wants for nothing.

Marie. Oh, kind gentlemen, may Heaven reward you.

[*Exit into house, with Pierre.*]

Dumont. Now, friends, follow me. Let us attack the estates and drinkables. [*Exeunt Dumont, Clementine, Germeuil, Charles, and Villagers, into the house.*]

Enter REDMOND and BERTRAND, R. 3d E. Redmond looks into the house, seems thoughtful and uneasy—takes the stage several times with hurried steps.

Ber. Hollo! what's the matter with you? What do you go through all those revolutions for? [*Imitating.*]

Red. Nothing—no matter—never mind.

Ber. But I do mind; I say, you are not pretending to be silly, are you?

Red. Bah! [*To himself, half aside.*] No, no, impossible—it cannot be—she could not—no, no—yes. I should like to be sure.

Ber. So should I.

Red. [*Turning.*] Of what?

Ber. That the gendarmes are not following us.

Red. Fool! some one is coming; sit down.

[*Forces Bertrand to sit down.*]

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves!

Enter GERMEUIL and DUMONT from house.

Ger. Now, friend Dumont, if you can spare a moment from your friends, let us talk over a little business—I want to settle every thing off-hand. Now, in the first place, I intend to give Charles twelve thousand francs, as *Clementine's* wedding portion.

Red. [*Aside.*] Twelve thousand francs! that's a pretty sum.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Very tidy.

Dumont. Very liberal, indeed. I'll give up my house to Charles during my life, and settle all I am worth upon him at my death.

Ger. Very well—your hand—the affair is settled. Now I wish you would take charge of the twelve thousand francs for Charles; here they are, in this pocket book, in good bank notes. [*Opening book.*]

Red. [*Aside to Bertrand.*] Do you hear?

Ber. Yes, and see too.

Dumont. No, no, you had better keep them, and present them to him yourself, to-morrow.

Ger. Nay, I'd rather you took charge of them—this confounded book is troublesome to me; I'm afraid of losing it.

Red. [*Aside.*] We'll take care of it for him.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Certainly—it would be no trouble to us.

Ger. Nay, nay, I wish to get rid of it;—oblige me?

Red. [*Aside.*] Do you—I'll oblige you presently—you shan't be troubled with it much longer.

Enter PIERRE from the house.

Pierre. Master, will you give me the bunch of duplicate keys—I want to get the bed-rooms ready. [*Dumont gives a bunch of keys.*] Where do you mean to put Mr. Germeuil?

Dumont. In No. 13—that's the best room in the house.

Pierre. And the poor woman—where shall she sleep?

Dumont. You may put her into No. 12.

Pierre. Very well. Beg pardon, gentlemen, you'd better come in, or you'll not get a morsel of the goose pie. [*Exit.*]

Dumont. Come, friend Germeuil, now you've settled your business, come in.

Ger. I'll follow you in a few minutes—I wish to speak with that poor woman. Will you request her to come to me.

Dumont. Certainly—don't let her detain you long.

[*Exit into house.*]

Red. [*To Bertrand.*] Follow me, and hold your tongue.

[*They steal across the stage on tip-toe, and go into the house.*]

Ger. Yes, the young folks will want an honest, trustworthy person. I'll see if this woman will suit them—she seems a steady, middle-aged, sensible person. I'll question her.

Enter MARIE from house.

Come here, my dear woman, I wish to say a word to you.

Marie. I am at your orders, sir.

Ger. What is your name?

Marie. Marie.

Ger. I perceive by your manners and language, that you were not always in the forlorn condition you are in at present. May I ask your history?

Marie. Ah, sir, spare me the recital!—do not increase my misery by making me recall misfortunes and wrongs I have endeavoured to lose the recollection of.

Ger. I wish not to distress you—mine is not an idle curiosity. You have been married?

Marie. Alas! yes, sir.

Ger. Is your husband living?

Marie. I know not, sir. He [*Weeping*,] deserted me many years ago.

Ger. You have had a family?

Marie. I had a son—but I—[*Sobbing*,] I lost him, sir—and have never known a moment's happiness since.

Ger. Come, come, be consoled—heaven may send you some relief.

Marie. Ah, sir, my sorrows are irreparable.

Ger. Not so; they may be alleviated by honourable conduct, and the esteem of good and honest people.

Marie [*Weeping*]. Alas!

Ger. My words appear to distress you. Can you be guilty?

Marie. [*Wildly*.] Guilty—oh, no, no! think not so, I implore you; I am innocent; I call Heaven to witness that I am.

Ger. [*Astonished at her vehemence*.] Innocent! What would you say? Do you mean that you have been accused unjustly?

Marie. [*Embarrassed*.] Sir!

Ger. Explain yourself.

Marie. Excuse me, sir, I cannot.

Ger. Speak without fear, I am your friend. You are silent—[*Severely*,]—then I have nothing more to say to you; [*Going*,] yet you are unfortunate, and have a claim on my pity. Take this purse—it contains some money, and may suffice for your present wants.

Marie. [*Weeping*.] Am I sunk so low? No, sir, I am poor, I know—your charity has already relieved me. I thank you for it—but I am not a beggar, nor am I the guilty wretch you think me—keep your purse, sir, I'd rather work these fingers to the bone—I'd rather starve than accept the bounty of a stranger, who believes me to be worthless and ungrateful. [*Going*.]

Ger. Where are you going?

Marie. I know not. Heaven, who reads all hearts, and knows if I have deserved my misfortunes, will not abandon me.

Ger. Stay, stay, I request—I have been too harsh; I am sorry I have given you pain. It is in my power to alleviate your sorrows. When you think proper to tell me your history, I will be more explicit. In the mean time, I request you will keep this—[*Presenting purse*,]—not as an alms, but as a pledge of the sincere interest I take in your welfare. Nay, I insist.

Marie. I obey, sir. [*Taking purse*.] I will see you tomorrow—and, if I have strength of mind sufficient, will tell you the melancholy history of my misfortunes.

[*Exit into house*.]

Ger. Poor creature; she has deeply interested me, and I feel 'twould be an act of real charity to befriend her.

[*He is about to enter the house, but is met by Bertrand and Redmond—Redmond bows to him with great ceremony, makes way for him, and, as he passes, steals his pocket handkerchief*.]

Red. Your most obedient. A very respectable old gentleman, that. [*Looking at the handkerchief*.] I wish he would wear silk pocket handkerchiefs, though—cotton ones are not worth taking—except for amusement, or to keep one's hand in. [*Putting it in his pocket*.]

Ber. [*Picking Redmond's pocket*.] I don't mind cotton ones. Well, now we are alone, perhaps you'll have the

kindness to explain your conduct. What do you mean by ordering a bed? Is it your intention to stay here to-night?

Red. It is.

Ber. Oh, you fool—your confounded impudence will be our ruin—we shall be sure to be discovered. Oh, my poor nerves!

Red. Listen. Have you courage to second me in a perilous enterprise?

Ber. A perilous enterprise?—that's as it may happen. My courage is so shakey, I can't answer for it.

Red. What say you to appropriating to ourselves the twelve thousand francs?

Ber. Oh, oh, I see you want to keep your hand in. I don't care, provided there is no danger.

Red. You saw the bunch of duplicate keys for all the rooms in the inn.

Ber. Yes.

Red. That of Mr. Germeuil's chamber ought to be there.

Ber. Certainly.

Red. We must get possession of it.

Ber. Well, what then?

Red. We will let ourselves into his room, while he is asleep, and the twelve thousand francs will be ours. [*Giving him a blow on the stomach.*] That's the way to do it.

Ber. Is it. I wish you'd keep your hands to yourself—you've hit me in the wind. But I say, suppose, now, by accident, he should happen to wake, there'd be a pretty kettle of fish—he'd alarm the house—we would be taken, and, oh, lord, my poor nerves!—don't let us think of it.

Red. Bah! you are always afraid—I'll take care we are not discovered. Hush! here comes the waiter—I must get the bunch of keys. Mind what you are about—be ready to assist me.

Enter PIERRE from house.

Red. Hollo, waiter! will our room soon be ready?

Ber. Ah! will our room soon be ready, Mr. Waiter?

Pierre. Do not be impatient, gentlemen—it's very early yet—you can't want to go to bed—there's going to be a dance and all sorts of fun out here presently. I can't attend to you for some time.

[*Going to cellar door, and putting a key into the lock.*

Red. [*To Bertrand.*] Engage him in conversation for a minute or two.

Ber. I will. I say, Mr. Waiter, what are you doing there?

Pierre. Eh? [*Turning round.*] Why, I'm going into the cellar to fill this basket with wine for the guests.

Ber. Fill that basket with wine—won't it run out?

Pierre. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha! this fellow is silly—I'll have a game with him.—Oh, no, it won't—don't you see, [*Showing the basket,*] the bottom is water-proof?

[*As he turns to show the basket to Bertrand, Redmond takes the key out of the door.*

Ber. Ah, dear me—so it is—how wonderful!

Pierre. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha! he's the softest chap I ever met with—I'll make him believe the moon is made of green cheese presently. [*Going to door.*] Hollo, the key is gone! Who the devil has taken it?

Red. What's the matter, young man?

Pierre. I've lost a key.

Red. Indeed! has any body stolen it?

Pierre. Stolen it? nonsense—there are no thieves here.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Arn't there, though?

Red. [*Kicking him.*] Be quiet, you fool.—I should hope not, young man—for I make it a rule never to stop in any place where a robbery has been committed; and if you think you have thieves about the premises I shall go.

Ber. So shall I.

Pierre. Oh, no, sir, don't be alarmed, I shall find the key presently—I havn't time to look for it now, so I'll get the duplicate, which I have on a bunch in-doors. We are all honest people here, sir. [*Exit into house.*

Red. All's right—we shall get it—he has gone for the bunch.

Ber. Don't forget No. 13.

Red. Hush, he is here!—don't seem to notice him. Sing.

Enter PIERRE—Redmond and Bertrand sing together a verse of a popular song in Burlesque Opera style.

Pierre. Bravo, bravo! Why, gentlemen, you sing a very good song.

Red. Why, yes, we do sing a little—they know us at the opera.

Ber. [*Aside.*] I believe they do—in the pickpocket line.

Pierre. [*Looking on the bunch.*] Key of cellar—this is it—[*Taking it off, and leaving bunch on chair, L.*] Now for it. [*Opening door of the cellar, and going in. Redmond takes up the bunch and searches for the key—Bertrand assists him.*]

Red. No. 10, 11, 12, 13.

Ber. That's it—take it off.

Red. Confound it—I can't. [*Trying to get it off.*]

Pierre. [*Within.*] I've got the wine.

Ber. Make haste—make haste—oh, my poor nerves.

Red. I have it. [*Taking off key and putting it in his pocket as Pierre enters with wine. He turns to lock cellar door.*]

Pierre. I wonder what became of that key?

Ber. I know—I found it down by the door, when you went in—there it is. [*Giving it.*]

Pierre. Now, that's very odd—I looked so carefully for it; I'm very much obliged to you. [*Going towards house.*]

Red. Oh, you are very welcome. Haven't you forgot something, young man?

Pierre. Not that I know of.

Red. [*Pointing to chair.*] Isn't that your bunch of keys?

Pierre. [*Going to the chair, and taking bunch.*] Oh, what a fool I am—I don't know what I'm about—I shall lose my head some day. [*As he turns to enter house, Redmond takes a full bottle out of his basket, and puts in an empty one.*] Thank you, sir—I'm very much obliged to you. [*Exit into house.*]

Red. Ha, ha, ha! well done us—I declare I never did any thing better since I have been in the profession. Now, then, we must wait patiently till every body in the house is asleep—enter the room—take the pocket-book, and make our escape.

Dumont. [*Within.*] Come along, friends. Now, then, for the dance.

Red. Hark, they are coming here!—let us mix with the villagers and join in the dance—'twill prevent suspicion.

Enter DUMONT, GERMEUIL, CHARLES, CLEMENTINE, PIERRE, LOUIS, WAITERS, and VILLAGERS, from House. DECASSE, PETTITOE, and GROS JEAN, with their Instruments, enter through gates.

Dumont. Now, then, my lads and lasses, take your partners and foot it merrily.

[*Pierre places the Musicians on the bench.—The Leader rosins his bow, taps to begin, &c. Bertrand seats himself in 1. corner, with a bottle and glass. A Pas Seul, or Pas de Deux—then a Quadrille is formed. Redmond asks a Lady (the principal dancer) to dance with him—she refuses, not liking his appearance—he takes out his snuff-box, flourishes his handkerchief, and at last persuades her to be his partner. He leads his Lady forward, bows with great ceremony to every one, takes his place in the front, and dances in burlesque imitation of the Opera style. A Quadrille of sixteen, in two lines, by all the Characters and the Corps de Ballet.*

FIGURE.

Both sides meet in the centre, and return to places.

Ladies hands cross.

Gentlemen join hands with their partners ; all balancez. Turn partners to places.

The whole of the Pastorelle figure as in the first set ; alternate couple advancing on each side ; promenade all round.

[*When the dance is over, Redmond leads his Lady to a seat—offers her refreshment, &c.*

Ber. There he is, all in his glory. Oh, Lord, who'd take him for a thief!

Red. Well, comrade, how do you get on?—why don't you dance?

Ber. I can't dance—I an't in spirits—I an't such a bold chap as you—I'm afraid they'll know me.

Red. Pshaw! make yourself agreeable, as I do—I'll get you a partner.

Ber. No, no!

Red. But I say yes, yes—you shall dance. (*To a Lady, the principal dancer, who is passing at the moment.*)

Mademoiselle, this gentleman, my noble and illustrious friend, is desirous of ~~dancing~~ the next dance with you.

[*The Lady bows—Redmond pushes Bertrand forward—he offers his arm, and leads her to the front.*

Ber. [*Aside to Red.*] I won't—oh, my poor nerves! [*To Lady.*] Upon my life, you are very handsome. [*Aside.*] If the gendarmes were to see me now!

[*A Gallopade four sides, as in a Quadrille, by the Characters and Ballet*

FIGURE.

All chassez croisez—ladies to the centre.

Das a dos.

Top couples lead through to opposite sides.

Side couples, ditto.

Top couples lead back to places.

Side couples, ditto.

Right and left all round.

Follow Bertrand wherever he leads.

[*Bertrand dances grotesquely—Redmond stands near the Leader and directs the Dancers, calling out the figure, &c. Towards the conclusion he seizes the Violin and leads the Orchestra, dancing and playing with extravagant action until the fall of the Curtain.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of an Auberge. A Raised Gallery from T. E. to R. S. E., with two Chambers on it, Nos. 12 and 13—a Staircase leading to the Gallery, R. S. E. In C. of F., a large high practicable Window, with Shutters to fasten inside, and a Door, L., supposed to be the Principal Entrance to the House. The back-ground remains as in Act I. A Door on each side.—N. B.—The Window-Shutters are closed at the commencement of the Act.—A large Table, L. S. E., covered with a white cloth.—A Table under the Gallery for the Gendarmes to place their Swords and Carbines upon.*

Music.—BERTRAND comes out of No. 13 in great alarm—feels his way down the Staircase, and leans against the Balustrade. REDMOND, with a quantity of Bank Notes in his hand, rushes out of the Room, closes the Door, and descends.

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! What have you done? I haven't a drop of blood in my veins!

Red. 'Twas unfortunate. Necessity has no law. He would have alarmed the house. [*Counting notes.*]

Ber. Come, come—let us make our escape. Daylight will soon appear, and we shall be discovered. We've got the money: come, come, let us be off.

Red. You fool! our flight would cause us to be suspected. We must remain.

Ber. Remain! oh, my poor nerves! what will become of me? You must be out of your senses. Hark! [*Shuddering.*] I hear something moving—some one walking! Come, come, let us be off.

[*Trying to force Redmond away.*]

Red. What the deuce are you afraid of? Come into our chamber, and we'll divide the money. If you don't learn to be more of a man, I'll cut your acquaintance, or your throat, one of these days.

[*Pulling him off through door, R. F.*]

MARIE opens the door, No. 12—appears in the gallery, and cautiously descends the staircase. The daylight begins gradually to be seen through a hole at the top of the shutters.

Marie. No one is up yet. The moment is favourable; I will quit the inn before Mr. Germeuil awakes. He will, no doubt, seek to renew his examination, and I have not fortitude to bear it. Rather than cover myself with shame, by exposing my wrongs and my disgrace, I will quit the house. If I could get out without noise—

[*She tries to open the door—finds it is locked.*]

Enter PIERRE, with a lighted candle, from a chamber in the gallery.

Pierre. It's scarcely daylight. I think I'm up early this morning after our jollification. [*He looks over the balustrades and sees Marie.*] Hollo! what's that over there!

Oh! 'tis the woman we gave shelter to yesterday. What the devil is she about? [*Quietly descends.*]

Marie. Unfortunate! I cannot open the door.

Pierre. Why do you want to open it?

Marie. [*Starting.*] Ah!

Pierre. Where do you wish to go so early? I thought you promised Mr. Germeuil you would not go away without speaking to him.

Marie. 'Tis true. I had no intention of going away. I merely wished to—to—[*Confused.*—]to—to—take the air. The chamber where I slept was so small, I could scarcely breathe.

Pierre. Indeed! now do you know I think it is as airy and comfortable a room as any in the house. But be that as it may, we don't open our doors until master and all the family are stirring.—

Marie. I beg pardon—

Pierre. [*Aside.*] I don't half like this.—I think you might have waited until you were called. For my part, I think master is too good-natured—he gives an asylum to every body, and often takes in idle people who ought to work for their living, instead of depending on charity.

Marie. [*Weeping.*] Another humiliation! [*She takes out her pocket-handkerchief to wipe away her tears, and lets fall the purse given her by Germeuil.*]

Pierre. [*Taking it up.*] Hollo! what's this? a purse containing gold!

Marie. 'Tis mine! give it me!

Pierre. Ha! ha! it seems, then, you are not so poor and miserable as you appear to be. [*Returning her the purse.*] You are a deep one. [*He blows out the candle, then goes up and opens the shutters and the window. Marie sits at a table, L.*] What a beautiful morning! I say, if you want a mouthful of air, put your head out of the window—[*Blowing.*]—capital for the lungs! [*A large bell is heard ringing without.*] Hollo! who is that ringing our gate bell so early? [*Bell rings again.*] Don't be in a hurry—I'm coming! [*Opens door and exit, L.*]

REDMOND and BERTRAND enter from their room, R.—Bertrand has a short white bed-gown, and Redmond an old dressing gown, very large pattern, and a handkerchief.

tied around his head, the ends hanging down on the side.

Ber. Where does that noise come from? Oh, my poor nerves! Have they found it out already?

Red. No, no, you coward! [*Seeing Marie.*] Eh! isn't that the woman we saw last night?

Ber. Yes.

Red. I must see her face again and clear up my suspicions. [*Advancing towards her on tip-toe—Bertrand seats himself on the stairs.*

Marie. Fatal is the impression poverty inspires—the unfortunate is always suspected of being guilty of crimes.

Red. [*Leaning on the back of her chair, and making his snuff-box crack.*] You seem unhappy, my good woman; what is the cause of your grief? Come, come—don't fear to trust me, for sometimes, when we least suspect it, we may find ourselves in society and in places where we are known.

Marie. Oh, heaven! do you know me?

Red. I didn't say that; nevertheless, at first, the sound of your voice, the contour of your figure and features, recalled to me a certain person? Were you ever at Grenoble?

Marie. [*Agitated.*] Grenoble!

Red. Yes. I lived there some time—did not you also reside there?

Marie. I!

Red. Yes—near the prison.

Marie. [*Aside.*] Ah! I am known. It is true, that—

Red. It is true that it is true, eh?

Ber. [*Aside.*] What does he mean by all these questions? What is it to him where the woman has lived?

Red. Did you know, about eighteen or nineteen years ago, a person called Robert Macaire?

Marie. Gracious powers! what name have you pronounced?

Red. That of your husband—your—

Marie. Silence, sir! repeat not the name of a monster who has embittered my days, and brought me to shame—to misery, and ruin. [*Redmond bursts into a laugh, takes a pinch of snuff, and crosses to Bertrand.—Marie ascends the staircase, and enters her room.*

Red. [*To Bertrand.*] 'Tis she !

Ber. What she ?

Red. My wife !

Ber. Your wife ! does she recollect you ?

Red. No.

Ber. Glad of it—let us be off.

Red. Stay—we'll have our breakfast first.

Ber. Breakfast ! I can't eat. You don't consider my nerves.

Red. Pshaw ! never mind your nerves. Take my dressing-gown, and give me my coat. [*Taking off dressing-gown, and appearing in a very ragged shirt.*] Hollo ! [*Looking at his sleeves.*] I've got on one of my summer shirts—give it me again. [*Bertrand assists him on with his dressing-gown.*] Now, call the waiter.

Ber. But, I say—

Red. Call the waiter !

Ber. Oh, my poor—we shall get into another scrape. Waiter ! waiter ! waiter !

Red. [*Taking the stage.*] Waiter ! waiter ! hollo ! hollo !

Ber. [*Imitating.*] Waiter ! waiter ! hollo ! hollo !

Enter PIERRE, D. F.

Pierre. Here I am, gentlemen. You are up early—have you passed a bad night ?

Red. Oh, dear, no—quite the reverse, I assure you.

[*Singing, taking snuff, and flourishing his pocket-handkerchief.*]

Ber. Quite the reverse—quite the reverse, I assure you. [*Imitating with torn handkerchief.*]

Pierre. I have made you wait a little, gentlemen, because I was engaged putting up the horses of some guests who have just arrived—three gendarmes.

Ber. [*Starting.*] Gendarmes. Oh, my poor nerves !

Pierre. Hollo ! your friend seems frightened.

Red. [*Kicking Bertrand.*] Frightened ! Oh, no. [*Taking Pierre aside.*] The fact is, he is a little touched here in the upper story, and I frighten him with the name of gendarme as they do children with that of *Bogie*.

Pierre. Poor fellow ! I thought he was foolish.

Red. You mustn't mind what he says. Bring us our breakfast, young man.

Pierre. Immediately.

[*Exit, L. F.*

Ber. [*Aside.*] Now I shall be murdered!

Red. [*Seizing Bertrand by the collar, and dragging him forward.*] You infernal rascal! You cowardly villain, do you want to ruin us?

Ber. No, I don't, but—

Red. Be quiet, or I'll murder you.

[*He forces him into the room, R.—Music.*

Enter LOUPY, BATON, and FLONFLON, D. F., and PIERRE, L. F., with plutes, &c., which he places on the table.

Pierre. Well, sergeant, your horses are safe in the stable.

Loupy. Yes, and eating their breakfast. Now, it's our turn. Pierre, bring us some ham and eggs, and the best wine in the house.

REDMOND and BERTRAND, with their coats on, enter from their room, and swagger down to the front.

Pierre. Immediately. Have the kindness to sit down here. [*Pointing to table, L.*] You can breakfast with these gentlemen. [*Pointing to Redmond and Bertrand.*

Ber. [*Aside.*] Breakfast with three gendarmes! Oh, my poor nerves!

Red. [*Affecting the fashionable.*] We shall feel honoured!

Loupy. [*Examining Redmond and Bertrand.*] I have seen these persons somewhere. Pierre!

[*Taking him aside.*

Ber. How he examines us! Oh, my poor nerves!

Loupy. Oh, I recollect—I saw them yesterday on the road.

Pierre. They are very respectable gentlemen. I think they belong to the opera. They are such fine singers—the tall one in particular.

[*Redmond sings a verse of an Italian song, in imitation of Rubini—puts his hands on his coat pockets, and goes up, shewing a large patch on his trousers.*

Pierre. He can do anything with his voice.

Loupy. He can? then I wonder he doesn't make it get him a new pair of trousers. [*Retires up.*

Red. [*Aside to Bertrand.*] 'Tis the sergeant who exa-

mined us so closely yesterday. Impudence alone can save us. Do something to make him believe you are silly. Sing—dance—do anything. [*Redmond sings another verse, and Bertrand dances—he makes an extravagant pirouette, stumbles against Redmond and knocks him down—Pierre and the Gendarmes lift them up—Redmond beats and kicks at Bertrand.*] Oh, you blackguard! Oh, you thief! you rascal!

Ber. I couldn't help it! I couldn't help it!

Pierre. Breakfast is ready, gentlemen.

Loupy. Will you sit down, sir? [*To Redmond.*]

Red. With the greatest pleasure. After you.

[*They bow with great ceremony and seat themselves, Redmond, R., and Loupy, L. The other Gendarmes take off their swords, &c. Bertrand remains in front, R.*]

Loupy. Does not your friend breakfast with us?

Red. Oh, certainly. [*Takes a pinch of snuff, and makes his box crack—Bertrand starts.*] Bertrand, my dear friend, come to breakfast.

Ber. No I thank you, I'm not hungry. I want to go into the fields to hear the dickey-birds sing.

[*Going—Redmond stops him.*]

Red. [*Aside.*] If you dare to stir a step I'll murder you—[*Aloud.*] Now do sit down.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Oh, my poor nerves!—[*Aloud.*] I'd rather not.—[*Aside.*] Oh, these devils of gendarmes!

Red. [*Aside—pushing him into a seat.*] You fool, sit down.

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves!

[*Sits down, c.—The two Gendarmes seat themselves on each side of him—he starts—looks from one to the other, trembles, &c. Redmond makes his snuff-box crack.*]

Red. You must not mind my friend, gentlemen—he stands too much upon ceremony. Come, Mr. Pierre, you must drink with us.

Pierre. Thank you, sir—I never drink in the morning, but to oblige you I'll take a thimble-full. [*Fills a large glass and drinks.*] I don't care if I take a small taste of bread and ham. [*Cuts a large piece of bread, takes a slice of ham, and eats voraciously.*] It is some time since I have seen you, Mr. Loupy.

Loupy. Why, yes, the country is so quiet; and if it had not been for two rascally thieves, who have escaped from prison—[*Bertrand starts and begins to cough violently—the two Gendarmes think he is choking, and slap him on the back. He endeavours to rise—they force him down—he struggles to get away, dreadfully alarmed.*]

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! thank you—thank you, gentlemen. A piece of ham went the wrong way—

Red. From what prison have the rascals escaped?

Ber. [*Aside.*] Oh, lord! Curse his impudence!

Loupy. The prison of Lyons!

Ber. We are dished! [*Slips down under the table.*]

Loupy. [*After a pause.*] Hollo! where is your friend?

Red. Bertrand! Bertrand! [*Finding he does not appear or answer, he makes his snuff-box crack—Bertrand shows himself under the table.*] What the devil are you doing there?

Ber. I'm looking for my tooth-pick.

Red. Come out! [*Pulling him from under the table, and throwing him into R. corner.*]

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! I couldn't stand it.

Red. And what has become of the rascals?

Loupy. 'Tis suspected they have taken refuge somewhere in this neighbourhood. [*Rising and going forward.*] I wish I could put my hands on them—[*Placing his hand on the shoulders of Redmond and Bertrand,*—the rascals would find it rather difficult to shake me off.

Red. [*Forcing a laugh.*] I should think so. Ha! ha! ha!

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! [*Trying to laugh.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Loupy. Come, gentlemen, we must be going.

Red. Nay, gentlemen, don't go yet. I really cannot part with you so soon.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Curse his impudence! He'll persuade them to stay. Oh, you fool! Oh, my poor nerves!

Loupy. You are very polite, but I must attend to my duty. Pierre, what have I to pay?

Pierre. Three francs and a half.

Loupy. [*Taking out a purse and giving him money.*] There! [*To Redmond.*] Sir, your most obedient.

[*Returns purse into his coat pocket—Redmond steals it.*]

Red. Well, if you must go, I suppose you must. Pierre, some wine! one glass at parting.

[*Pierre fills glasses.—Loupy, Redmond, Bertrand, Pierre, and Gendarmes stand together, and hob and nob—Pierre and Gendarmes go off, Redmond shakes hands with Loupy, and bows him off in great ceremony.*]

Ber. [After watching them off.] Tol lol de rol lol. [*Dancing.*] They are off! Tol lol de rol lol!

Red. Bertrand, what do you think of me, now? Didn't I deceive the gendarmes famously! They are fine jolly fellows, capital companions, are they not?

Ber. Capital—but I'd rather have their room than their company.

Red. I'll tell you what, my good friend, it's no use disguising one's opinion—the fact is, you are a down-right fool. You have several times been on the very point of betraying us. Now, understand me—if you don't alter your conduct, I'll do myself the pleasure of cutting your throat.

Ber. Will you? I won't give you a chance.

Red. Now, then, let us return to our chamber. Call Pierre, and pay the bill.

Ber. Pay the bill! Nonsense, my dear fellow! We have no occasion to do that—we never pay.

Red. Why, you unprincipled rascal! would you go away without paying your bill?

Ber. Why not?

Red. A pretty name we should leave behind us. They'd call us swindlers. Pierre, bring our bill.

Pierre. Immediately, sir.

Red. And don't forget the bread and cheese.

Ber. Yes, and don't forget the *ingun*.

[*Redmond pushes him into the room, L.—Music.*]

Enter VILLAGERS, C., with PIERRE.

Pierre. You've come rather early, friends; but I dare say, the bride and bridegroom are ready to go with you to church.

Enter CHARLES, CLEMENTINE, and DUMONT, L.—MARIE comes out of her room, and cautiously descends the staircase.

Chas. We only wait for Mr. Germeuil's friends—we are quite ready.

Dumont. He sleeps rather late this morning. We'll give him a few minutes longer, and then, if he doesn't make his appearance, we'll wake him.

Chas. It must be nearly eight o'clock. I wonder he is not up.

Marie. No one observes me. Now to escape.

[*She steals round at the back, and is about to exit at the door, when she is met by Loupy and the Gardemes, who look inquisitively at her as she passes—she goes off over the bridge.*]

Chas. Ah, Sergeant Loupy, I am glad to see you. What brings you so far from head quarters?

Loupy. I am in pursuit of two thieves, who have escaped from the prison at Lyons. I breakfasted here this morning, and have returned for my purse, which I must have dropped somewhere. Pierre, have you seen it?

Pierre. No; I saw it in your hand when you paid me, but not since.

Loupy. Help me to look for it—I dare say it's not far off.

[*They search.*]

Dumont. Charles, you had better go up to Mr. Germeuil. [*Charles ascends the staircase.*] Perhaps he is ill. 'Tis very odd! I thought he was an early riser.

Chas. [*Listening at Germeuil's door, and trying to open it.*] Ah! I think I hear groans! the door is locked!

Dumont. Indeed! Pierre, you've the bunch of duplicate keys—give me No. 13.

Pierre. Yes, sir. [*Looking over the bunch.*] It's very odd—it isn't here.

Chas. Then I'll break open the door.

[*Clementine runs up the staircase—Charles breaks open the door, and enters the room with Clementine—loud scream heard.*]

Dumont. Gracious powers! What has befallen?

Cle. [*Rushing distracted down staircase.*] Oh, Mr. Dumont! my poor father is murdered!

[*General start of horror.*]

Omnes. Murdered!

Chas. Oh, horrible crime! Mr. Germeuil is covered with wounds, and weltering in his blood.

[*The Villagers go up the staircase, and enter the room—Clementine wishes to follow, but is prevented by two women, in whose arms she faints and is taken off, L.*

Loupy. Dreadful! had he any enemies?

Dumont. None, I am certain—he lived but to do good.

Chas. No doubt he has been the victim of villains, who have robbed him. Here is his empty pocket-book, which I found on the ground beside him.

Loupy. Do you suspect any one?

Dumont. No.

Pierre. But I do. I suspect the person to whom you gave shelter last night.

Loupy. What, a poor looking woman, in a dark dress?

Pierre. Yes.

Loupy. I saw her go out, just now.

Pierre. Let her be pursued! [*Loupy signs to one of the Gendarmes, who exits, in pursuit, over the bridge.*] I saw her trying to leave the house early this morning. I saw a purse of gold in her possession.

Dumont. Indeed? there certainly is cause, then, for suspicion.

Loupy. It is my duty to investigate the business. Place yourself there—[*To Gendarme,*—and take down the evidence.—[*To Pierre.*] Was this woman the only stranger who passed the night here?

Pierre. No, sir; there were two more travellers—those gentlemen with whom you breakfasted.

Laupy. Let them be called.

Pierre. Yes, sir. [*Crossing to c.—Bawling and knocking.*] Hollo! hollo; gentlemen, you are wanted.

Red. [*Within.*] What's the matter? Who knocks at my door in such a furious manner?

REDMOND enters with BERTRAND.

Ah, Mr. Pierre!

Pierre. The officer of the gendarmes wishes to speak with you.

Ber. [*Aside.*] We are discovered! It is all over with us. We are dead and buried! Oh, my poor nerves!

Red. Oh, my esteemed friend and breakfast companion—what is the matter?

Loupy. A murder has been committed in the house.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Oh, my poor nerves! We are settled.

Red. [*Pretending to start with astonishment, hits Bertrand in the face with his hat.—Aside.*] Be quiet.—Who is the unfortunate victim?

Dumont. Mr. Germeuil.

Red. I recollect him well. [*To Bertrand.*] The old gentleman we saw here last night, with cotton stockings, pepper and salt coat, and parsley and butter waistcoat.

Loupy. Your passports—

Red. Certainly—there is mine. [*Giving a paper.*] No, I beg pardon—that is a letter from a little countess—a lovely creature! That is it—no, that's my tailor's bill—that is it.

Loupy. [*Examining passports.*] You are called—

Red. [*Bowing.*] Yes.

Loupy. Your name is—

Red. [*Bowing.*] You are right, it is—

Loupy. I ask your name.

Red. Henri Frederick Louis de Tour de Main, de la Chateau Margot, de la Tonnerre Saint Redmond, Ambassador to the King of the Kickeraboo Islands, and Knight of the Ancient Order of the Kefousels. [*Crosses to R.*]

Loupy. [*Crossing to Bertrand.*] Now, sir, your passport—have you one?

Ber. [*Aside.*] Oh, my poor nerves! Now for it! I am melting away like a rush-light.

Red. The gentleman does you the honour to ask for your passport.

Ber. [*To Loupy.*] Why, I showed it you yesterday.

Red. What does that matter? Isn't the gentleman in the exercise of his functions!

Ber. [*Aside.*] Curse his functions! I wish he wouldn't exercise them on me.

Red. He has a right to interrogate you, and—[*Pointedly,*] you have no right to answer him.

Ber. There! [*Lets a paper fall.—Aside.*] That's the duplicate of a pair of trowsers—that's my other shirt—there it is—

[*Giving passports.*]

Loupy. You are called—

Ber. Bertrand.

Loupy. [*Looking over passport.*] And how are you—

Ber. Pretty well, I thank you—how are you?

Loupy. Pshaw ! I mean how are you described—what is your profession ?

Ber. An orphan.

Loupy. I ask, what is your profession ?

Ber. I tell you, an orphan. I'm a natural.

Red. [*Crossing to Loupy.*] I beg pardon, but my friend is not in his right senses—he is deranged at times—a little cracked—half an idiot.

Loupy. He seems so. Your papers are all regular—all correct. [*Gendarme appears at the back with Marie—he brings her over the bridge.*]

Red. Then, I suppose we may continue our journey.

Loupy. No—you must not go until the inquest is over. No one must leave the house till then—

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves ! We are in for it again !

Enter GENDARME with MARIE, R. D. in F.

Marie. In the name of Heaven what do you want with me ?—Why am I brought here ?

Dumont. Approach, unhappy woman, and let us hear if you can exculpate yourself from the dreadful crime of which you are accused ?

Marie. What mean you ? Accused ! Gracious heaven ! what crime do you lay to my charge ?

Dumont. Mr. Germeuil has been murdered !

Marie. [*Wildly.*] And am I suspected of being his murderer ?

Dumont. You are.

Red. [*Aside.*] How fortunate.

Marie. I am lost ! [*Covering her face with her hands.*]

Dumont. What have you to say, wretched woman, in your defence ? Do you confess the deed ?

Marie. [*Wildly.*] Confess ! confess what ? that I have deprived a fellow-creature of life ? that I am a murderess ? 'Tis beyond belief—'tis too horrible to be real ! Recall those cruel words ! Ah, you are silent—'tis no illusion, then. You *do* accuse me ! Oh, sir—good gentlemen, do not let appearances or circumstances condemn me. I swear before Heaven, I am innocent ! You may doubt my words—but look upon me ; the truth is written here, on this pallid brow and care-worn cheeks, these streaming eyes, these feeble hands, which now I raise to you in agony of soul, for justice and for mercy !

Dumont. Rise—rise, unfortunate woman! I pity you, but am sorry to say suspicion is strongly against your innocence.

Pierre. How did you come by the purse you let fall this morning?

Marie. 'Twas given me by Mr. Germeuil.

Dumont. Indeed! and for what purpose?

Ber. Ah, for what purpose?

Red. [Striking him.] Hold your tongue!

Marie. He gave it me in charity, as an earnest of his future bounty.

Dumont. How much money did the purse contain?

Marie. Four Louis. I have not touched them—here they are. [Takes out purse.

Dumont. Woman—woman, this last evidence is conclusive. No one would give so large a sum without first being acquainted with the person on whom it was bestowed.

Loupy. There can be no doubt of her guilt. Arrest her. [To Gendarmes.

Red. [Aside.] We are safe?

Ber. Let us be off!

Marie. Save me! save me! I'm innocent! Do not—oh, do not murder me!

Loupy. Your name?

Marie. Marie Beaumont!

Dumont. [Starting.] Is that your name?

Marie. Alas! yes, sir.

Dumont. [Rapidly.] Have you any children?

Marie. I had a son.

Dumont. What became of him?

Marie. I know not. Cruel necessity obliged me to abandon him, nineteen years ago, at an inn, on the road to Grenoble.

Dumont. Did you ever live at Grenoble?

Marie. Yes, sir; many years ago.

Dumont. You were detained in prison there?

Marie. Oh, sir! do you know—

Dumont. You were accused, as you now are?

Marie. I was, but as I am now—I was innocent. But why these questions? do you know anything of my son? Do not torture me! Tell me—tell me, is he still alive?

Dumont. He is!

Marie. Thank heaven! Where is he?

Chas. Here, mother, here! [*Rushing into her arms.*]

Marie. Yes! yes, he is my son! my heart knows him.

Chas. Mother! dear mother!

[*Retires up with Marie.—Redmond, who, during this scene, has become deeply interested, wipes a tear from his eye, takes a pinch of snuff, then relapses into his usual heartless manner, picks up a pocket-handkerchief, which Charles drops when he embraces his mother—flourishes it about, and makes his box creak.*]

Red. [*To Bertrand.*] 'Tis my son.

Ber. You have found all your family here.

Marie. My son—my dear son! [*Caressing him.*]

Chas. Dear mother, at what a moment do I find you.

Marie. Be comforted—Heaven will not desert me.

Loupy. Madam, you must follow me.

Chas. Ah, sir, she is my mother!—do not take her from me! I will answer for her appearance. Let her remain with Mr. Dumont, while we employ every means in our power to find the real murderer—for I am sure she is innocent.

Loupy. I scarcely dare trust you.

[*They go up together consulting.*]

Enter BAGUETTE and FUSEE, D. in F., and gives a paper to Loupy.

Red. [*Advancing with Bertrand.*] I try to be indifferent and callous, but I still feel my heart beat and yearn to embrace my son. I dare not own him—yet I should like to feel his hand in mine. Ah! this is his handkerchief—I'll return it to him. Here is your pocket-handkerchief, sir, which you let fall just now. [*Seizing his hand and squeezing it.*] Charles—I beg your pardon—Mr. Charles, I congratulate you on finding your mother.

[*Charles goes up.*]

Ber. [*Taking Redmond by the arm.*] Now, then, let us be off.

Loupy. Secure these men.—[*Pointing to Bertrand and Redmond. The Gendarmes seize them.*]

Red. Secure us! for what?

Loupy. For having escaped from the prison at Lyons I have here a full description of your persons. One of you travels under the name of Bertrand—

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves—that's me !

Loupy. And the other under the name of Redmond—but the first is no other than Jacques Strop, and the second Robert Macaire.

Marie. Macaire ! did I hear aright ? [*Redmond's face is concealed with a black handkerchief—Loupy pulls it off.*]
'Tis he ! 'tis my husband ! [*Faints.*]

Red. Subterfuge is useless. 'Tis true, I am Robert Macaire.

Ber. And I am Jacques Strop !

Loupy. Away with them !

[*Baguette and Fusée force Bertrand off.*]

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves ! This is my last kick !

Red. Stay a moment—[*To Baton and Flonflon, who are about to take him away.*—I have something to say. Sergeant Loupy, Robert Macaire has lived a bold and fearless man, and such he'll die !

[*With a sudden effort of strength, he throws down the two Gendarmes who have hold of him, rushes up the stage, jumps out of the window, runs up the platform, and gains the bridge, waving his hand in defiance.*]

Loupy. He will escape ! fire at him !

[*The Gendarmes fire out of the window—Redmond falls on the bridge, with his arms hanging over it—*
• *Tableau.*]

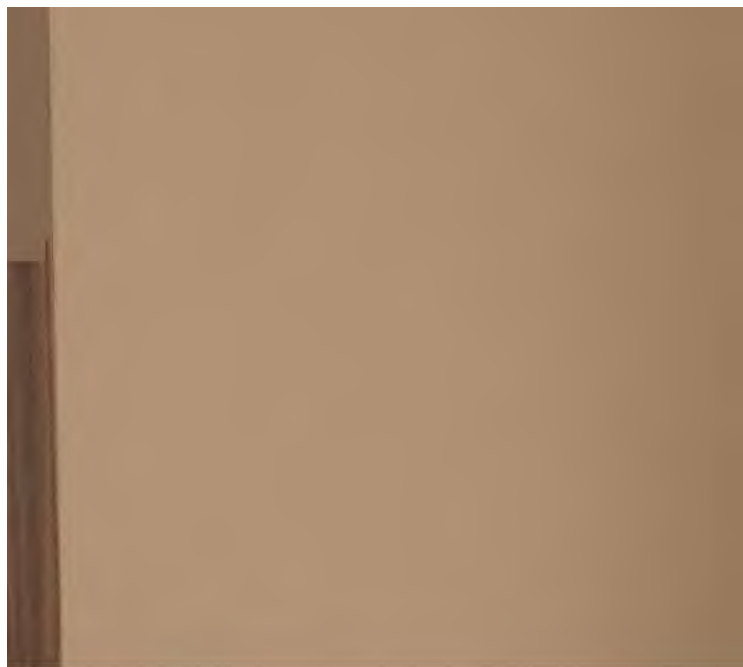
Marie. Ah ! they have killed him ! Unfortunate man !
he was doomed to die a desperate death !

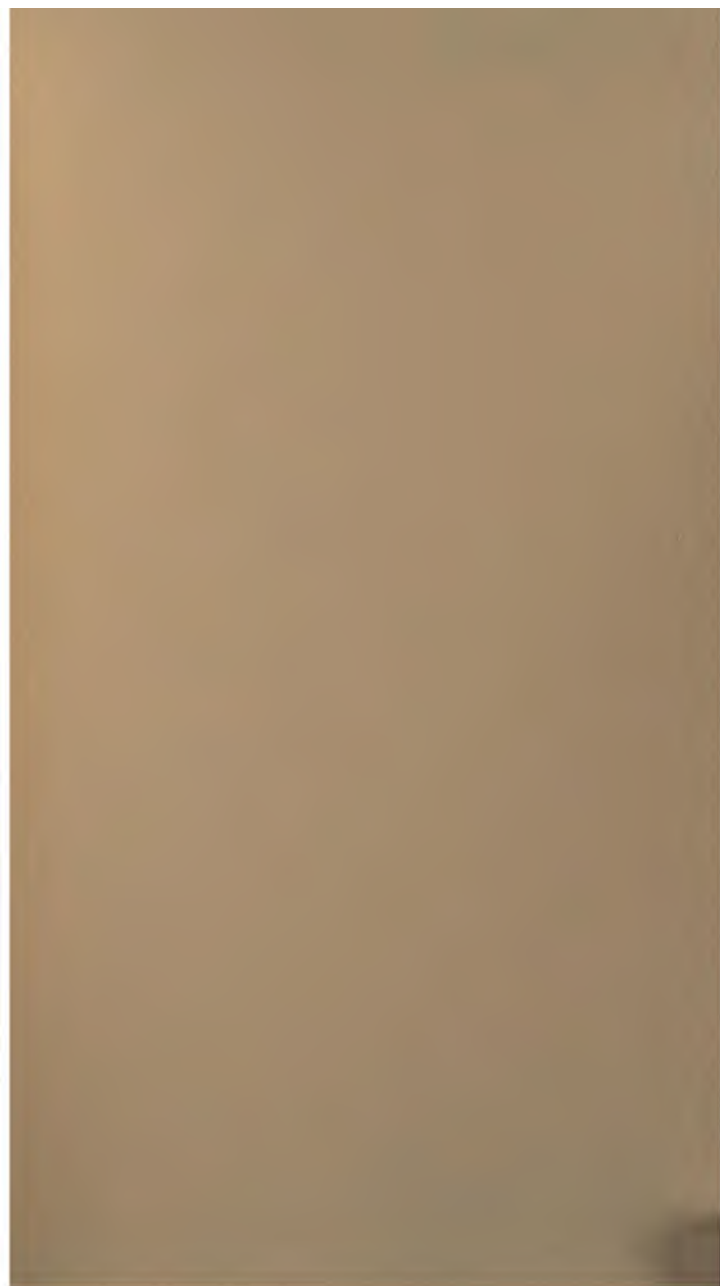
[*The Gendarmes take up Redmond, and bring him to the front of the stage.*]

Red. 'Twas too late ! yet 'twas a chance for life ! I risked it bravely. Ha, ha, ha ! [*Laughing wildly.*] I have foiled you, villains—I shall die like a man, and not by the hand of an executioner. I am growing faint—my senses are leaving me—Marie, Marie ! come, come to me —[*She kneels.*] Where are you ? [*Looking at her.*] Can you forgive me ? [*She throws her arms round him.*] Thank you, thank you—Heaven has avenged you. Ah, while life remains, let me do an act of justice. [*To Loupy.*] She is innocent of the murder of Mr. Germeuil ; 'twas I that did it ; you will find upon me the twelve thousand francs. Approach, young man—[*To Charles.*—Give me your hand ; be kind to your poor mother—and pardon, pardon your guilty, inhuman father. [*Dies.*]











3 2044 024 357 808

CONSERVED

12 4/2002

